

OCTOBER

No. 27

10¢

# SMASH COMICS

Featuring



MIDNIGHT



ESPIONAGE



BOZO THE  
ROBOT



ROOKIE  
RANKIN



THE  
JESTER



WINGS  
WENDALL

AND MANY OTHERS

*A Complete  
full length  
STORY OF  
THE RAY*





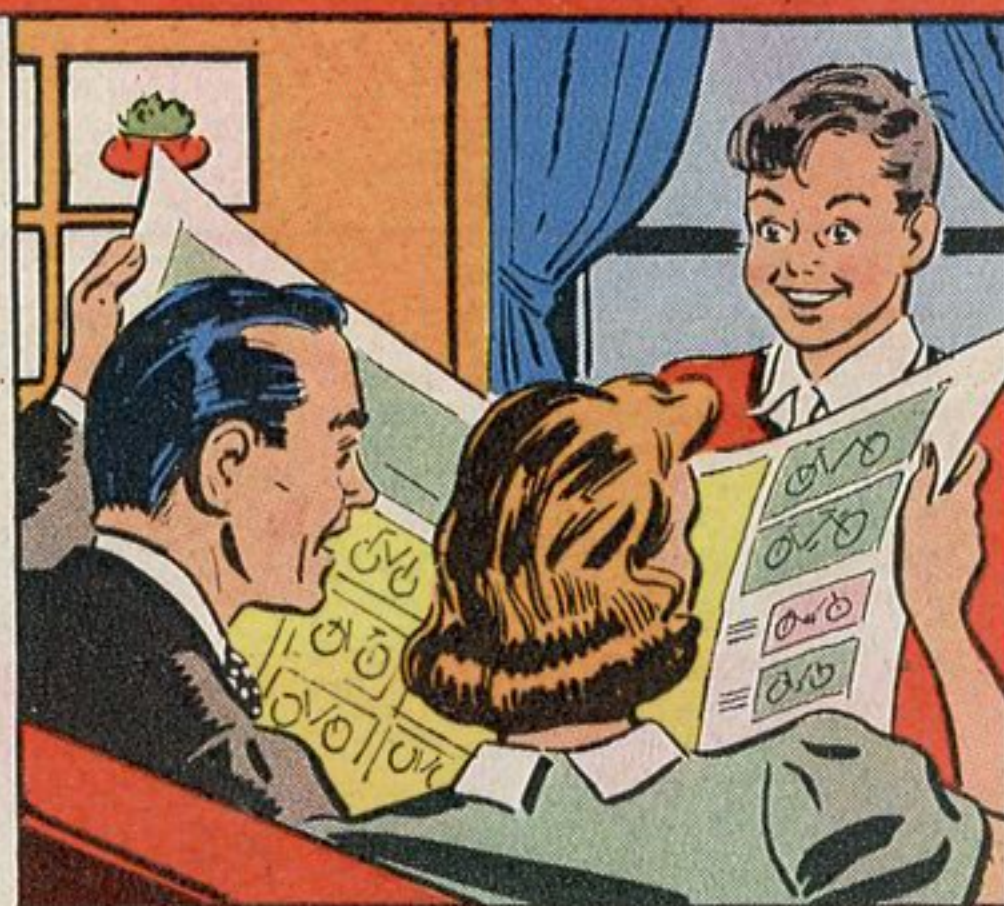


WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

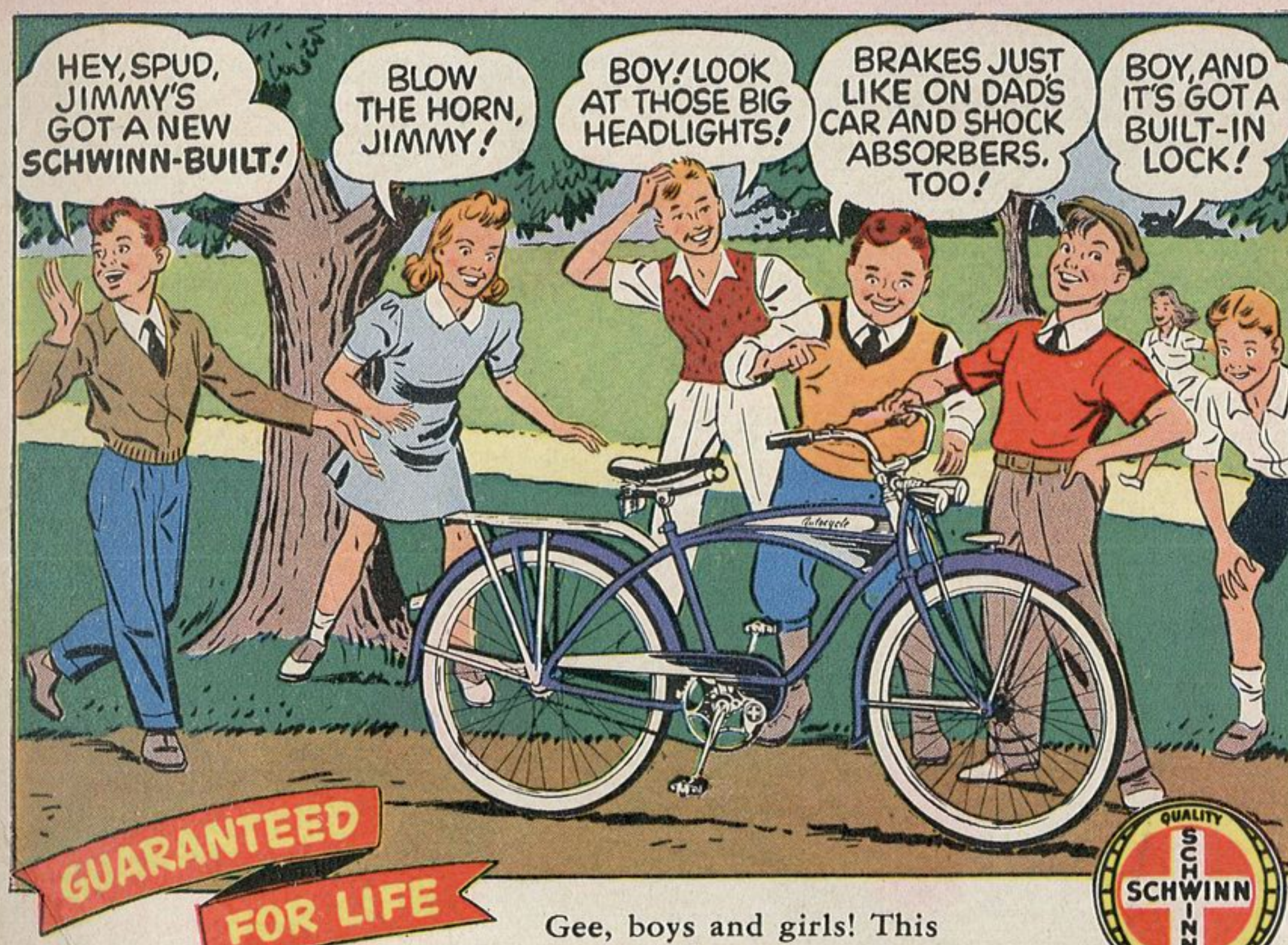


# How Jimmy Got His New

# SCHWINN-BUILT BIKE



He filled out and sent in the coupon for the big Free Movie Cyclorama with movie stars' pictures and their favorite bikes. Then he showed the Cyclorama to Dad and Mother. They saw the swell pictures and read all about Schwinn-Built bicycles. And Dad said, "Jimmy, that's the bike I want you to have—strong, safe—with Schwinn Safety Brakes that stop instantly."



Gee, boys and girls! This is the bike you want—a genuine Schwinn-Built, like the big movie stars ride! Get one of those swell Movie Cyclorama books free, then show Dad and Mother the pictures and they'll see why everybody wants a Schwinn-Built bike! Boy, what a bike! Rides so slick, pedals so easy, with many exclusive accessories—built-in Cyclock, Spring Fork, safe, fast-stopping Fore-Wheel Brake, big Lights—and built so strong it's **GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!** 37 different models—and honestly, they are all tops! All Schwinn-Built bicycles are built to order and there's a model exactly suited to your needs, regardless of your size or age. So hurry!—send the coupon on a penny postcard today, for your **FREE** Movie Cyclorama, to help you get a Schwinn-Built of your own.

To be sure it's a real Schwinn-Built, look for this Schwinn Seal on the frame.

**Arnold, Schwinn & Company, Inc.**  
1734 North Kildare Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama with pictures of the movie stars.

Name.....

Street.....

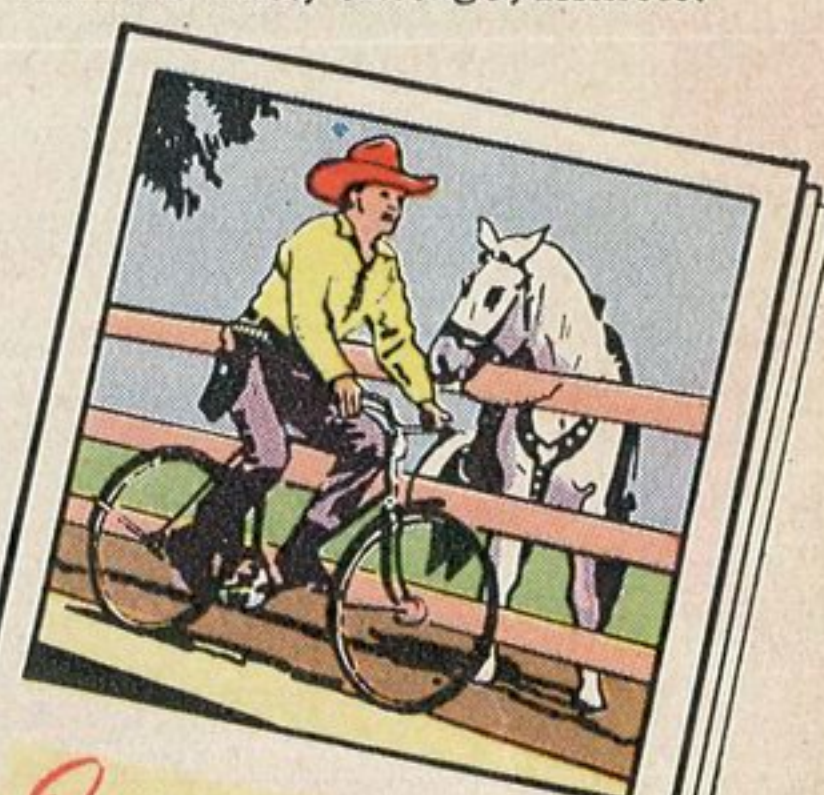
City.....State.....

SEND FOR YOUR

## FREE!

### MOVIE CYCLORAMA

—with big colored pictures of Buck Jones, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Constance Bennett, and other movie stars, and latest Schwinn-Built models. Just paste coupon on a postcard and sign your name and address. Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1734 North Kildare Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

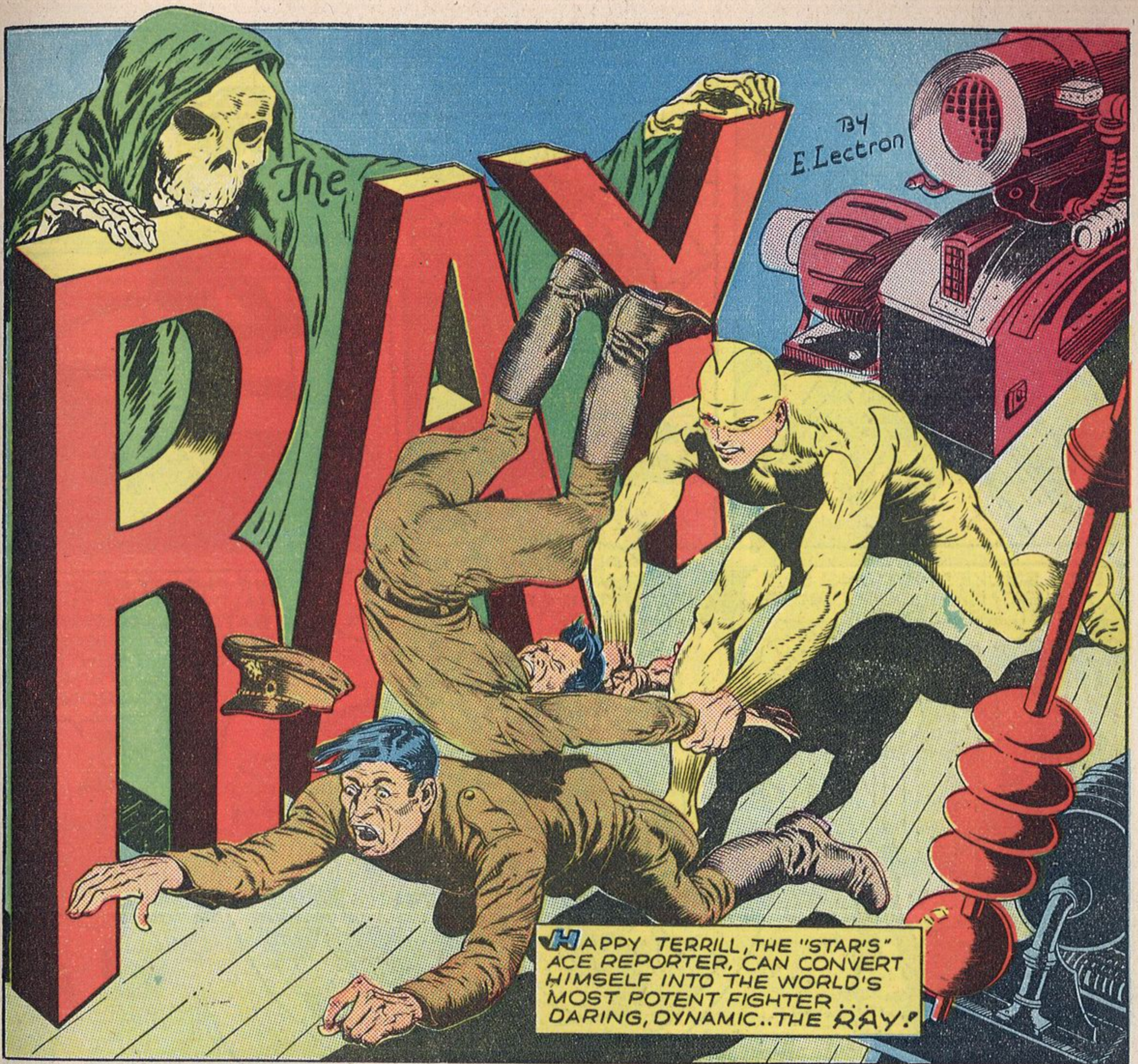


*For the Ride  
of a Lifetime!  
Schwinn-Built Bicycles*

# Schwinn-Built Bicycles

SMASH COMICS, October, 1941, No. 27. Published monthly by E. M. Arnold, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1941 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U. S. A.





**H**APPY TERRILL, THE "STAR'S" ACE REPORTER, CAN CONVERT HIMSELF INTO THE WORLD'S MOST POTENT FIGHTER... DARING, DYNAMIC... THE RAY!

WITH HIS LITTLE PAL, BUD, HAPPY IS HEADING FOR CAMP READE TO GET THE LOWDOWN FOR A WRITE-UP ON ARMY LIFE AMONG THE DRAFTEES.

YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF THIS, BUD!

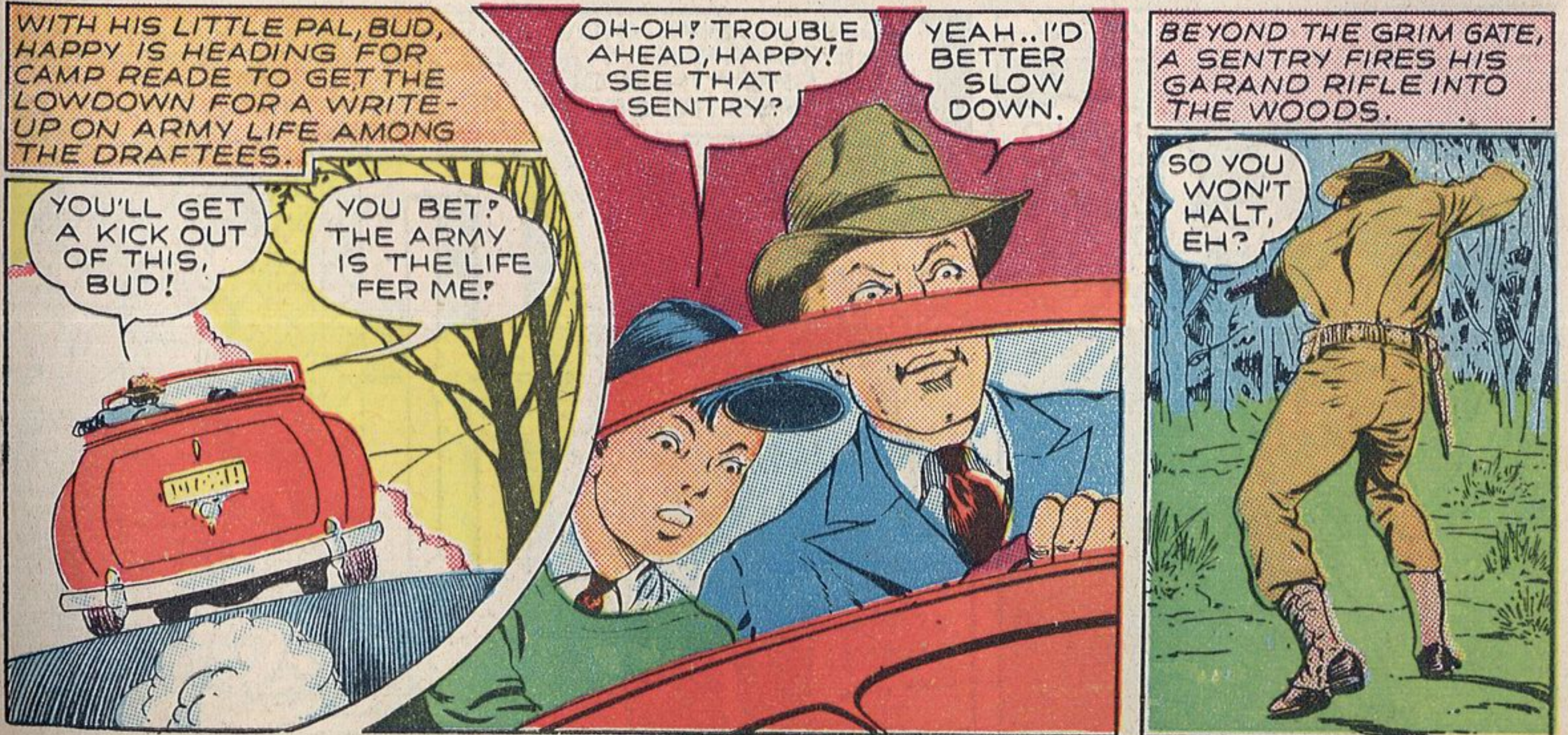
YOU BET! THE ARMY IS THE LIFE FER ME!

OH-OH! TROUBLE AHEAD, HAPPY! SEE THAT SENTRY?

YEAH.. I'D BETTER SLOW DOWN.

BEYOND THE GRIM GATE, A SENTRY FIRES HIS GARAND RIFLE INTO THE WOODS.

SO YOU WON'T HALT, EH?





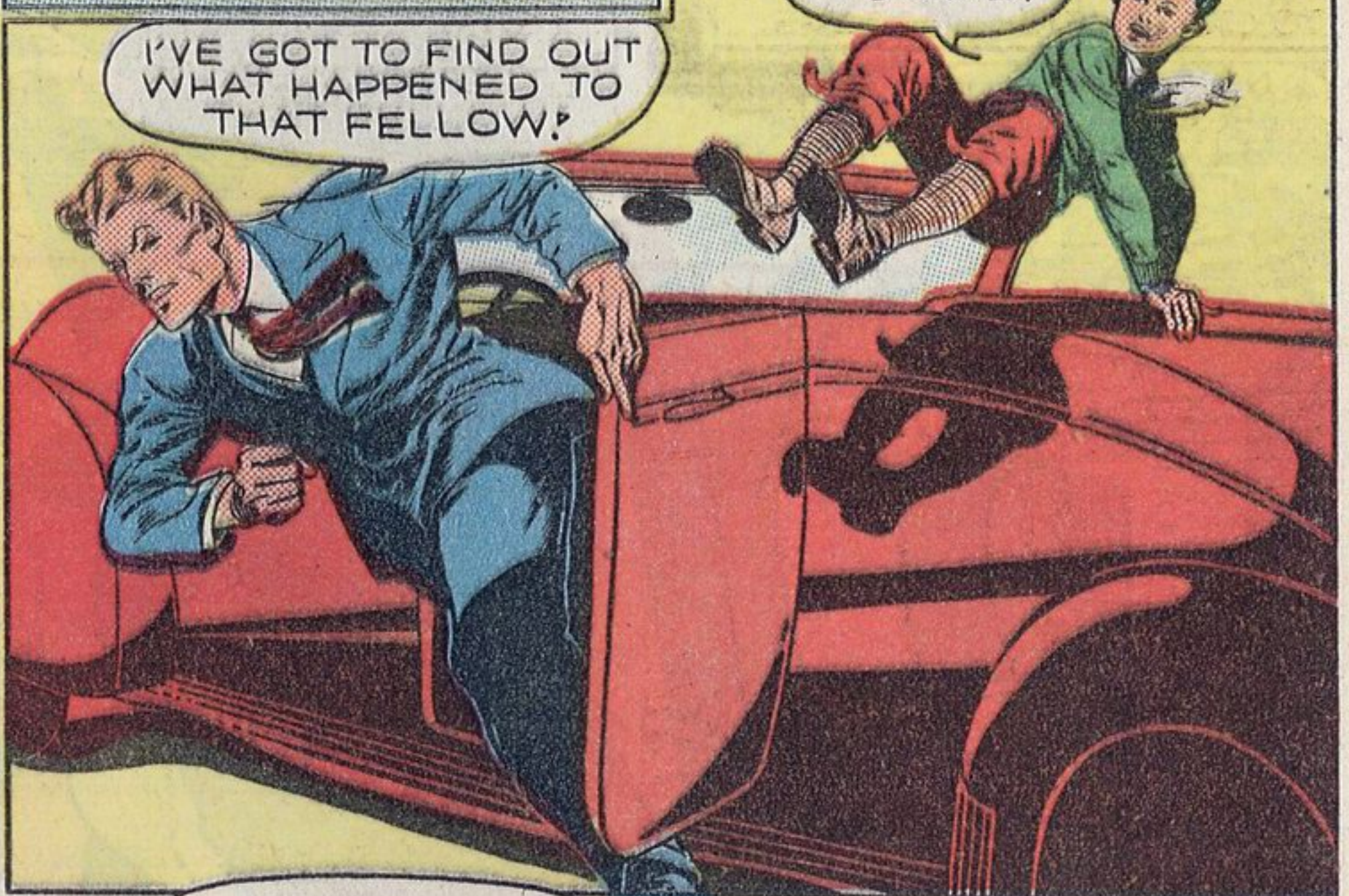
SUDDENLY A BLINDING FLASH ENVELOPS THE SENTRY.. A MOMENT LATER HE DISSOLVES INTO NOTHING.



HAPPY JERKS UP THE HAND BRAKE AND LEAPS OUT.

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT FELLOW!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!



HOLY SMOKE! NOTHING BUT A HEAP OF BLOODSOAKED DIRT..HE MELTED!

LOOK OUT! HERE COMES A TRUCKFUL OF SOLDIERS!

PLAY DUMB, YOU GUYS.. HUGO TOOK CARE OF THE SENTRY SO WE CAN GET THROUGH. THIS FELLOW IS JUST A VISITOR!

THE PHONEY RECRUITS HALT OUTSIDE THE GATE.

WHERE'S THE SENTRY? ANYTHING WRONG?



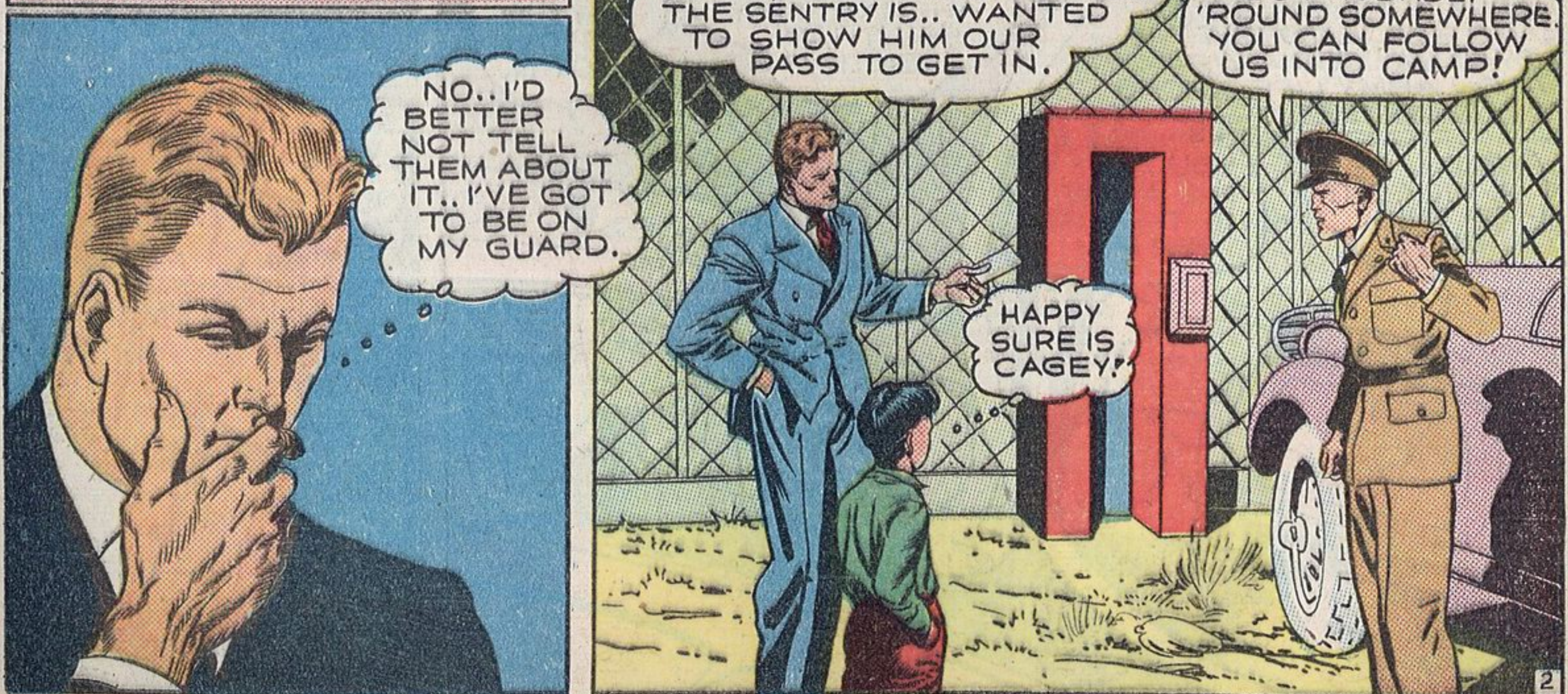
HAPPY EYES THE MEN WARILY.

NO.. I'D BETTER NOT TELL THEM ABOUT IT.. I'VE GOT TO BE ON MY GUARD.

SORRY, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE SENTRY IS.. WANTED TO SHOW HIM OUR PASS TO GET IN.

HE'S PROBABLY 'ROUND SOMEWHERE. YOU CAN FOLLOW US INTO CAMP!

HAPPY SURE IS CAGEY!





HAPPY AND BUD MAKE HASTE  
TO CAMP HEADQUARTERS..

AND THAT'S WHAT  
HAPPENED, MAJOR.  
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE  
BUT WE SAW IT!

GREAT  
GUNS!  
AGAIN?

I CAN TRUST YOU, MR.  
TERRILL, SO LISTEN  
CLOSELY... FIVE SENTRIES  
HAVE VANISHED WITHIN A  
WEEK. AT FIRST I  
CROSSED 'EM OFF AS  
DESERTERS.. BUT LET'S  
GO SEE WHAT WE  
CAN FIND?

WE CAN  
MAKE FAST  
TIME IN THIS  
JEEP CAR.

HERE WE  
ARE.. BUT  
WHERE'S  
THE REMAINS,  
TERRILL?

WASHED  
AWAY.. NOTHING  
BUT WET  
GROUND!

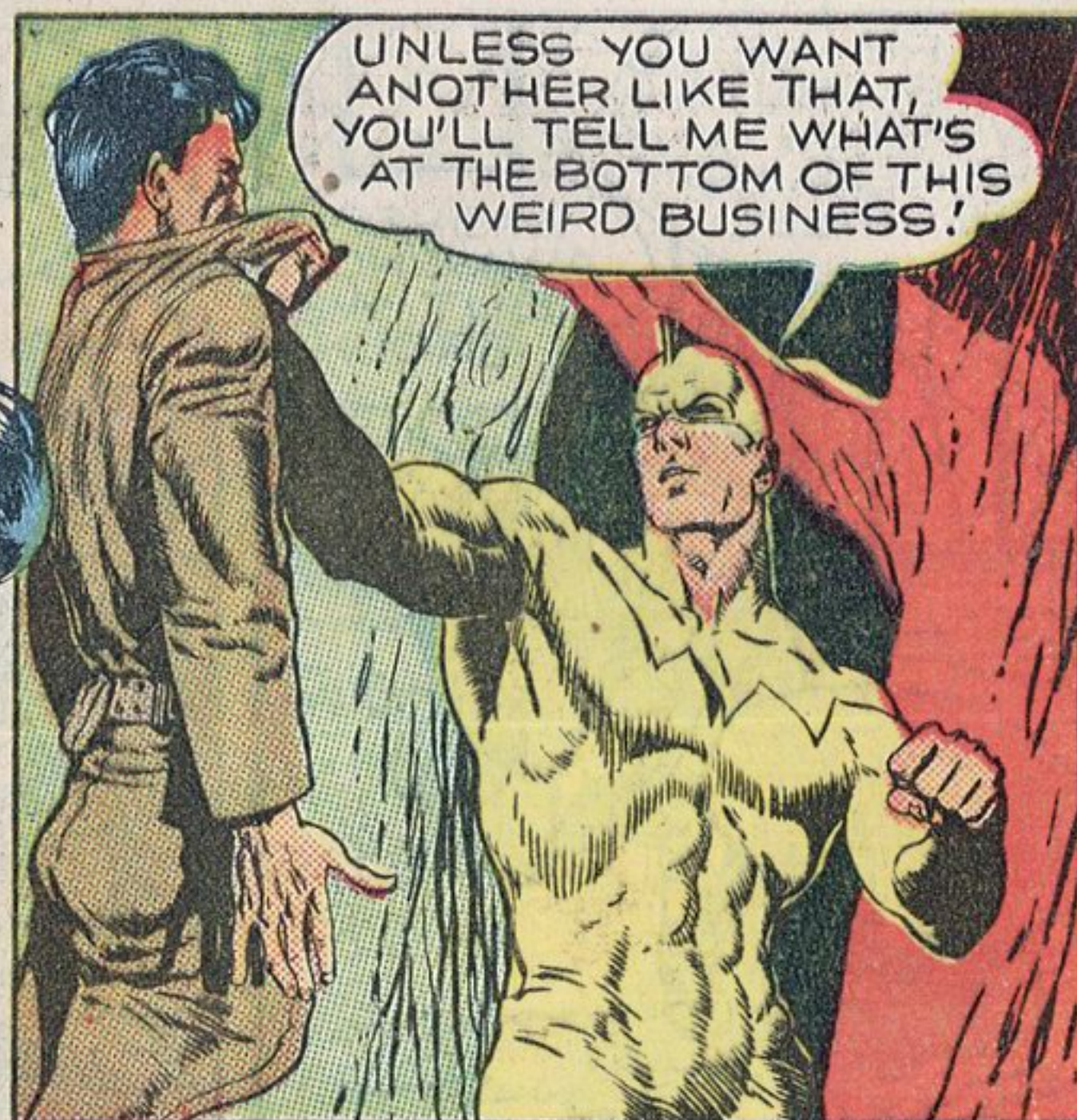
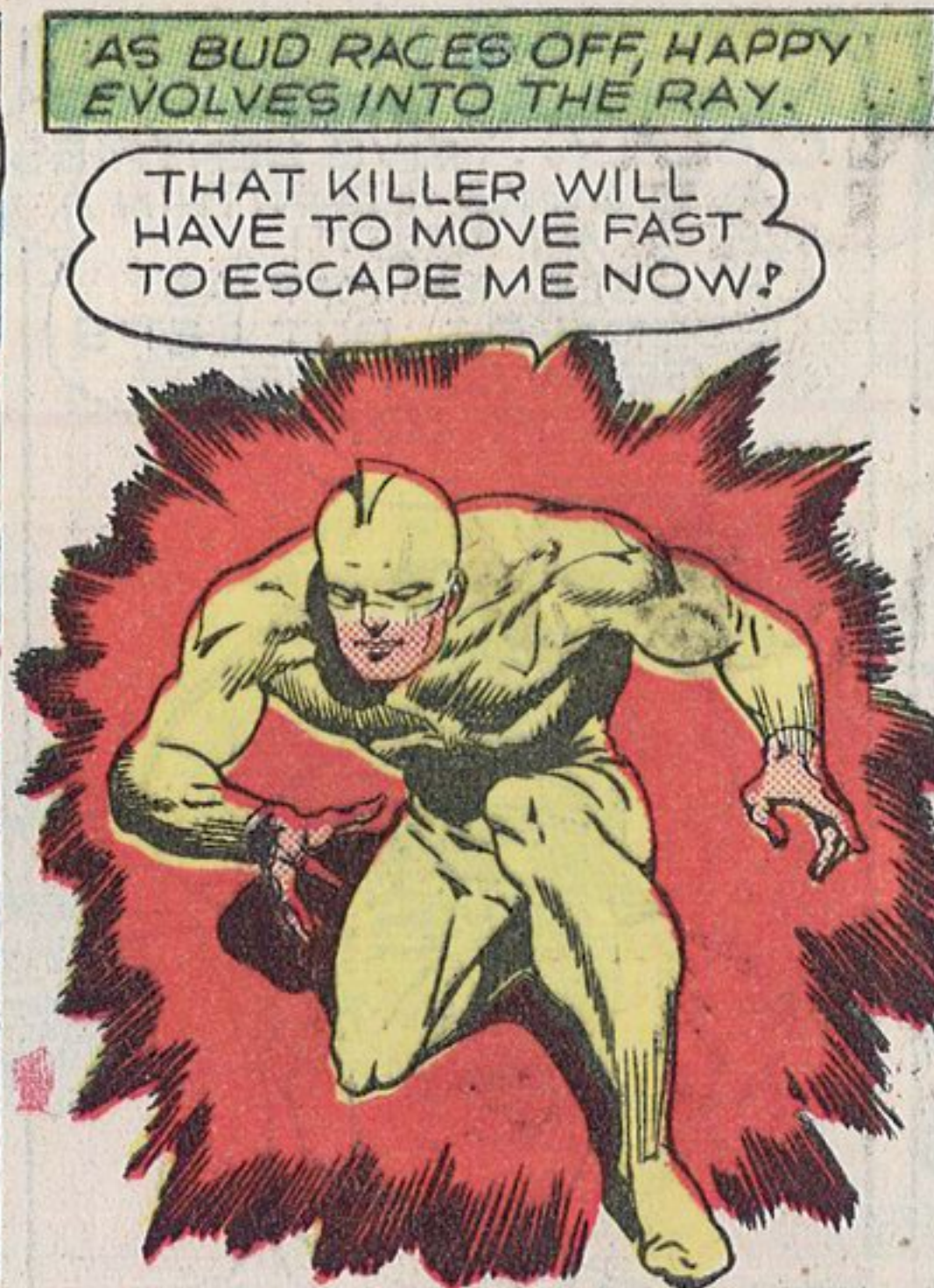
STEP BACK,  
QUICK? MAJOR,  
LOOK! THE  
JEEP.. IT'S DIS-  
SOLVING!

GREAT SCOTT,  
TERRILL! JUST  
A MOUND  
OF DUST..  
ALL THAT'S  
LEFT?

A GUN FLAME LANCES  
FROM THE THICK TREES  
AND..

UGH! HE GOT ME!  
BUT I SAW IT!  
I SAW IT!



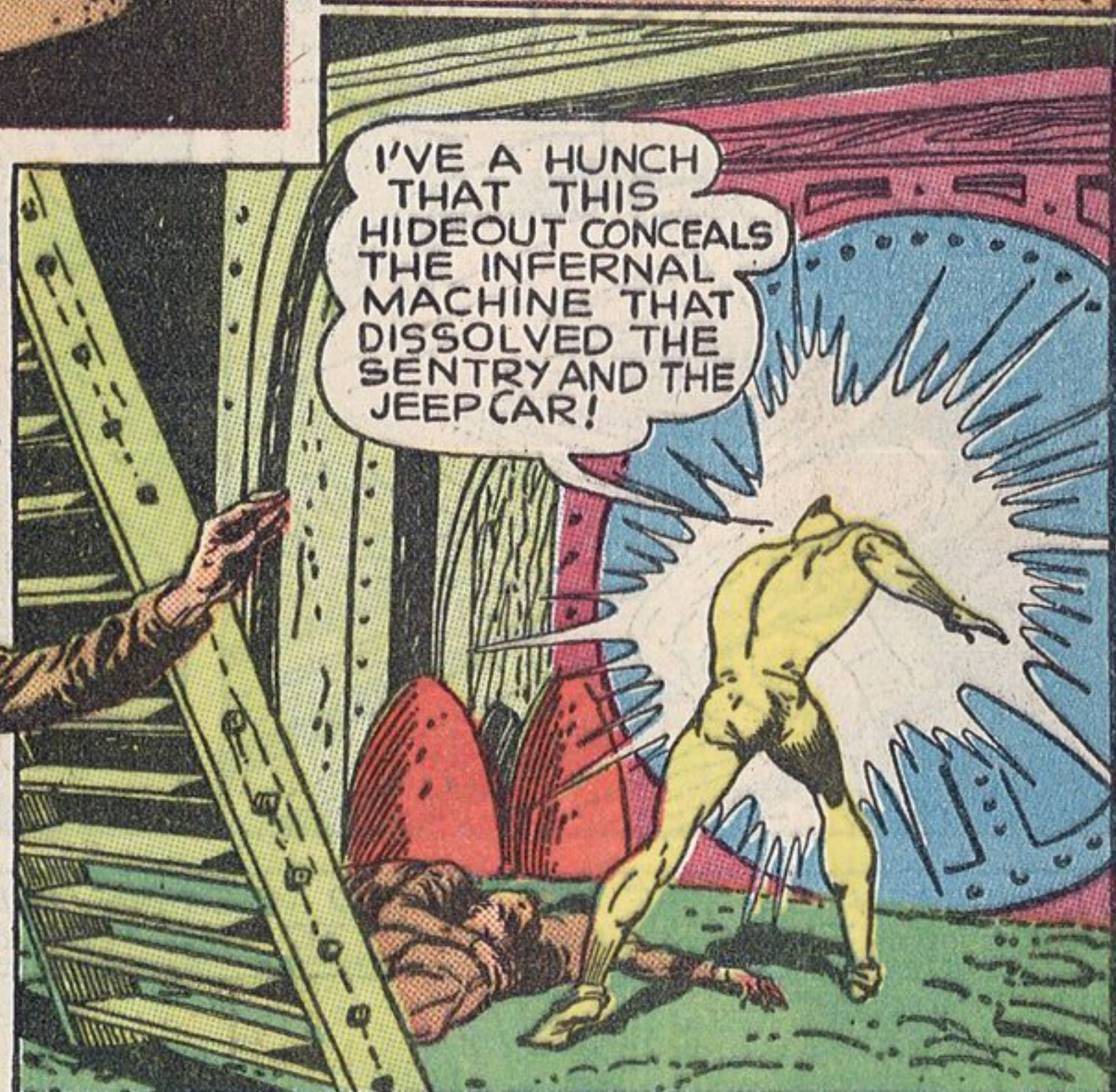






PEERING DOWN THE SHAFT, THE RAY SEES HIS VICTIM KNOCK DOWN TWO CONFEDERATES.

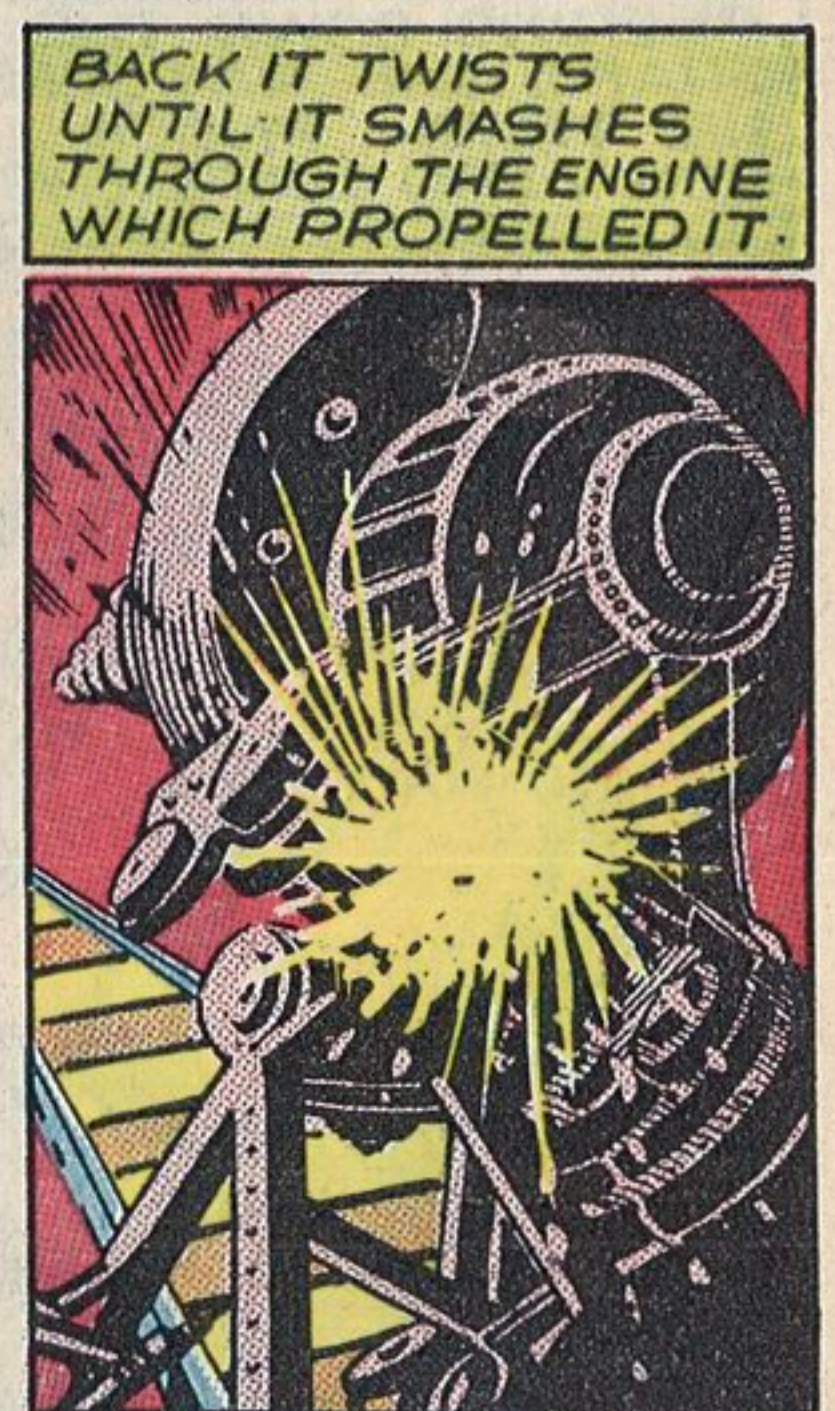
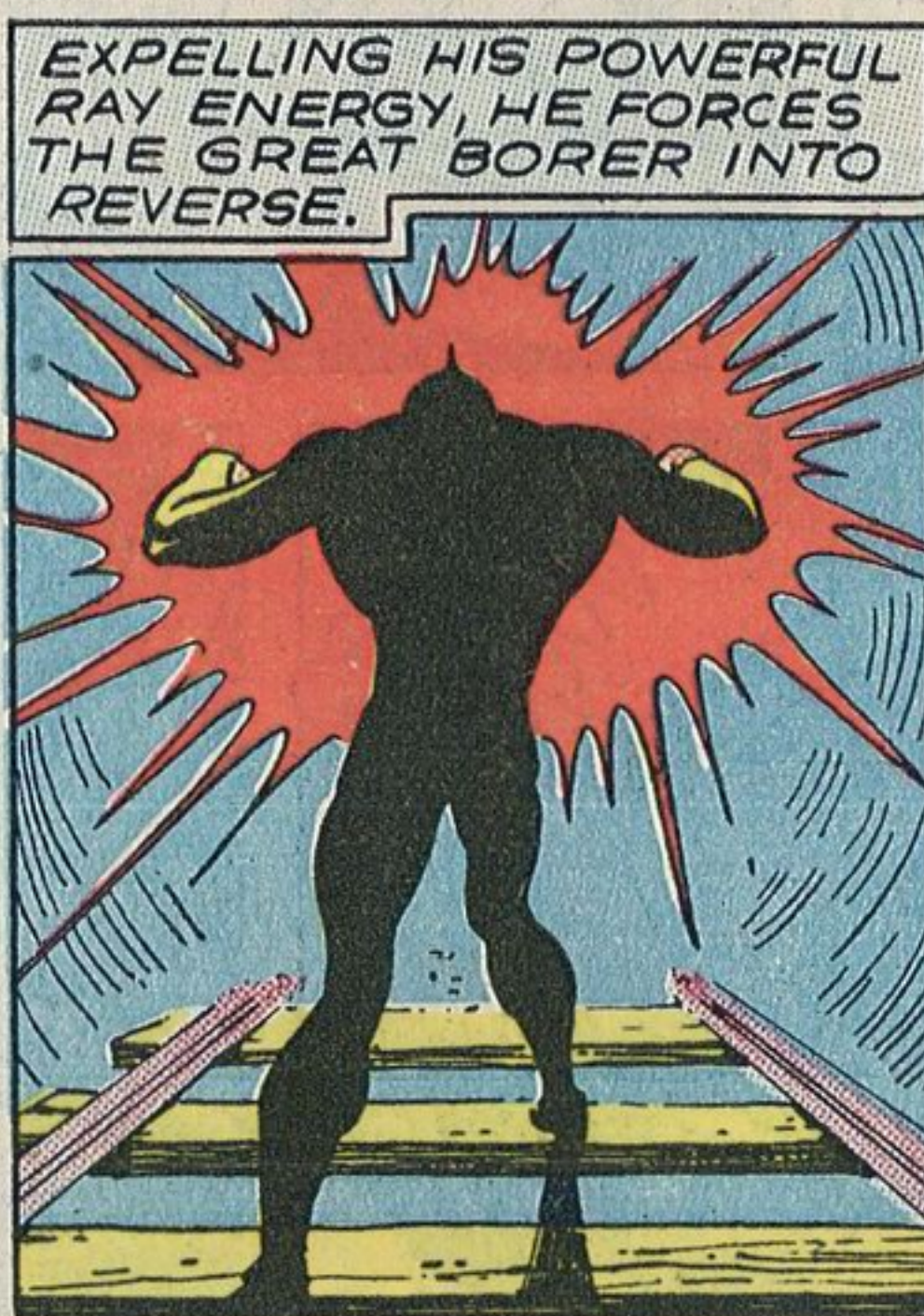
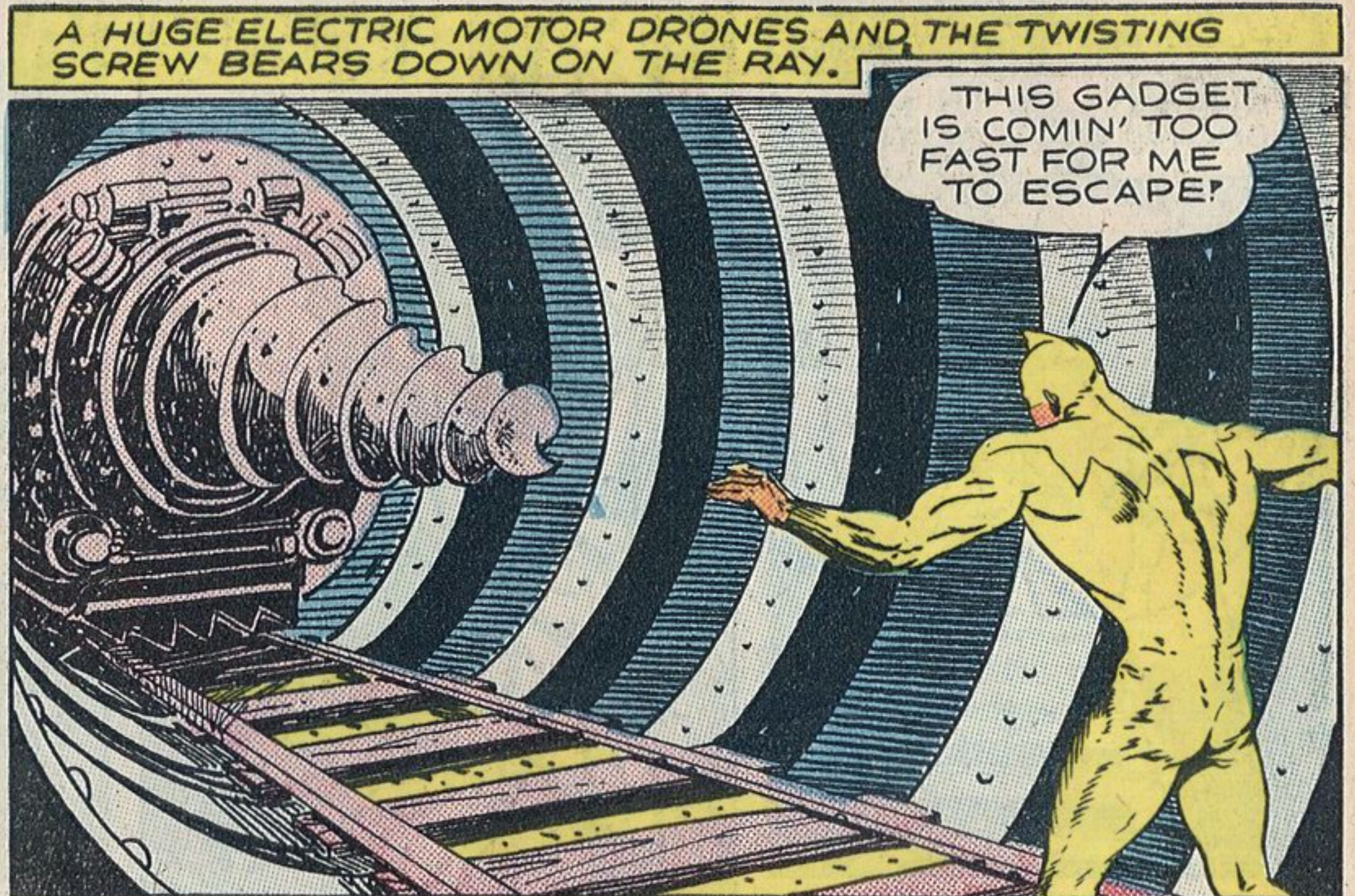
THEN HE DROPS DOWN ON THE UNCONSCIOUS TRIO AND PITS HIS SUPER ENERGY AGAINST A STEEL BULKHEAD.



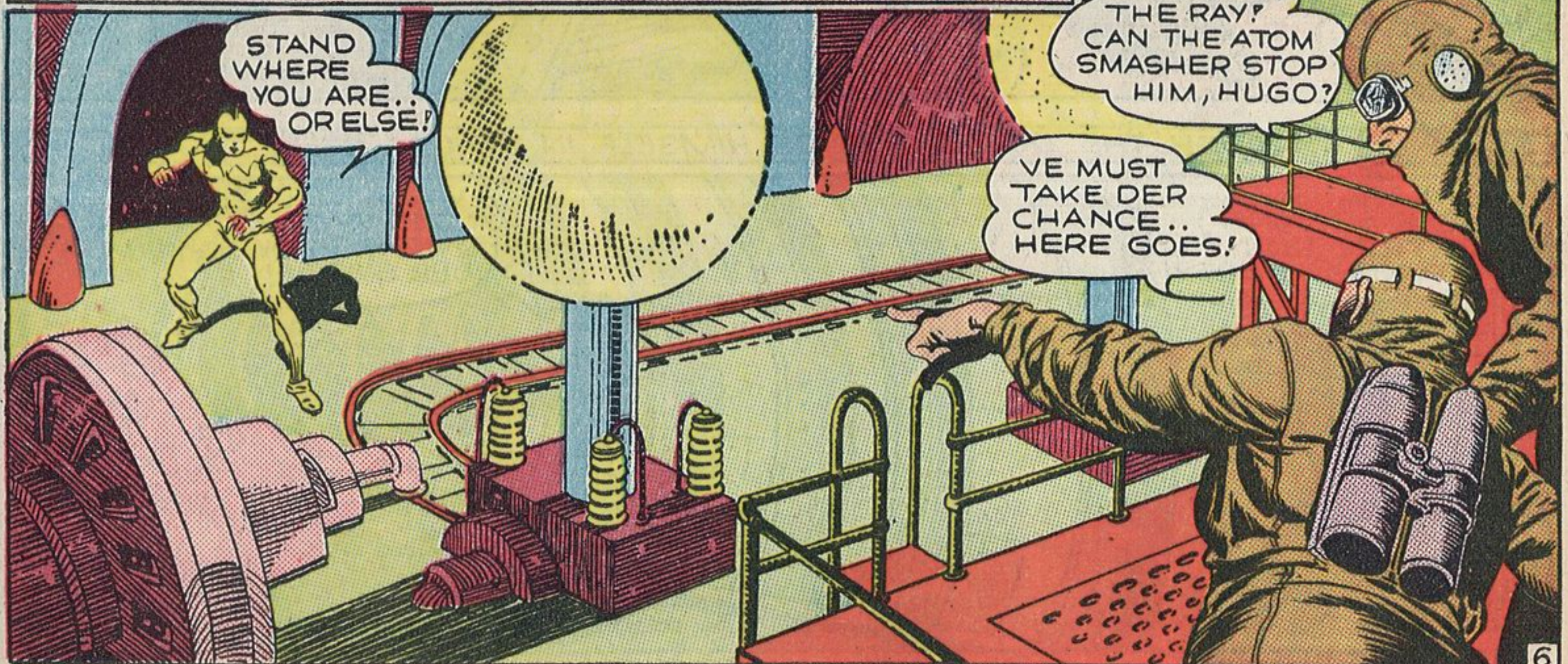
SMASHING THROUGH THE DOOR, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A HUGE STEEL TUBE.







LEAPING PAST THE SHATTERED MACHINE, THE RAY EMERGES INTO A HIGH-VAULTED CAVERN. THE AIR TREMBLES TO THE THROB OF DYNAMOS.



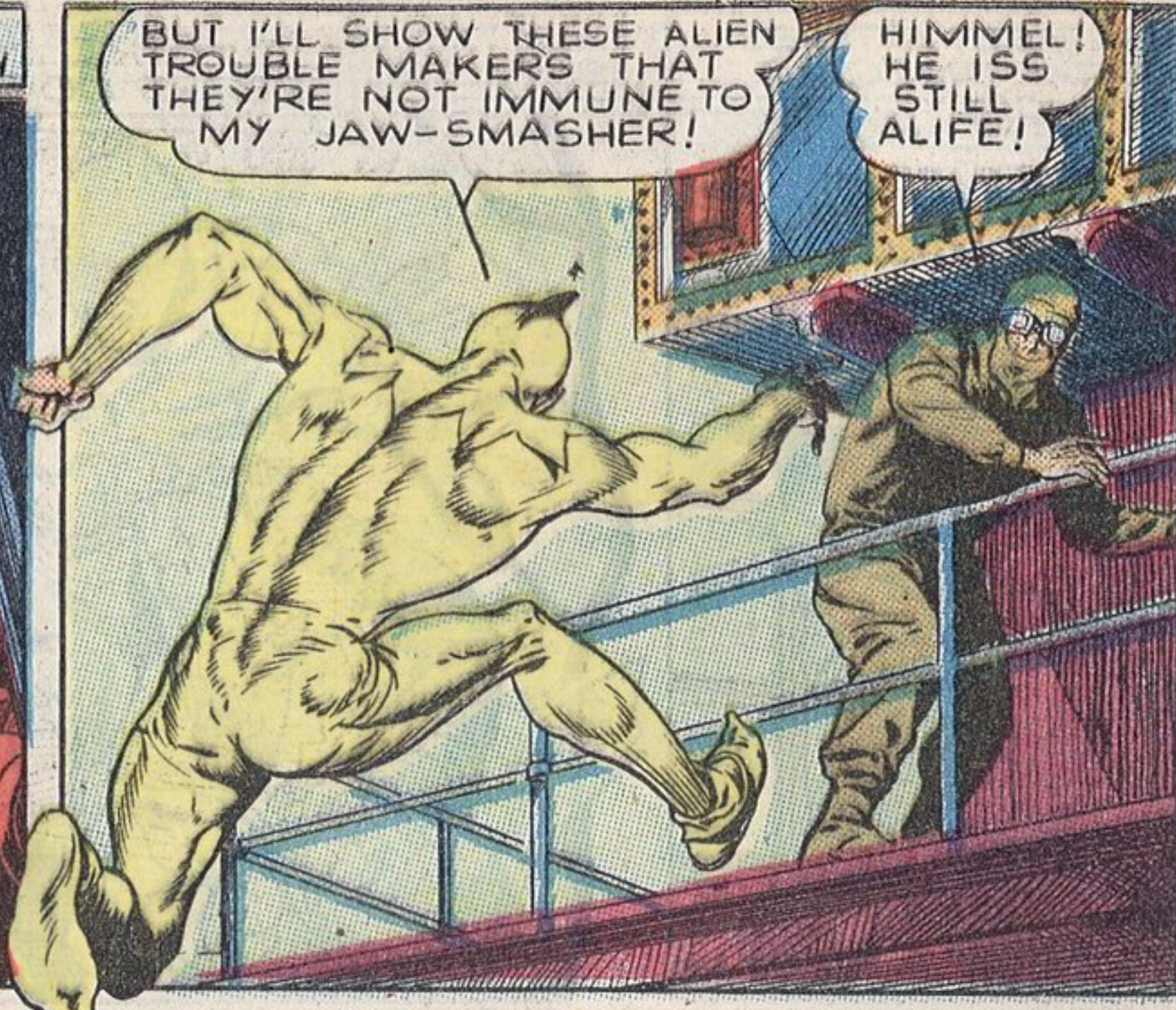


BEFORE THE RAY CAN ATTACK THEM, EXPLODING ATOMS BURST IN HIS PATH.



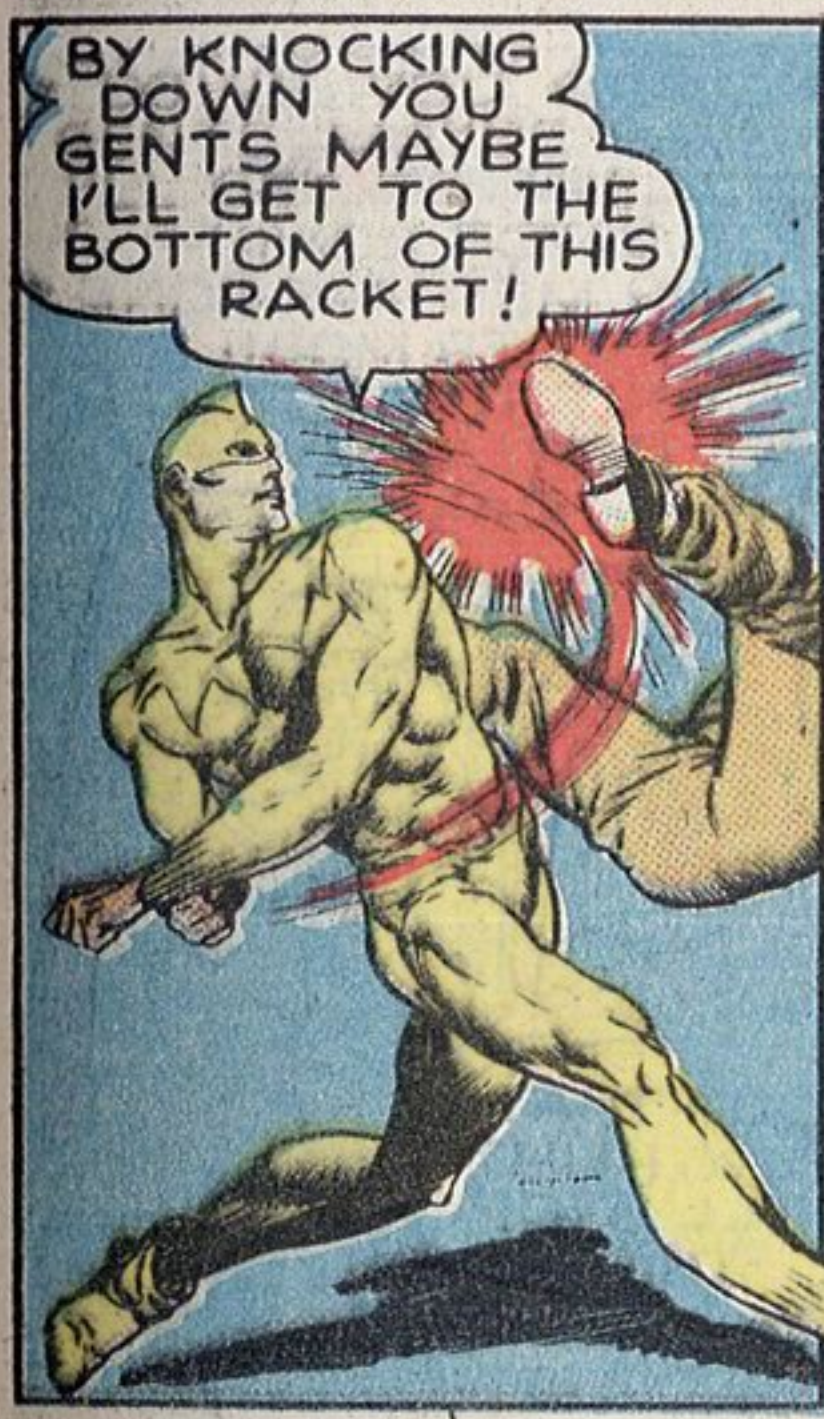
THIS JUST GIVES ME THE PRICKLES!

BUT I'LL SHOW THESE ALIEN TROUBLE MAKERS THAT THEY'RE NOT IMMUNE TO MY JAW-SMASHER!



HIMMEL! HE ISS STILL ALIVE!

BY KNOCKING DOWN YOU GENTS MAYBE I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS RACKET!



BUT IN THE CONTROL ROOM BEHIND HIS BACK . . . . .

PULL THE MASTER SWITCH, HUGO, DOT VILL DESTROY HIM!



JA!

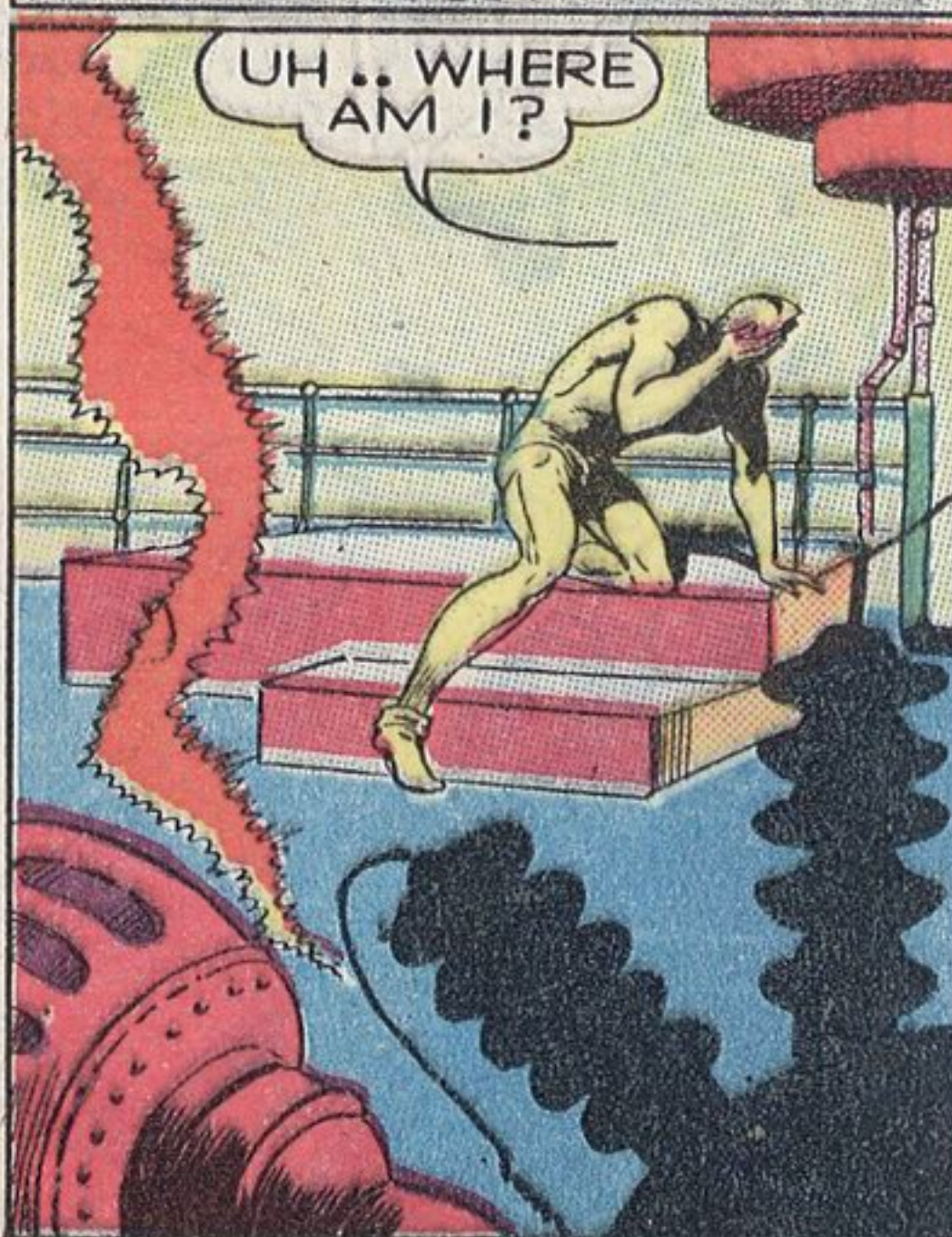
THE RAY LEAVES HIS VICTIMS HELPLESS BUT HE IS CAUGHT IN THE TERRIFIC ATOMIC DISCHARGE AND IS HELD THERE IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION . . .



POWERLESS AGAINST THE AWFUL FORCE, HIS HEART STOPS . . .



DEATH IS CHEATED WHEN A FUSE BLOWS . . .



UH.. WHERE AM I?

IN A FLASH THE RAY'S SUPER-ENERGY RETURNS . . .



M'GOSH.. THE DYNAMOS WERE DISINTEGRATED.. AND THERE'RE THE MEN I WANT!



THE LEADER WATCHES THE RAY THROUGH A PEEPHOLE.

WE ARE SAFE. HE CAN'T SMASH INTO THIS CONTROL ROOM.



BUT THE RAY PROVES HIS THEORY TO BE FALSE.



I WANT THE LOW-DOWN ON THIS SET-UP AN' I WANT IT FAST!



JA! DON'T KILL ME! I'LL TELL YOU!

WE BUILT DIS LAB TO MAKE DER ATOM SMASHER BEFORE DERE WAS AN ARMY CAMP HERE! HEY! DON'T TOUCH DOT DOOR!



OKAY.. THEN OPEN UP AN' LET'S SEE THE SECRET!



A STARTLED GUARD RUSHES TOWARD THEM.



DOKTOR KOMPFF! OUR MEN HAF GONE MIT DER MOBILE UNIT TO VIPE OUT DER ARMY CAMP!

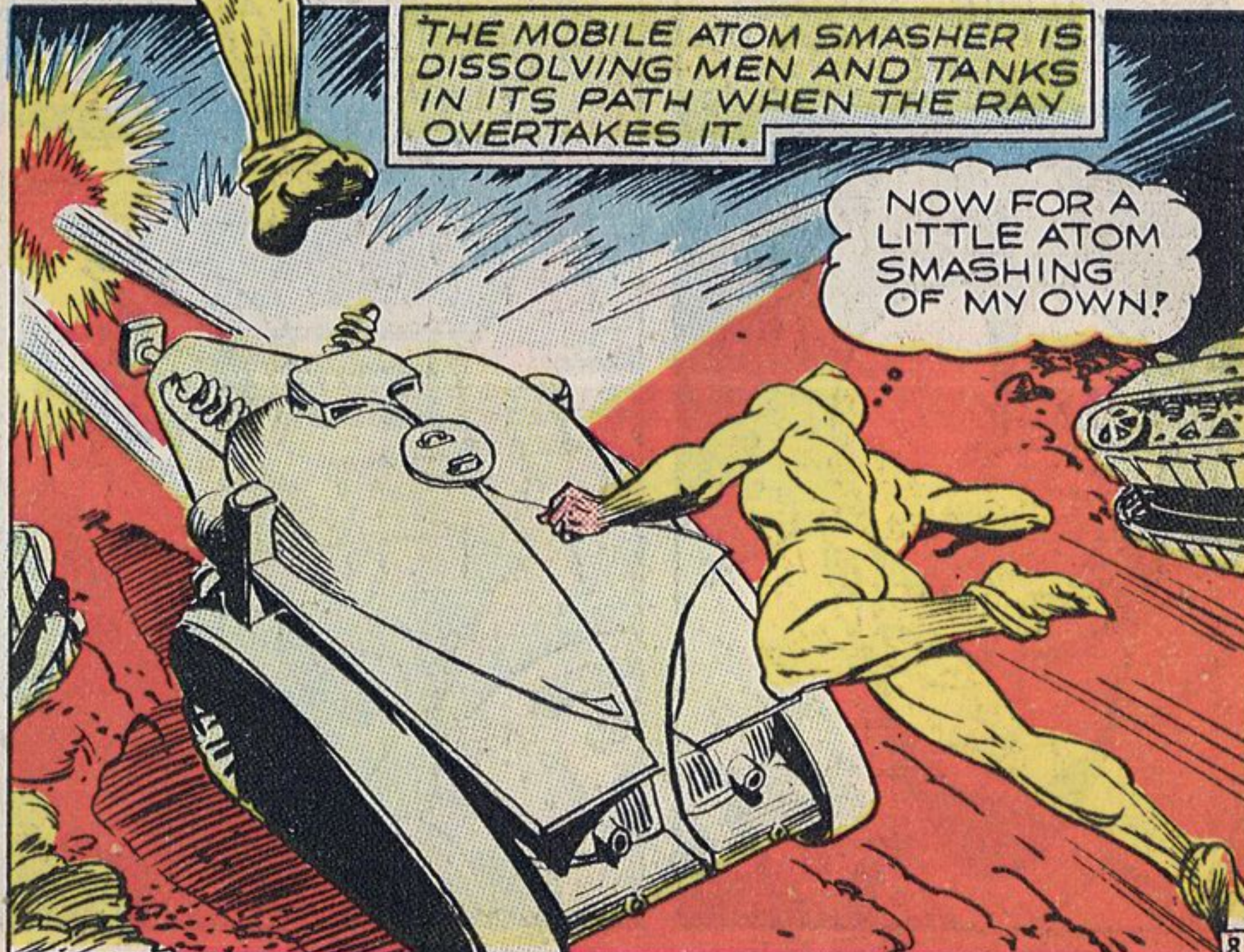
OUT THAT WAY, HUH? I'LL STOP THEM!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE RAY BLASTS THROUGH THE CAVERN.

I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MECHANICAL MONSTER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THE MOBILE ATOM SMASHER IS DISSOLVING MEN AND TANKS IN ITS PATH WHEN THE RAY OVERTAKES IT.



NOW FOR A LITTLE ATOM SMASHING OF MY OWN!



THE RAY LEAPS BOLDLY  
ONTO THE DEADLY VEHICLE.



AND REACHES FOR THE KILL!  
CRAZED CREW.



E-YOW?  
VASS  
ISS?

STALLING THEIR ATOM SMASHER,  
THE MEN FLING THEMSELVES  
UPON THE RAY.



HE'S ONLY  
HUMAN..  
VE CAN  
DESTROY  
HIM?

WANT A  
FIGHT?  
OKAY..  
LET'S  
GO!



DIS VILL  
KILL  
HIM?

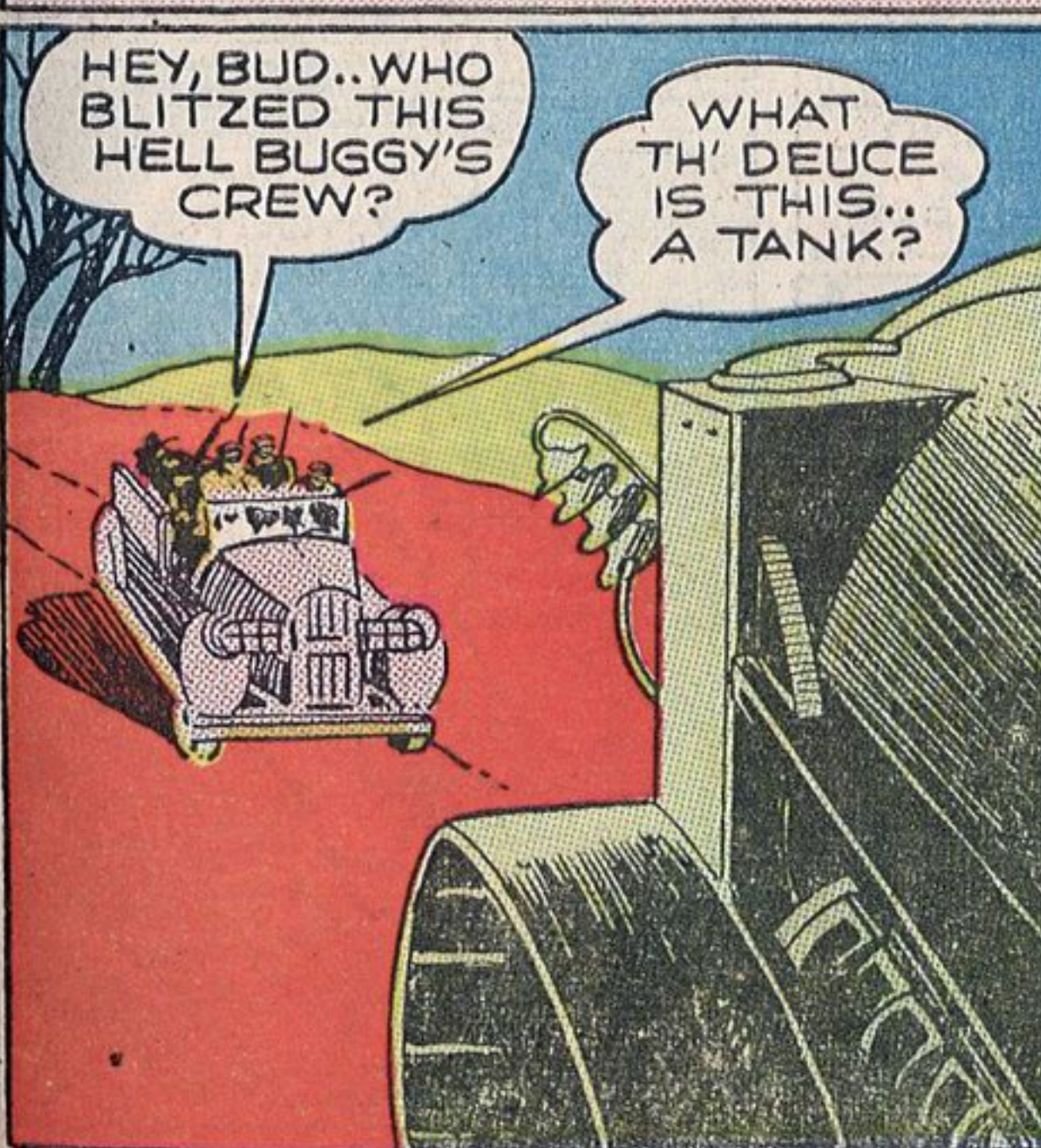


THANKS FOR  
SWATTING  
THAT FLY.



THEY CALL ME A  
BRAIN-BUSTER  
IN WASHINGTON!

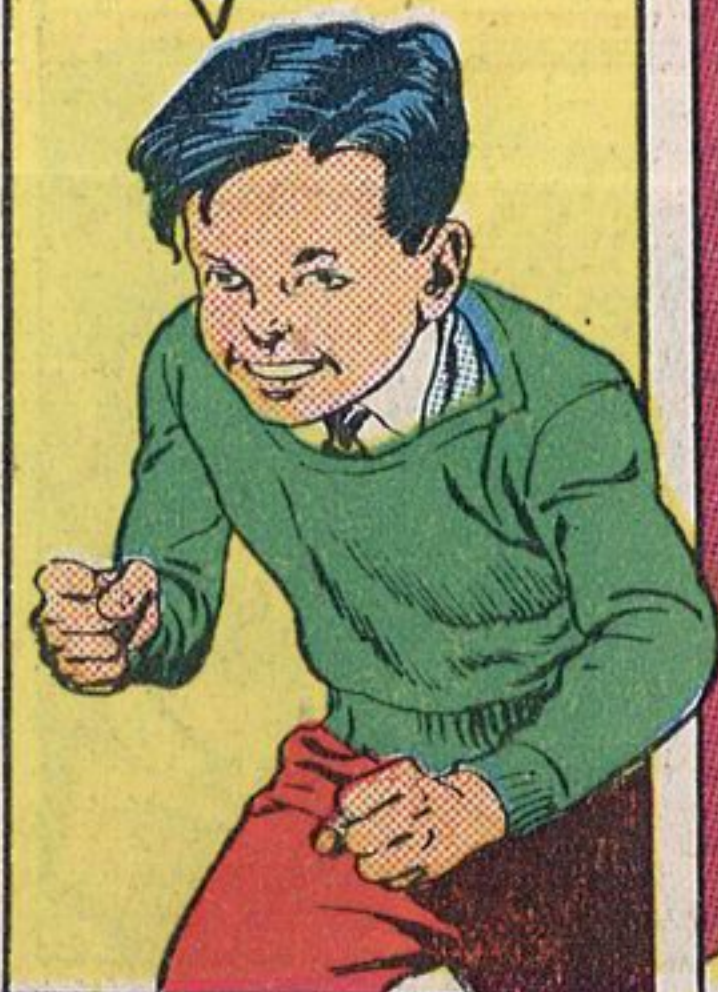
SUDDENLY BUD RUSHES UP WITH A  
SQUAD BUT THE RAY HAS VANISHED.



HEY, BUD..WHO  
BLITZED THIS  
HELL BUGGY'S  
CREW?

WHAT  
TH' DEUCE  
IS THIS..  
A TANK?

NO, FELLAS..  
LOOKS LIKE A  
ATOM SMASHER  
TO ME..AN' THAT  
ONE-MAN CLEAN  
UP SQUAD  
WAS THE  
RAY..



WHEN THE SOLDIERS HAVE ROUNDED  
UP ALL OF THE RAY'S VICTIMS,  
HAPPY TERRILL PICKS UP BUD IN  
A BORROWED JEEP CAR.



WHAT'S THE  
BIG RUSH,  
HAPPY?

I'VE GOT TO  
MAKE THE  
FIVE STAR  
EDITION WITH  
THIS SCOOP,  
BUD!

Don't miss the next exciting episode of The Ray in the November issue of SMASH COMICS.

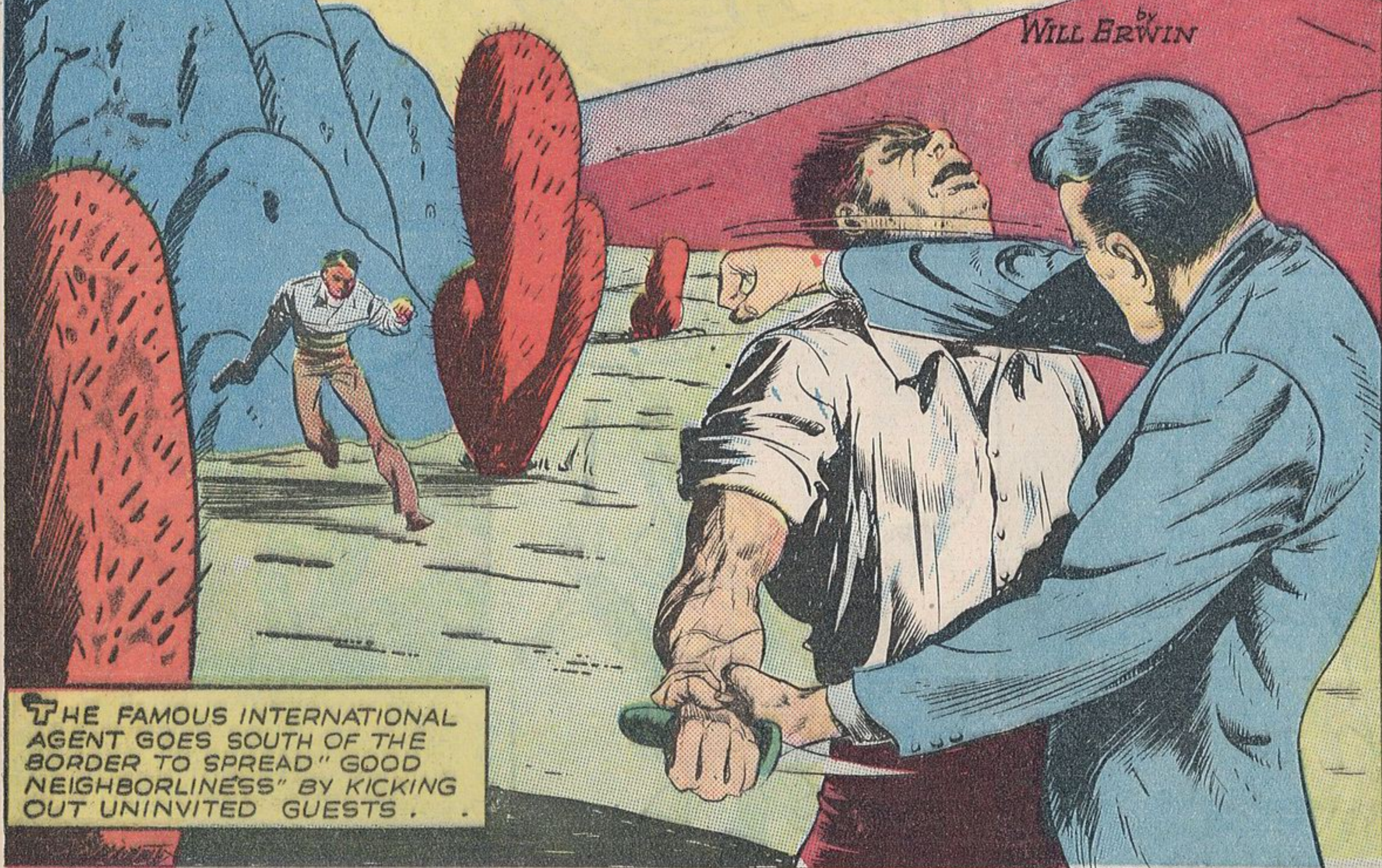


# ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X

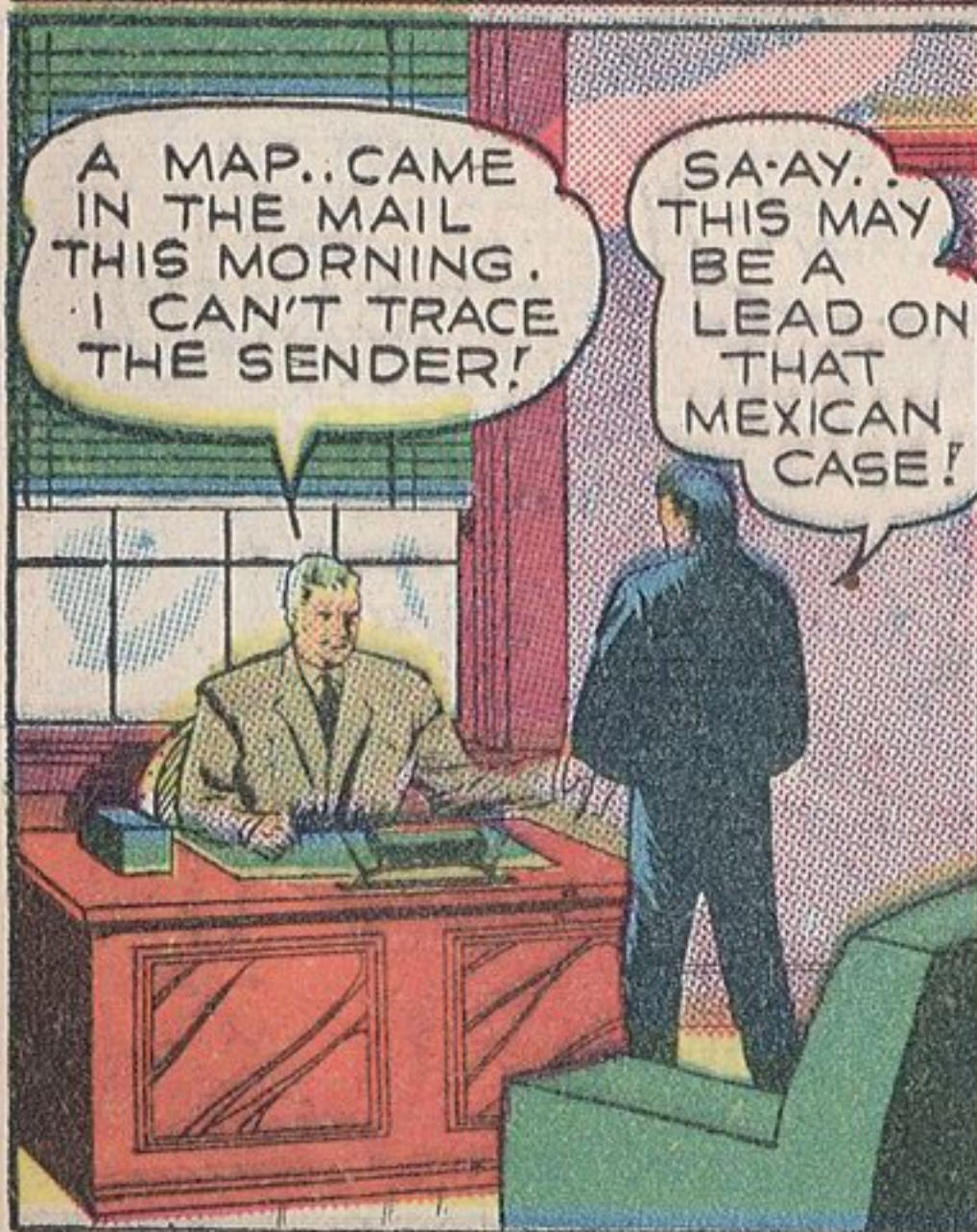


by  
WILL ERWIN



THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL AGENT GOES SOUTH OF THE BORDER TO SPREAD "GOOD NEIGHBORLINESS" BY KICKING OUT UNINVITED GUESTS.

IN HIS WASHINGTON OFFICE, COLONEL ATWATER HANDS BLACK X A CRUMPLED PAPER.



A MAP..CAME IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING. I CAN'T TRACE THE SENDER!

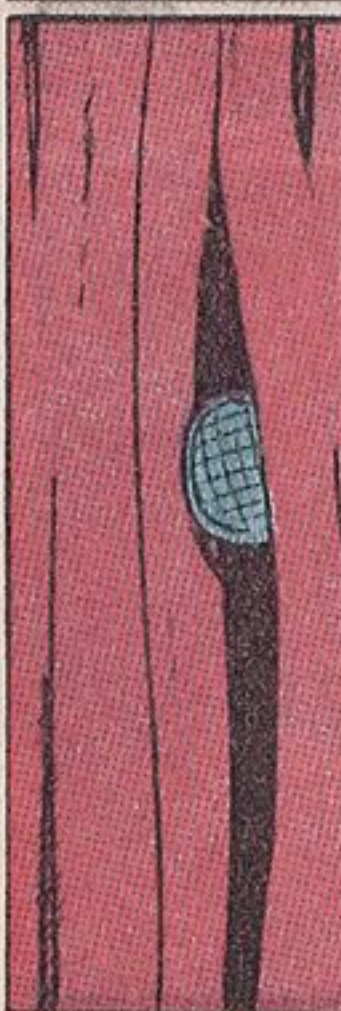
SA-AY.. THIS MAY BE A LEAD ON THAT MEXICAN CASE!

IT MIGHT ALSO BE A TRAP PLANNED FOR US BY ENEMY AGENTS. I'LL GO OVER TO THE SECRET SERVICE LAB AND FIND OUT!



BE CAREFUL!

BUT THEY ARE UNAWARE OF A SMALL MICROPHONE BEHIND THE DRAPES.



THUS WHEN BLACK X GOES OUT OF THE BUILDING, TWO SINISTER FIGURES LEAP UPON HIM.



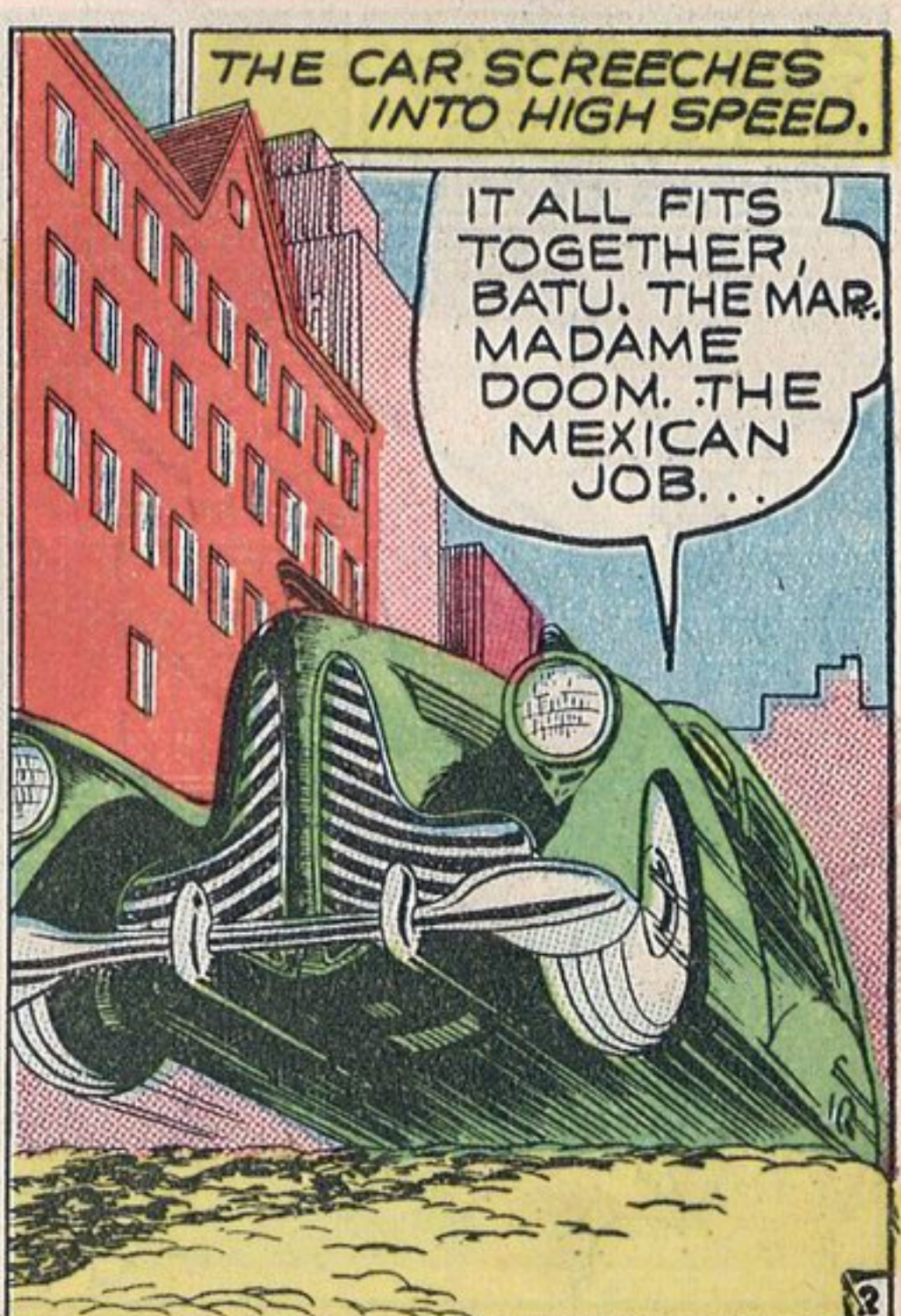
SLOW DOWN, MUG! YOU'RE GOING OUR WAY!



INSTANTLY BLACK X IS ON THE DEFENSIVE...BUT NOW HIS HINDU SERVANT BATU APPEARS, DELIVERING BATTERING BLOWS TO THE THUGS.



BUT ONE MAN ATTEMPTS TO FIRE AT BLACK X. BATU PROJECTS HIS IMAGE TO INTERFERE.

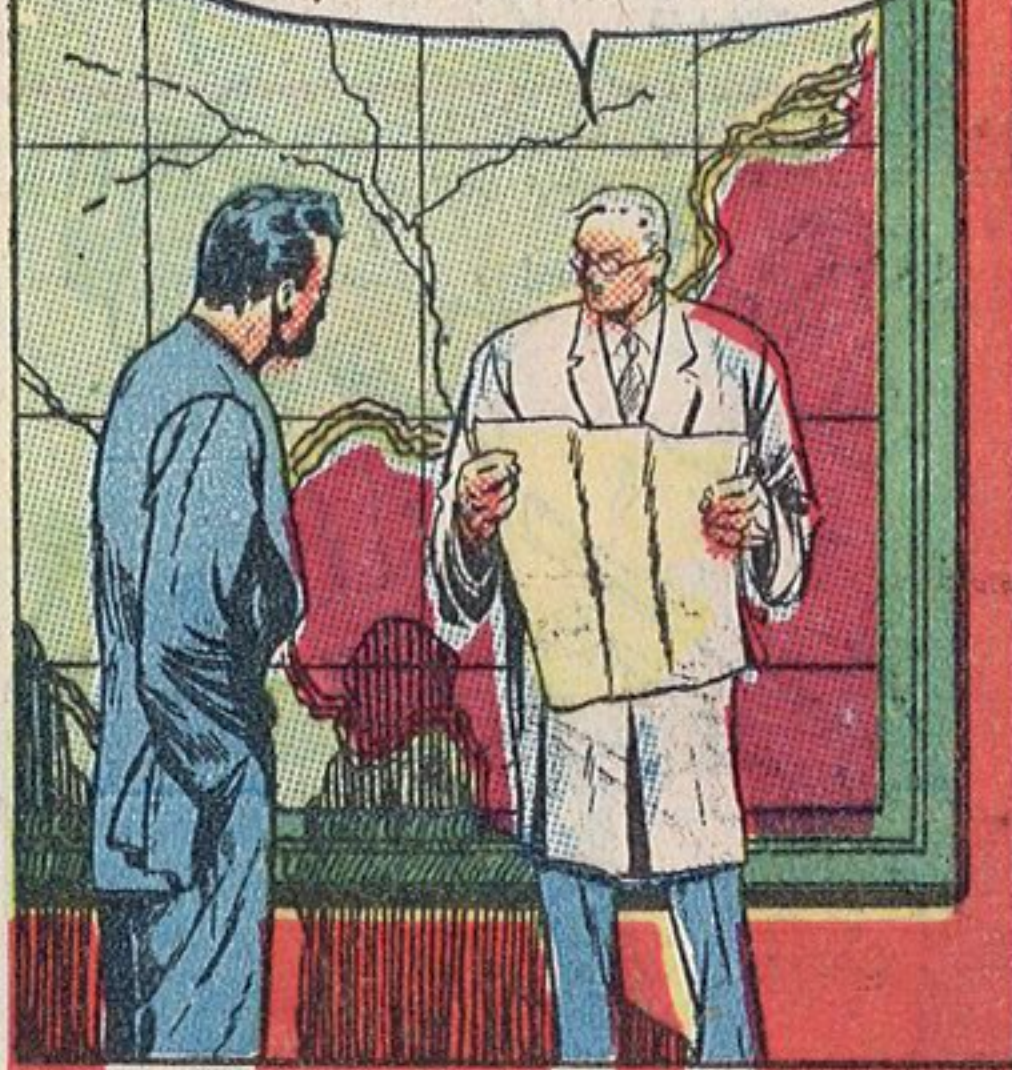




AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS, BLACK X HANDS THE MAP TO A TECHNICIAN.



THIS MAP IS A DRAFTING OF ENEMY AGENTS WORKING ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER.. UNLESS SOME ANONYMOUS FRIEND SENT IT, IT IS A TRAP!



LATER, BLACK X AND BATU LEAVE THE LABORATORY.



GOING TO SCHOOL, MADAME DOOM? WHERE'S THE GLAM-OR?

THIS IS BUSINESS!?



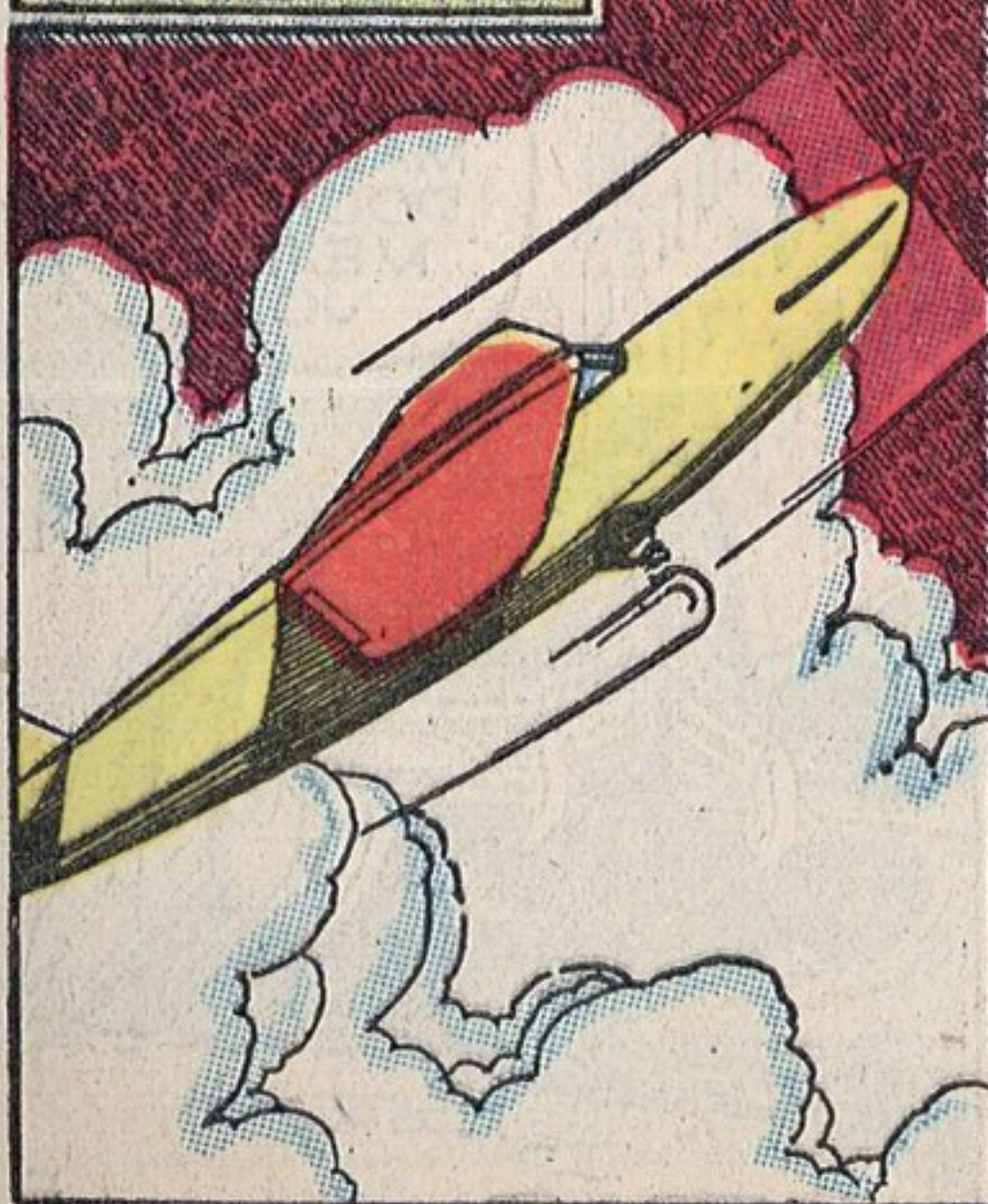
.. AND I MIGHT ADD VERY DANGEROUS BUSINESS...FOR YOU?? I SUGGEST THAT YOU CEASE YOUR INTEREST IN OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBOR. MEXICO DOES VERY WELL BY ITSELF!?



WITH MADAME DOOM, BATU AND BLACK X SPEED FOR NATIONAL AIRPORT.



AT THE AIRFIELD THEY TAKE OFF IN BLACK X'S PRIVATE PLANE.



HE FOLLOWS MY CUES LIKE CLOCKWORK? THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY!?

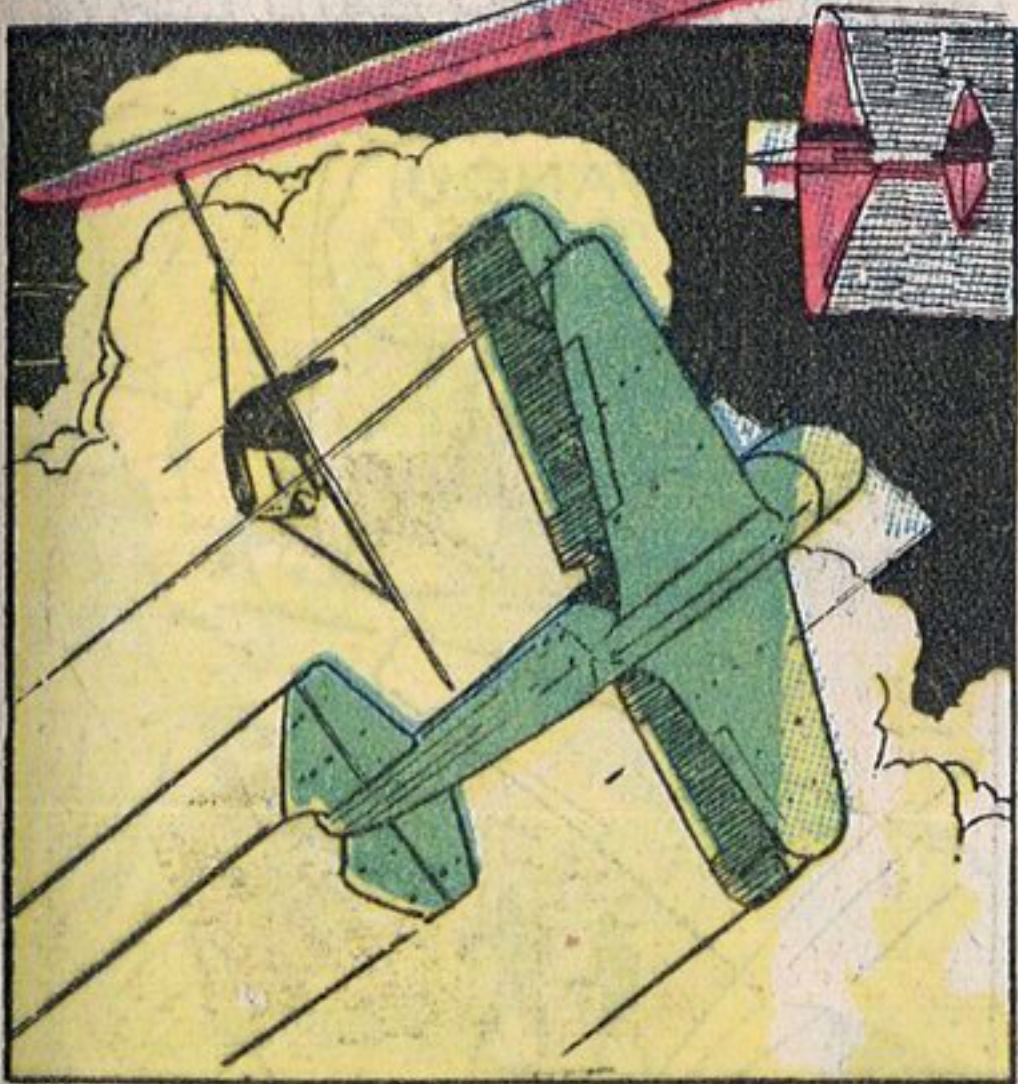
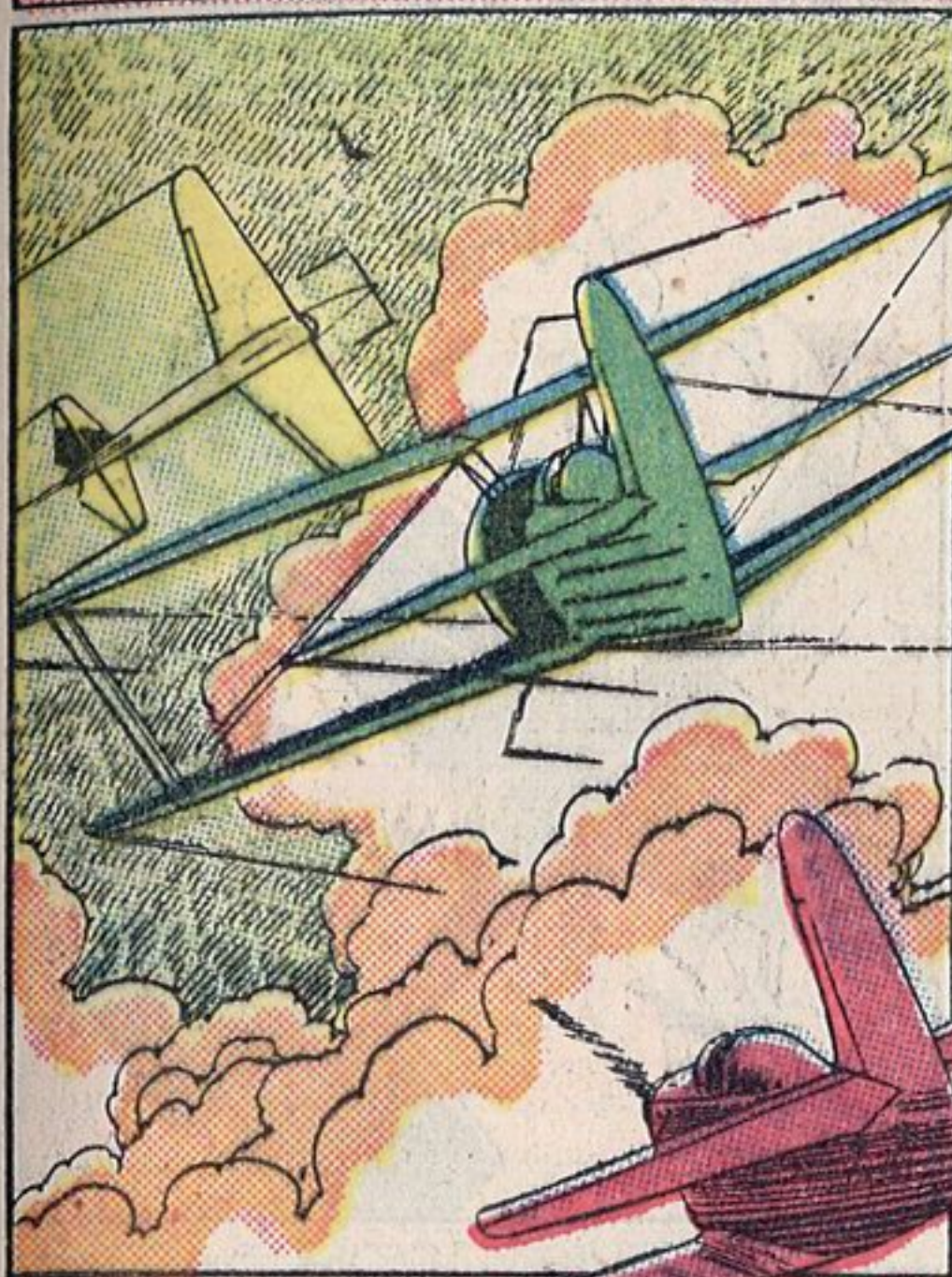


THE PLANE SPEEDS ON..ITS DESTINATION, MEXICO.

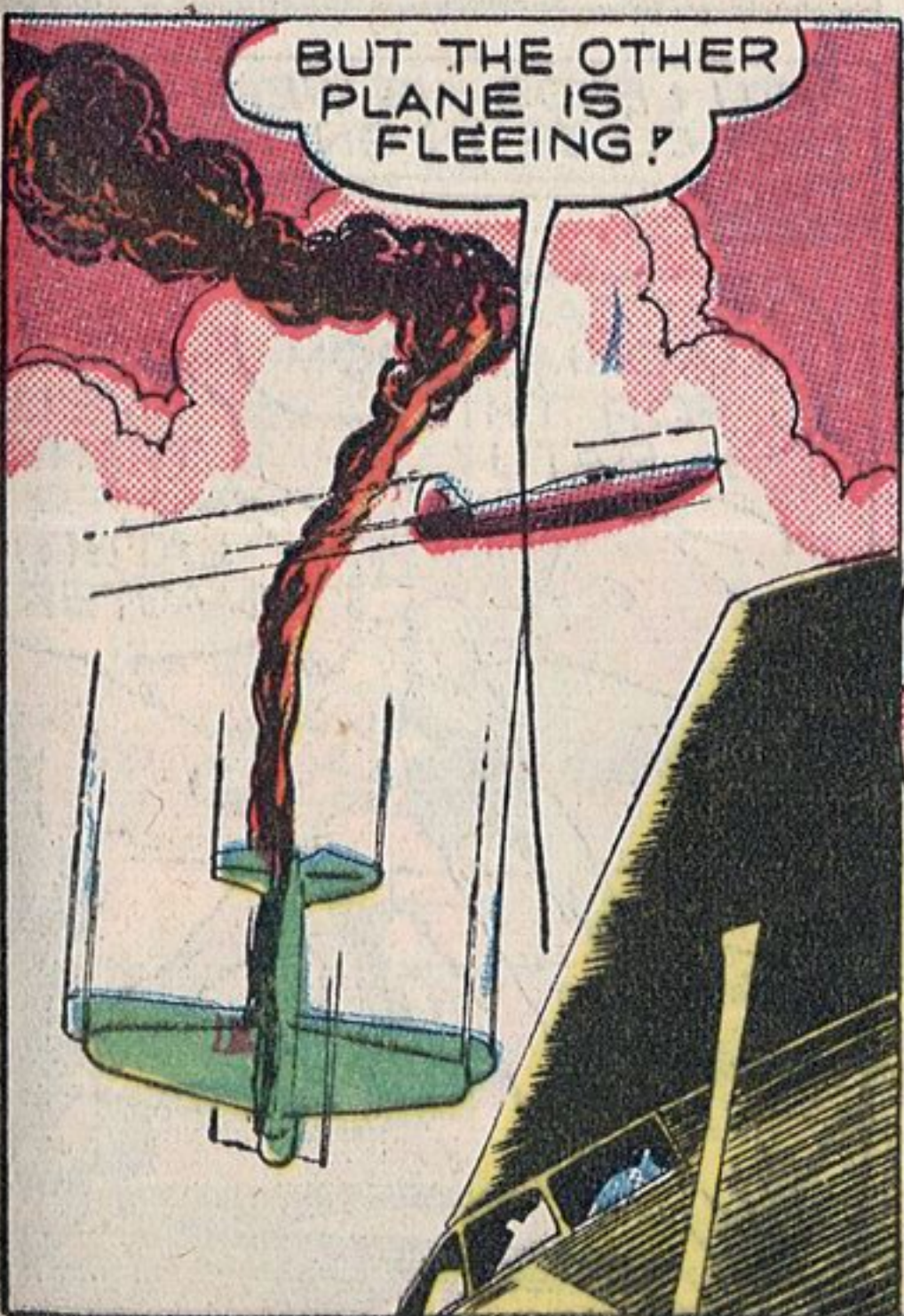




BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE RIO GRANDE, TWO PURSUIT SHIPS SOAR UP TO ATTACK.

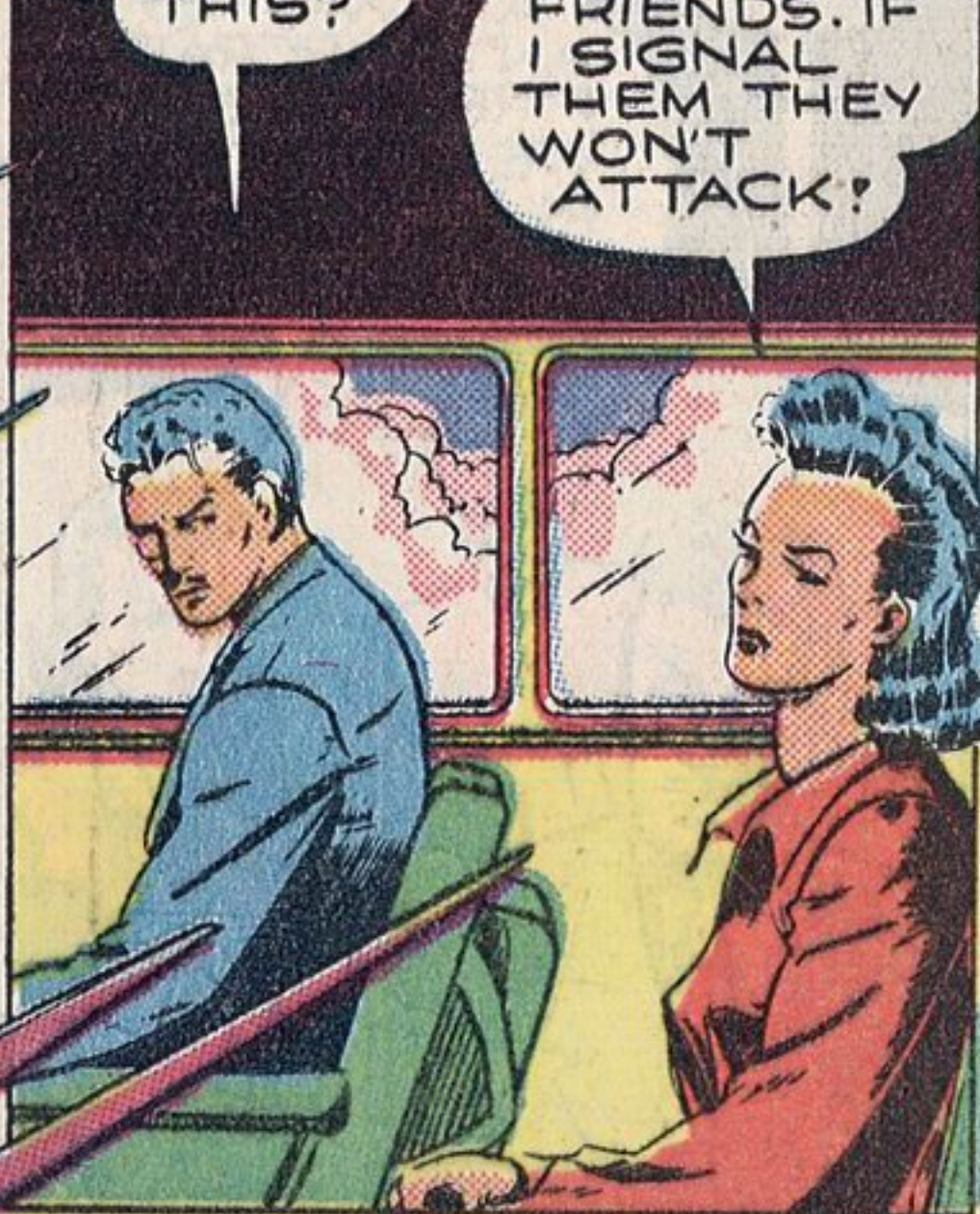


ZOOMING AND PARRYING, BLACK X TAKES THE OFFENSIVE.



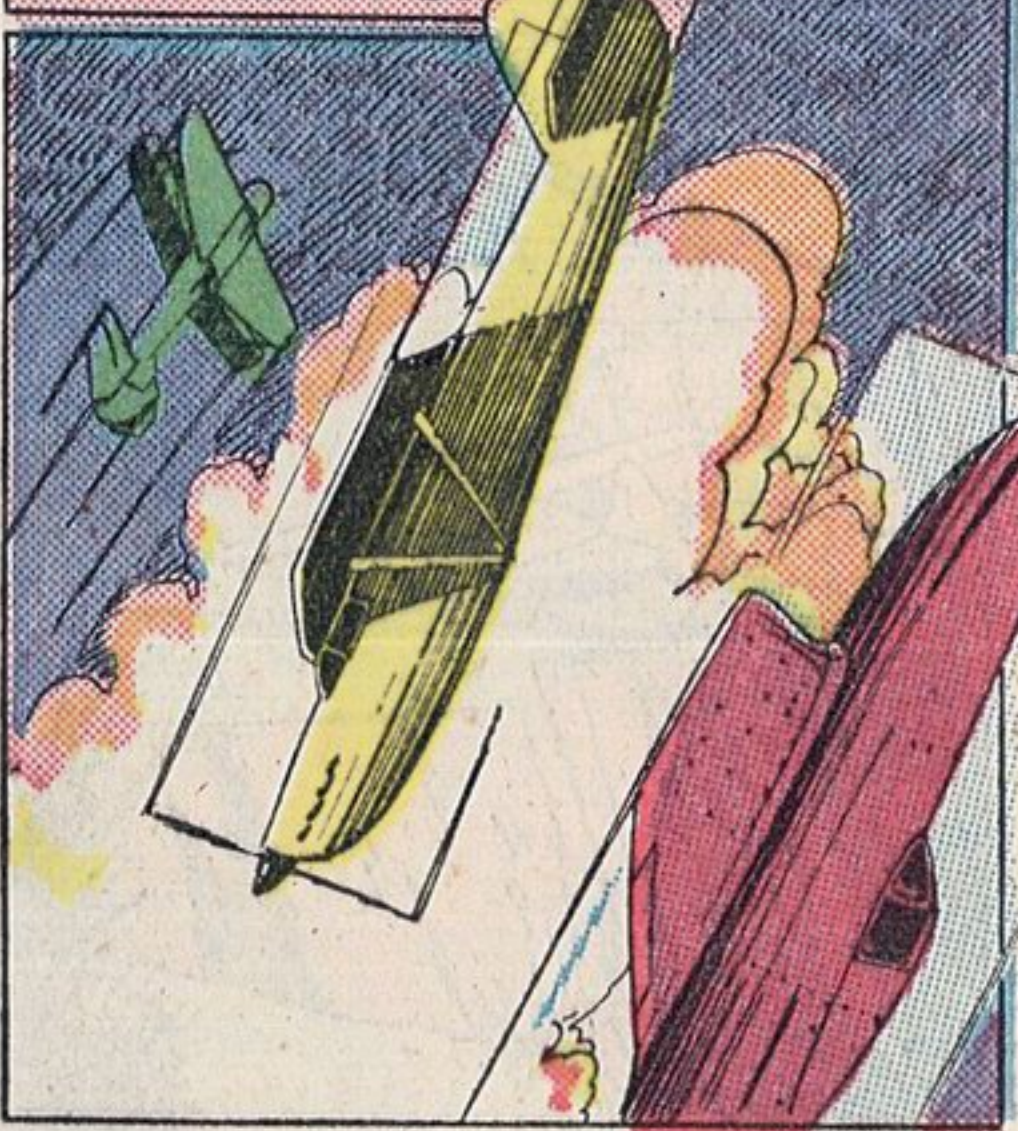
BUT THE OTHER PLANE IS FLEEING?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?



PLENTY! THOSE PILOTS ARE MY FRIENDS. IF I SIGNAL THEM THEY WON'T ATTACK!

WITH HIS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED MACHINE GUN COUGHING BULLETS, BLACK X CUTS BETWEEN HIS OPPONENTS.



BLACK X CONTINUES ON HIS WAY.

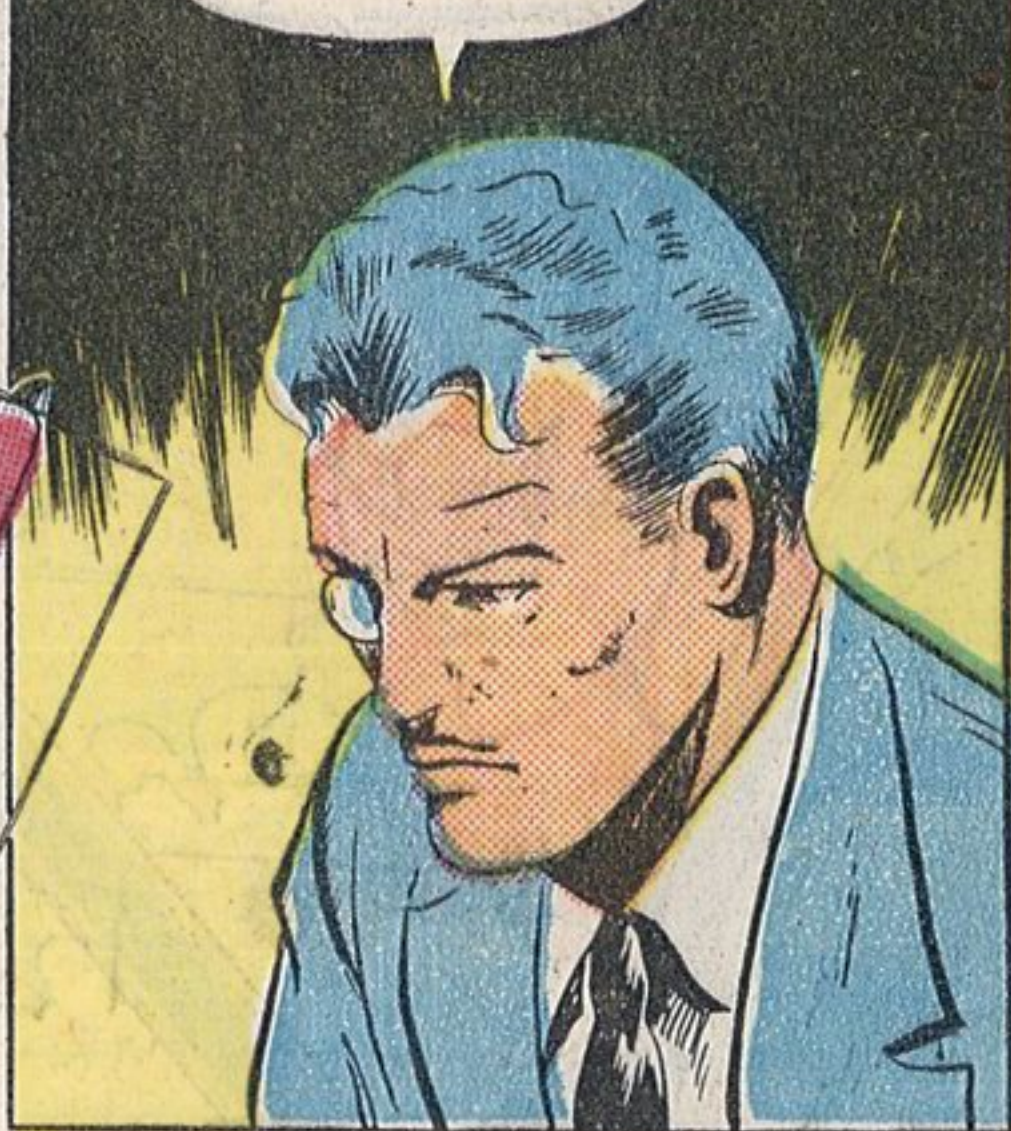


SAA-Y? I JUST NOTICED.. THAT PLANE IS TAKING THE ROUTE DRAWN ON THAT MAP?

ISN'T IT JUST TOO BAD YOUR MEN DON'T KNOW YOU'RE ABOARD? BECAUSE YOU'RE TAKING ALL THE RISKS WITH US?



I'VE HIT ONE.. IT'S CRASHING!



QUICKLY, BLACK X WHISPERS HIS PLANS TO BATU.



I'LL FOLLOW.. THAT PLANE MUST BE HEAD-ING FOR ITS HEADQUARTERS AND THAT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR?

CAREFUL, MASTER. IT MAY ONLY LEAD US INTO A TRAP?



BUT MADAME DOOM DECIDES TO PLAY ANOTHER CARD.



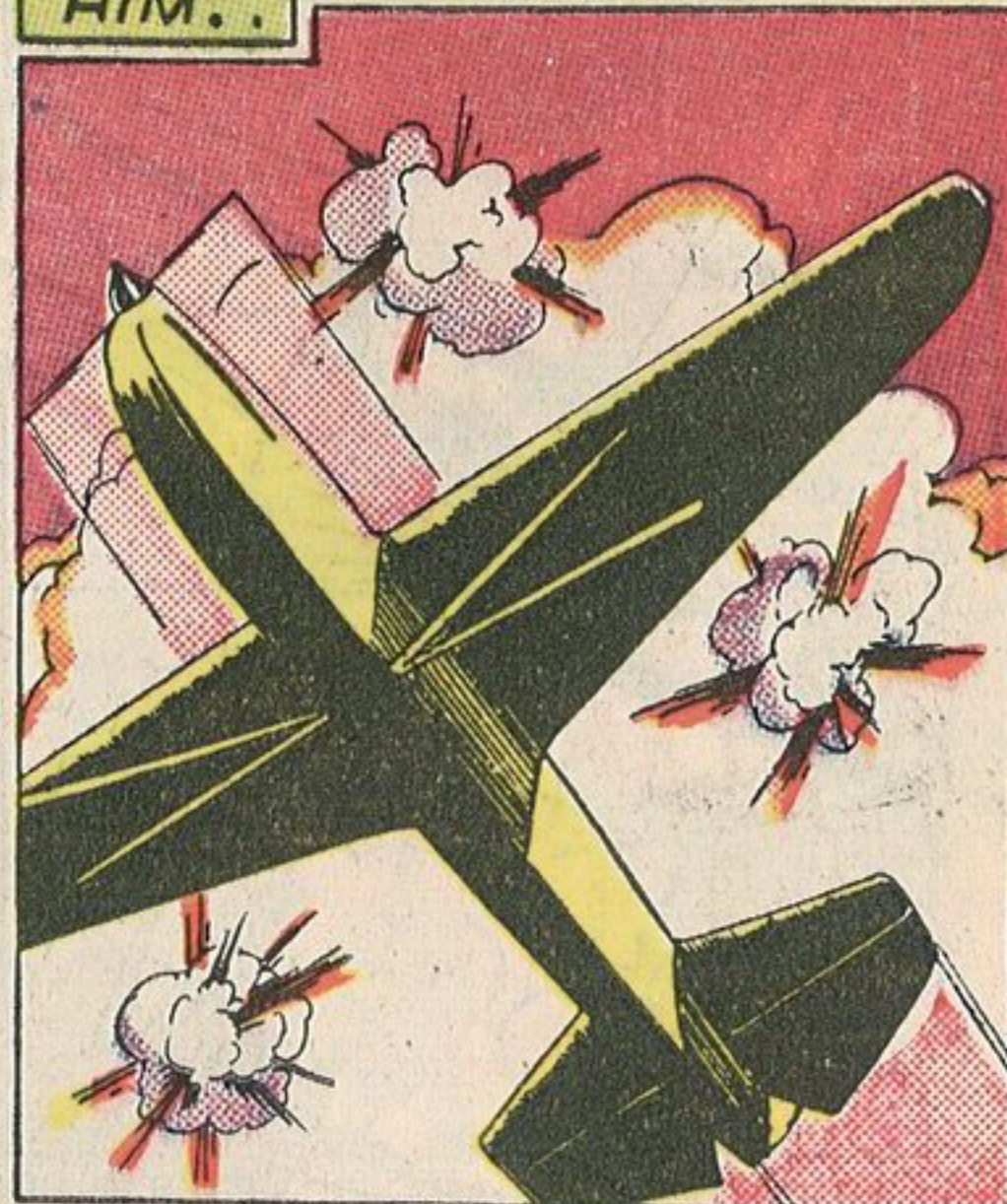
BLACK X, I-I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!

YES?? WHAT?

YOU WIN? BUT WE'LL BE CAUGHT ANYWAY BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.. UNLESS WE LAND ON THE PLATEAU OVER THE CANYON.



ALL THIS TIME, BLACK X IS CLOSING IN ON HIS PREY WHILE "ACK-ACK" FIRE PEPPERS THE AIR AROUND HIM..



HMM.. THAT SHIP'S LAND-ING SAFELY.. I'M GOING DOWN TOO?



SKILLFULLY, HE BRINGS HIS SHIP TO A PERFECT LAND-ING ON THE PLATEAU.



BUT AS HE AND BATU LEAVE THE PLANE...



I'M NOT STOPPING? YOU ARE?

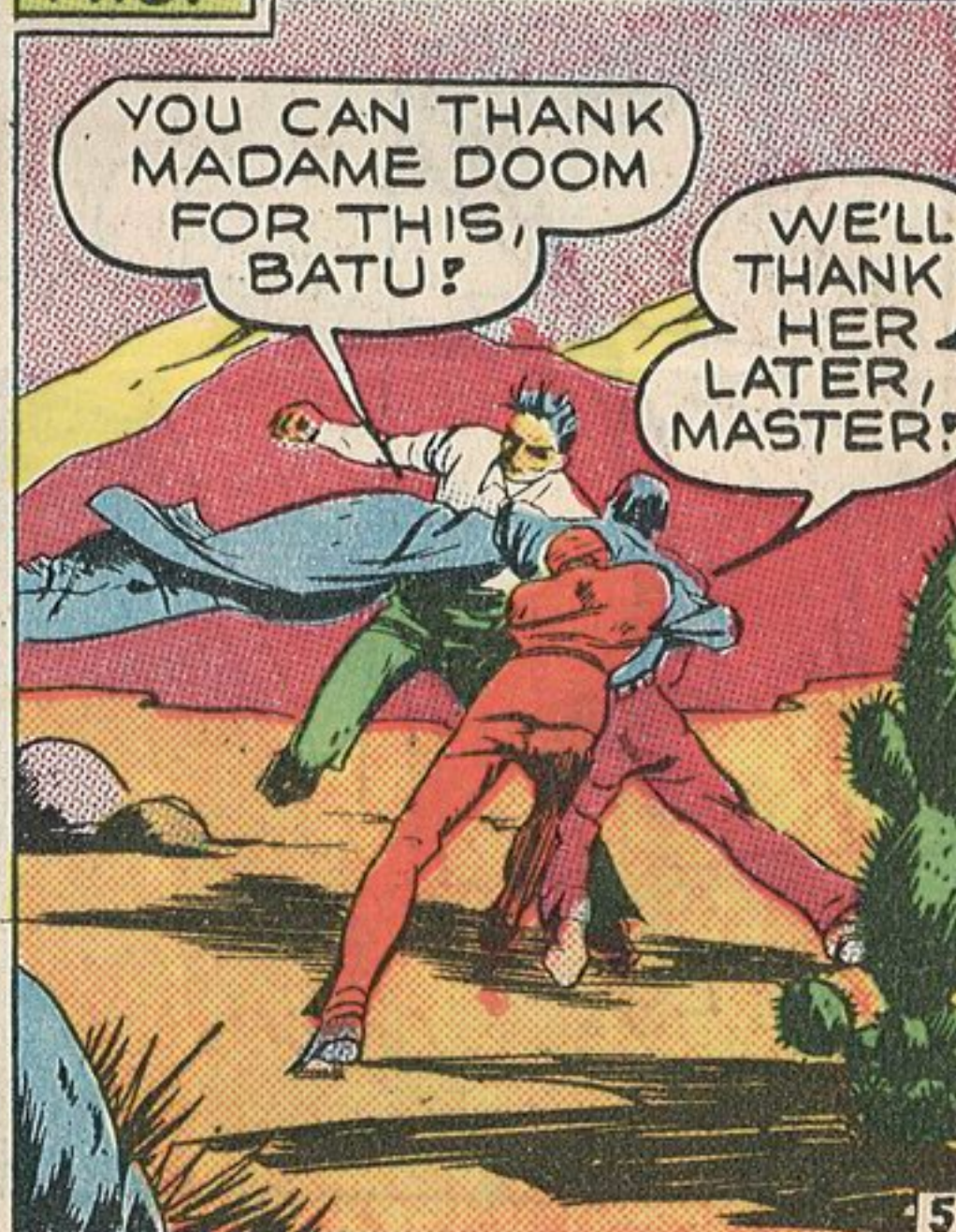
OOOF?



WITH FURIOUS DYNAMITE-PACKED BLOWS, BLACK X POLISHES OFF THE ATTACKERS.



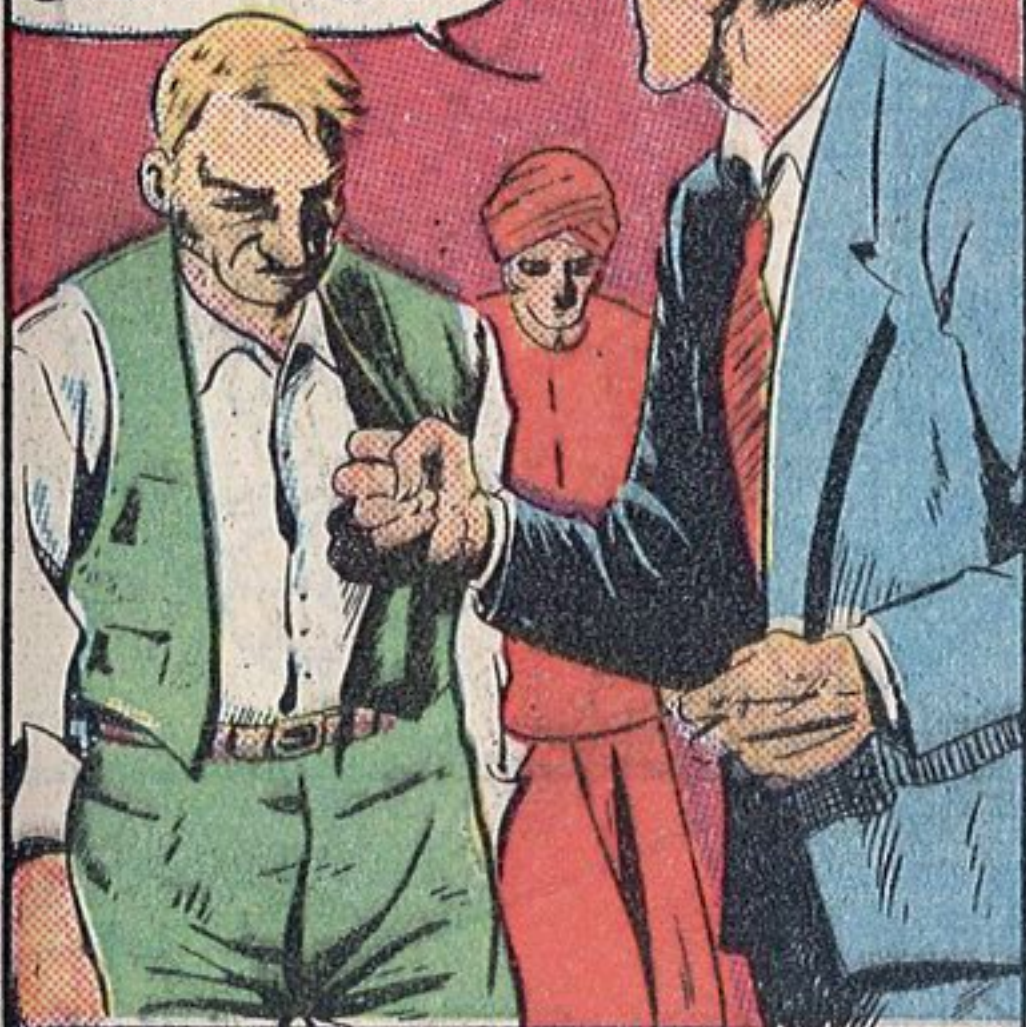
BATU LENDS HIS WEIGHT AS THEY CLOSE IN ON THE LAST TWO.





IN THE MELEE, BLACK X RECOGNIZES ONE SPY.

SHULMAN? YOU ESCAPED A FEDERAL INDICTMENT, DIDN'T YOU?



FOR ANTI-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES AS I REMEMBER? YOU HAD A CROOKED LAWYER GET YOU OUT, THEN YOU SKIPPED THE COUNTRY TO SPREAD YOUR FILTHY LIES IN MEXICO?



SO YOU'VE CAUGHT US RED-HANDED, SO WHAT?

JUST THIS, YOU'RE STAYING IN MEXICO, MADAME DOOM. I'M TAKING YOUR PAL SHULMAN WITH ME!



SECONDS LATER, BLACK X'S SLEEK PLANE ROARS OVER THE RIO GRANDE.



I TOLD HER NOT TO SIT ON A CACTUS.. IS SHE SORE?

VERY FUNNY, MASTER?

WHILE BELOW, MADAME DOOM RAGES IN FURY AT HER UNCONSCIOUS HENCHMEN.



BLUNDERING IDIOTS! I TOLD YOU BLACK X CAN'T BE CAUGHT THAT EASILY!

MEANWHILE, THE PLANE SOARS OVER THE BORDER.



I'LL RADIO FOR THE F.B.I. TO WAIT FOR ME IN TEXAS.

YOU GIVE THEM PRISONER THERE?

BUT WHEN THEY LAND ON A WIDE PANHANDLE PLAIN, SHULMAN ATTEMPTS AN ESCAPE.



BLACK X FOILS THE PLAN WITH A DYNAMITE RIGHT, SENDING THE PRISONER REELING INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF THE LAW.



THANKS! UNCLE SAM WANTS THIS HOMBRE?

SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT THEIR FAVORITE WASHINGTON RESTAURANT.



WELL, BLACK X, YOU'VE ENDED THAT SPY MOB IN MEXICO. AND I HOPE MADAME DOOM STAYS SOUTH OF THE BORDER?

I DOUBT IT, COL. ATWATER.. SHE HAS THE MOST AMAZING WAY OF TURNING UP?



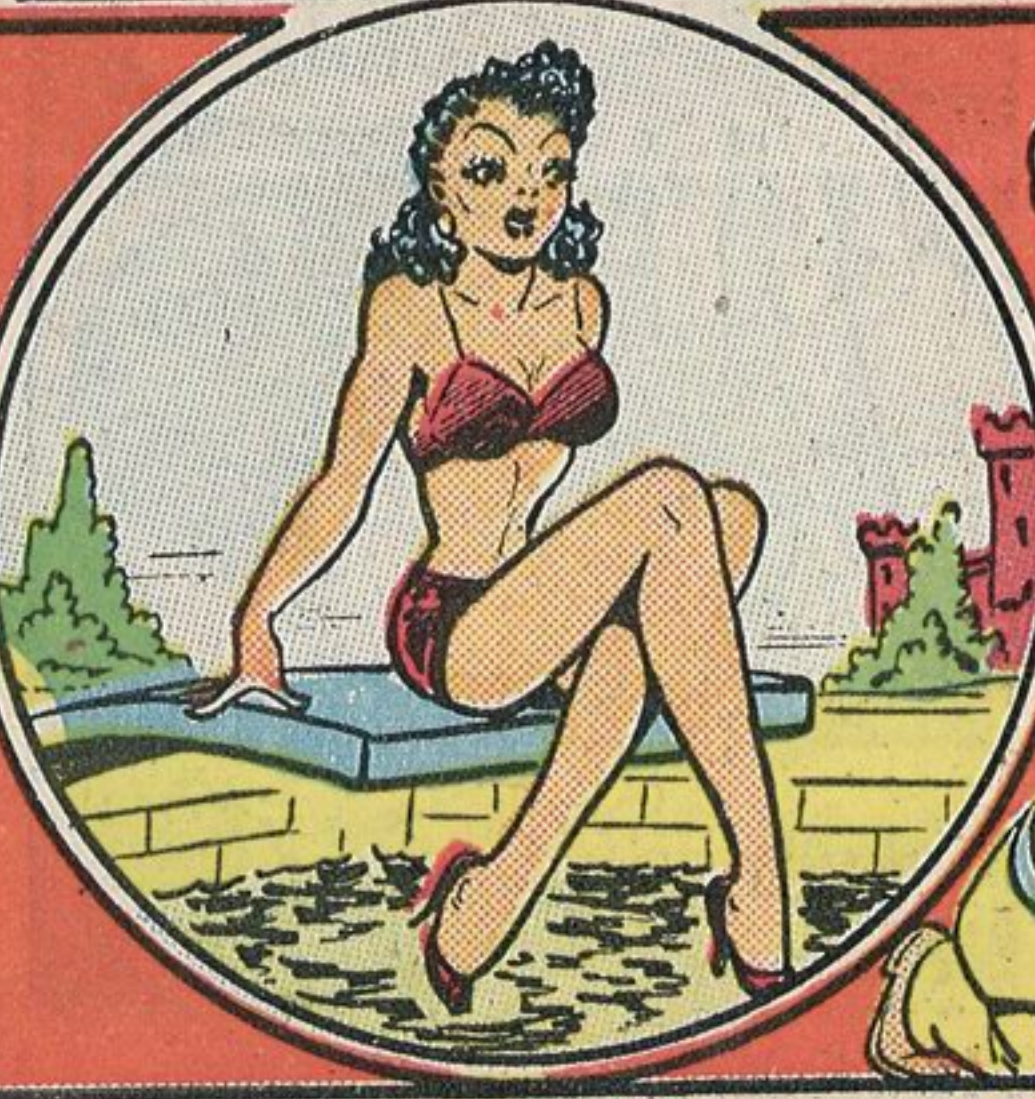
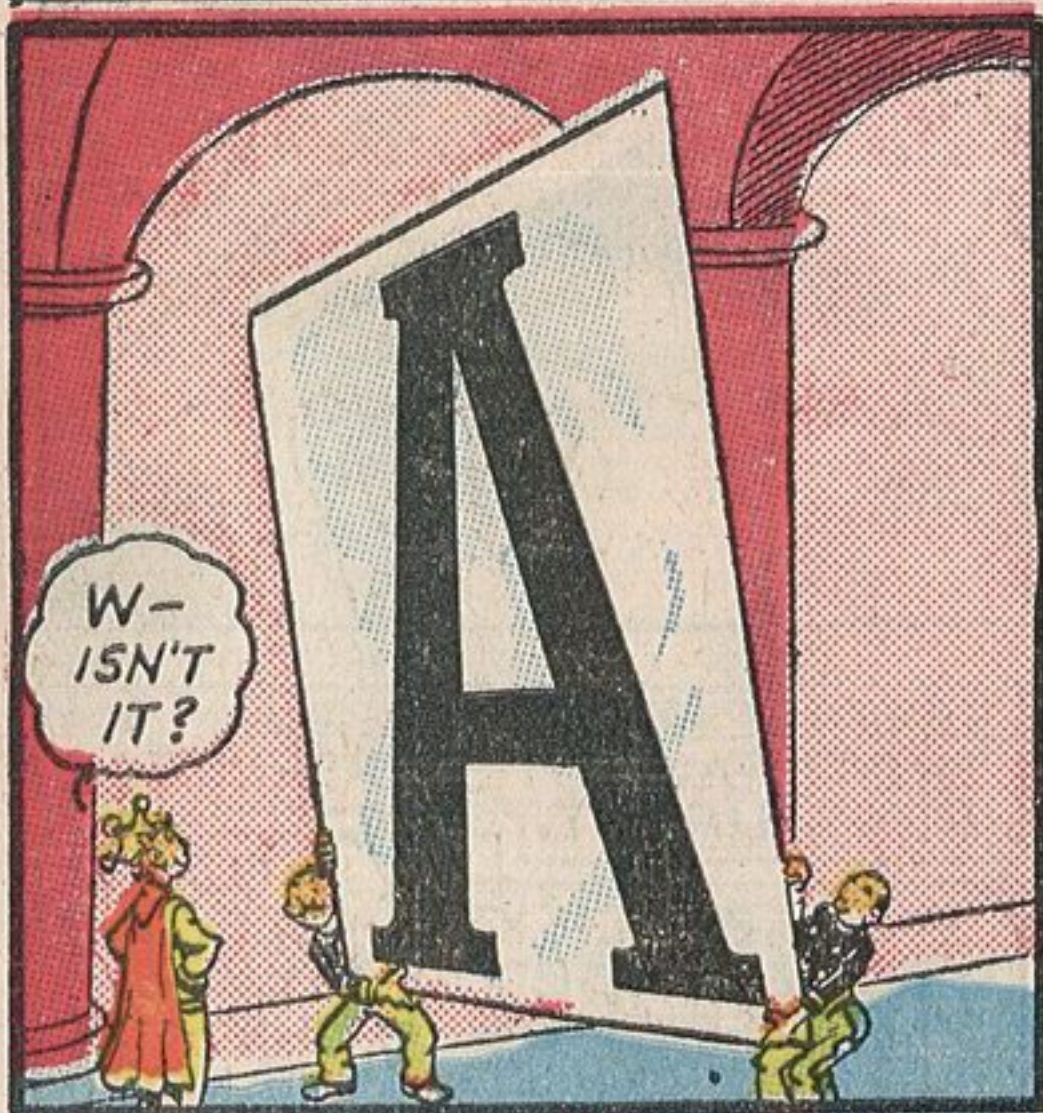
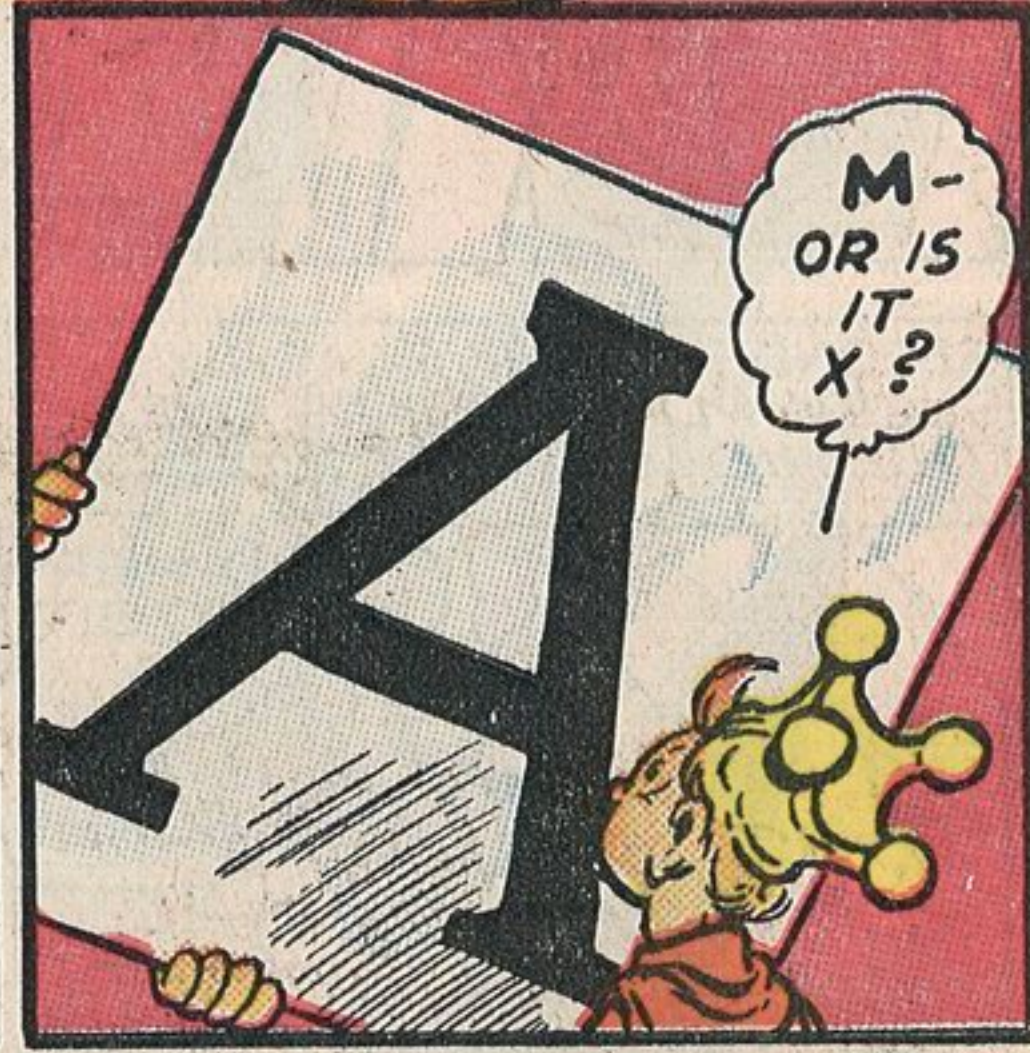
# Archie O'TOOLE

H'LO, STANISLOUSE-  
WHAT'S  
COOKING?

BY THE COUNCIL'S  
DECREE YOU  
ARE TO JOIN  
THE ARMY!

WHAT?—ME JOIN  
THE ARMY?—I  
WON'T!—I  
HATE WAR!

WE  
INSIST  
THAT YOUR  
MAJESTY  
JOIN  
THE ARMY!





# THE JESTER

by Paul Gustavson

HIS GAY LAUGH AND TINKLING BELLS THROW TERROR INTO EVIL HEARTS..BUT THE JESTER IS THE SECRET ROLE ASSUMED BY THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY CHUCK LANE..ROOKIE COP!



AT THE EXCLUSIVE DEBUTANTES 'MASQUE--RADE BALL ON PARK AVENUE..

LOOK LANE.. ALL YOU DO IS SEE THAT NO ONE TRIES TO CRASH THE GATE HERE!

SURE, MCGINTY.. I CAN TELL WHO BELONGS HERE!

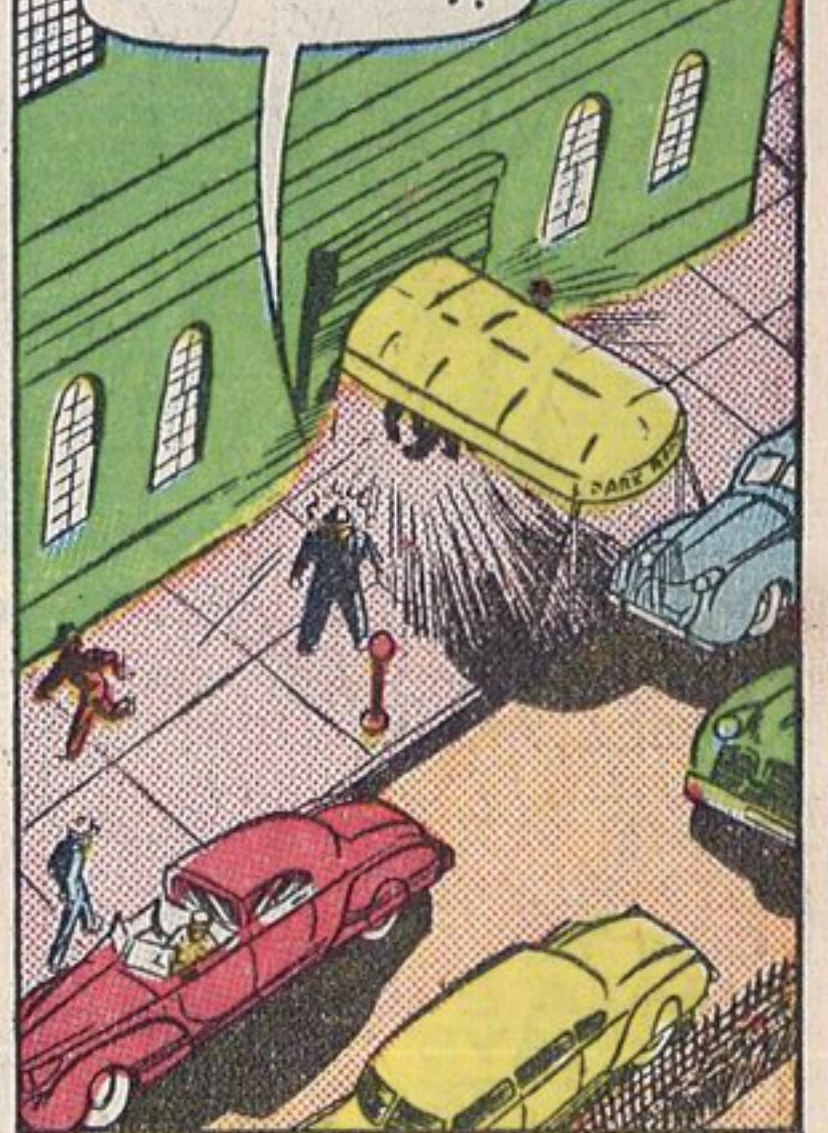


HEY, MCGINTY.. I GOT FOUR OF 'EM!

PURDY STONE AND HIS MOB!

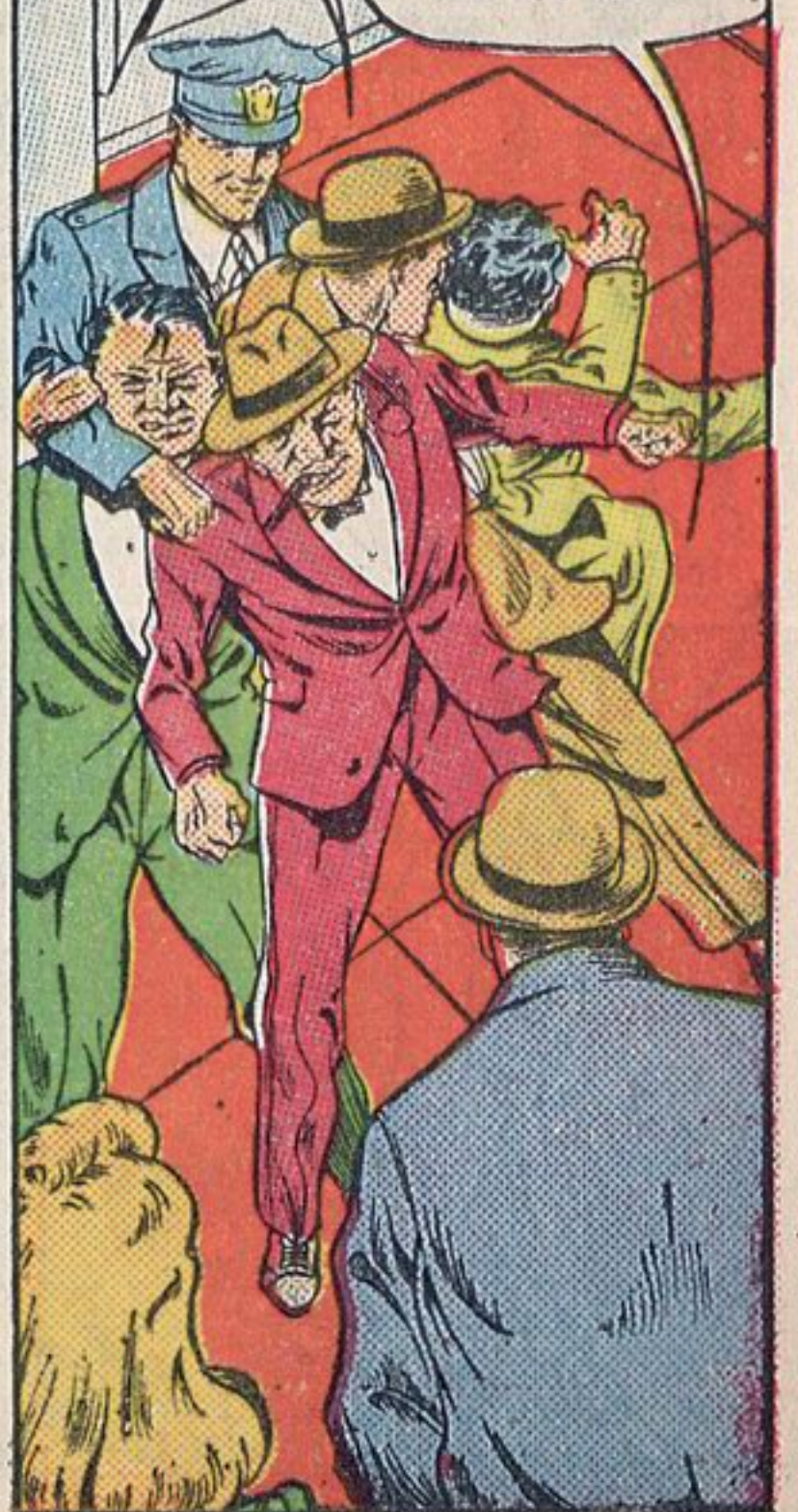


OF ALL THE ROOKIES WHY DID THEY HAVE TO SEND HIM OVER HERE! HE ISN'T... WHAT TH??



CALL THIS WEASEL OFF BEFORE I PUT AIR VENTS IN HIS DOME!

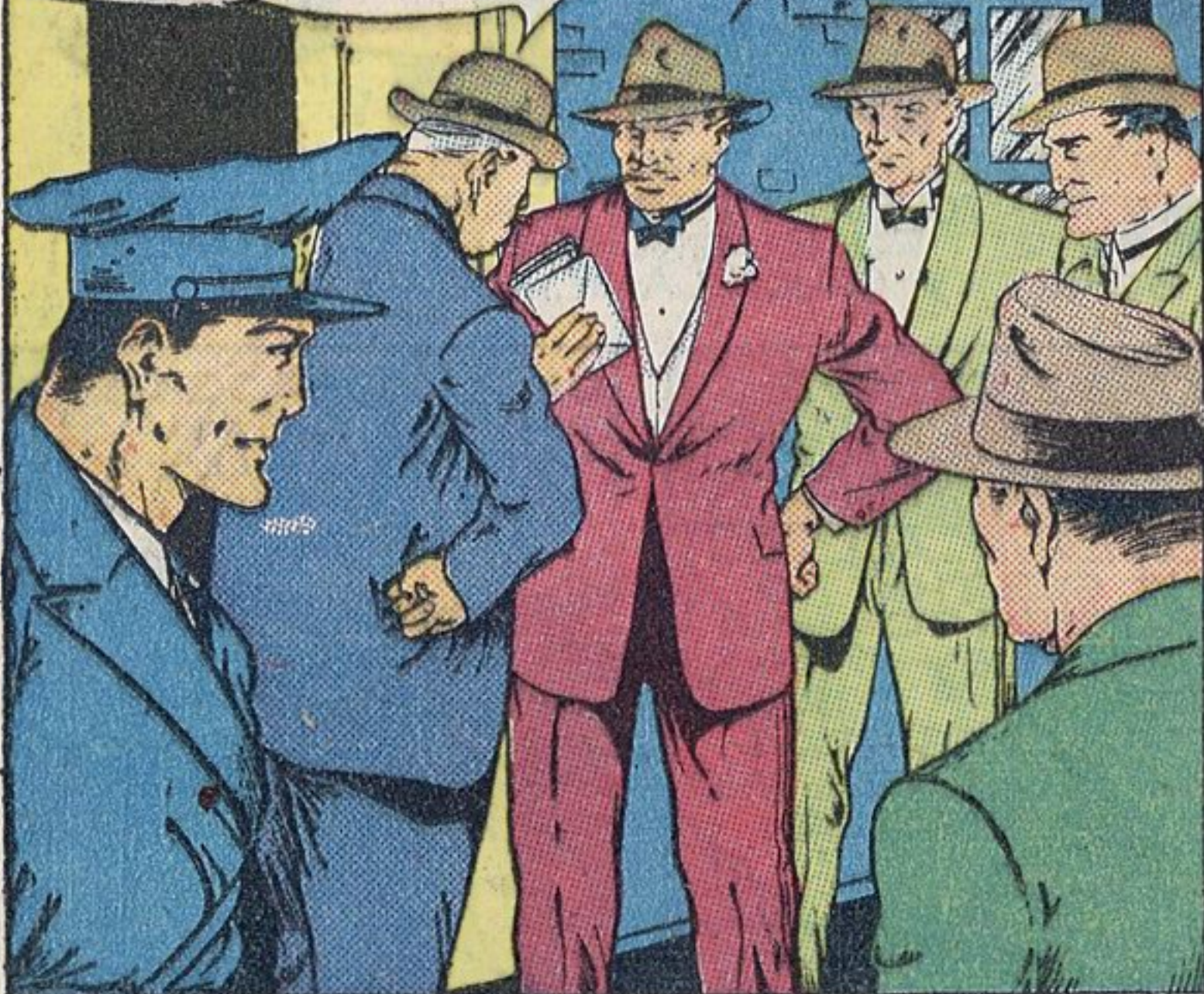
OKAY, CHUCK, LET THEM ALONE!



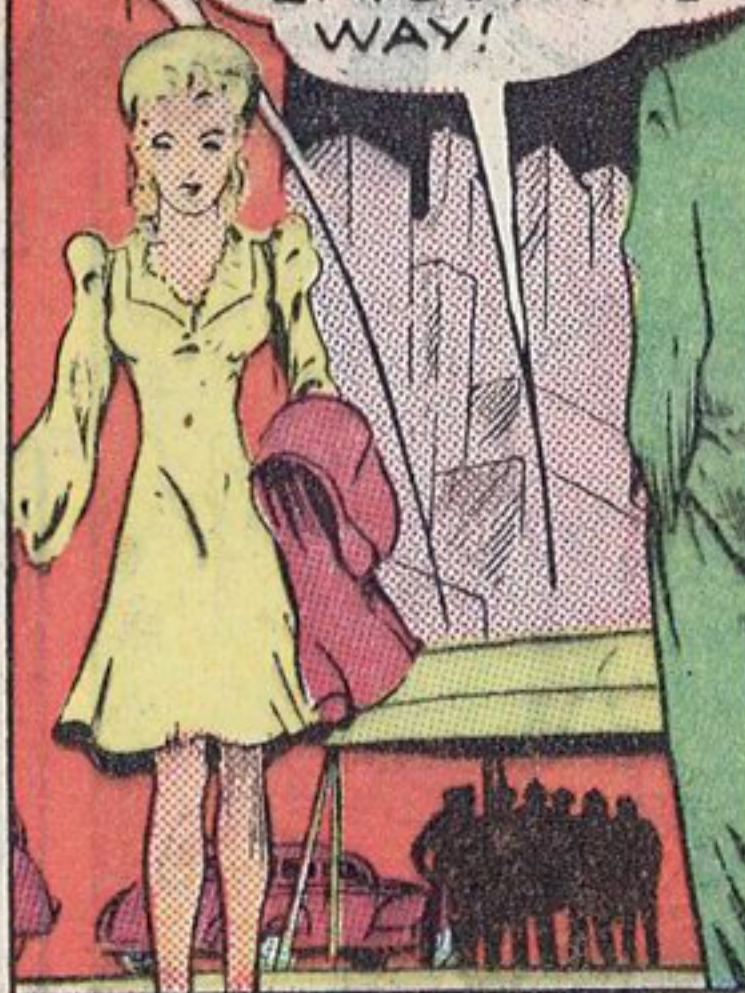


NOW, YOU WART-NOSED BABOONS, GET YOUR UGLY MAPS OUT OF HERE BEFORE I TEAR YOU APART..IF YOU CRASH THIS BALL IT'LL BE OVER MY DEAD BODY!

YEAH? TAKE A LOOK, COP. INVITATIONS!! FOUR OF 'EM!



WELL I'LL BE! WHERE'D YOU LIFT THEM, YOU CHEAP CROOK! Y'CAN'T LIFT 'EM.. THEY GOT OUR NAME ENGRAVED ON 'EM! OUTA ME WAY!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET STONE GET AWAY WITH THIS?

I HAVE NO WAY OF STOPPING HIM. C'MON..I'M GONNA TELL THE BOYS TO BE SET FOR ANYTHING TONIGHT!



THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH YOU, STONE! WELL, MR. CHUCK LANE.. IT'S HIGH TIME YOU CHANGE TO SOMEONE WHO CAN TOUCH HIM! A GALA EVENT ALWAYS NEEDS THE JESTER!

CHUCK.. TELL CLANCY THAT.. HUH.. WHAT? LANE! NOW WHERE THE HECK DID HE GO?

CHUCK LANE THE ROOKIE COP IS GONE.. AND HE'S NOW UPSTAIRS AS THAT FABULOUS CRIME BUSTER, THE JESTER!

I SAW PURDY STONE A MINUTE AGO.. OH.. OH, THERE HE IS!



BUT THE JESTER IS NO SOONER ON HIS WAY AFTER PURDY STONE WHEN..

MIND IF I CUT IN?

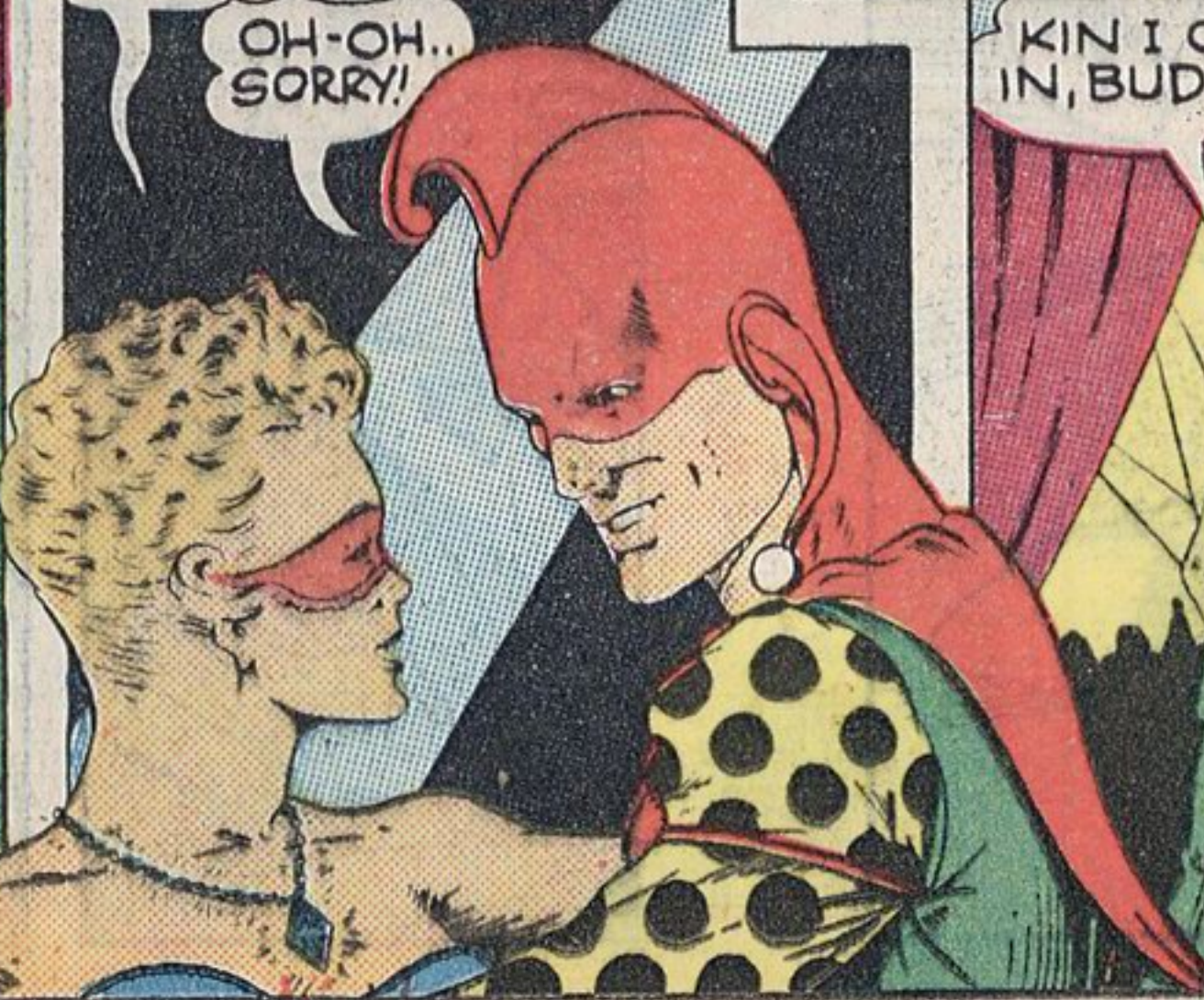
WHOA! NOW THAT YOU'VE SWEEPED ME OFF MY FEET.. LET'S GET TOGETHER.. YOU'RE ON MY TOES!

OH-OH.. SORRY!

KIN I CUT IN, BUD?

WHY WHY..

ONE OF STONE'S MOB!







NO..THIS IS MY WIFE!  
OH, EXCUSE ME, BUD..THINK NUTTIN' OF IT..  
THANKS PAL!  
GULP!

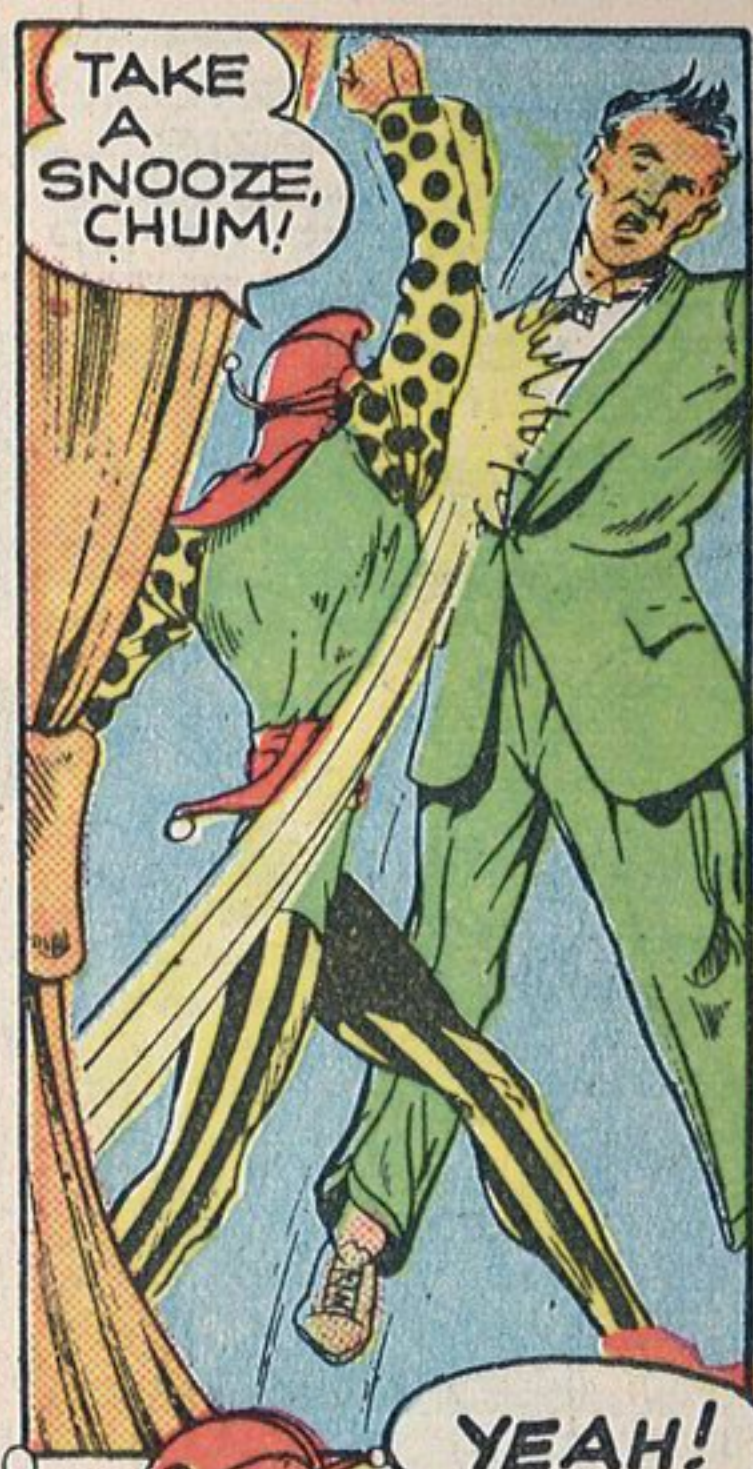


THE JESTER!

AS QUICK AS A FLASH  
PURDY STONE'S GUN-  
MAN DRAWS BUT..



AW, C'MON, MUGSIE..  
YOU DON'T WANT TO SHOOT ME!



TAKE A SNOOZE, CHUM!

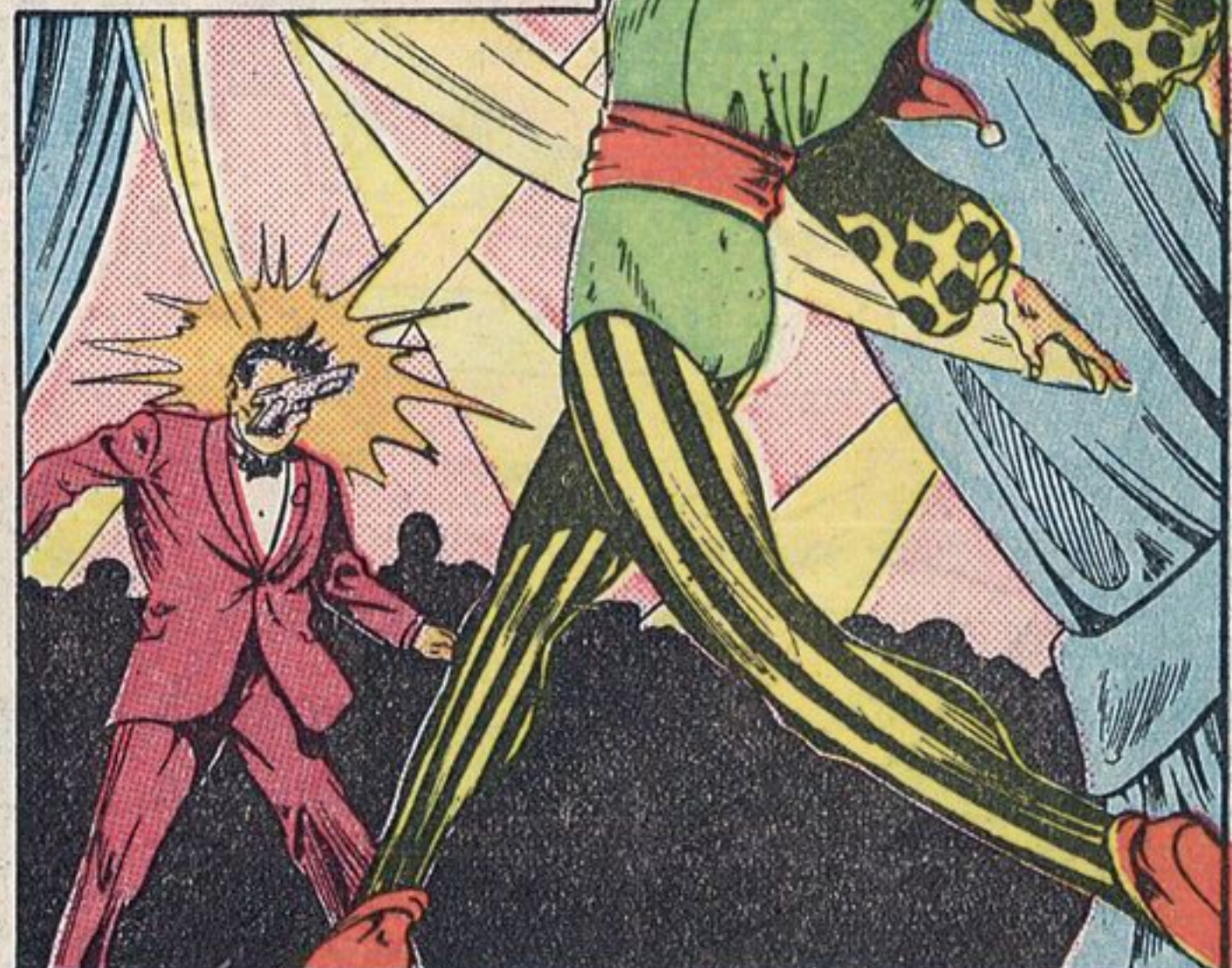


I'LL TAKE THESE POP-  
GUNS OF YOURS!



OH  
YEAH?

OH-  
OH..  
STONE!



YEAH!



WHY YOU \* 6!  
!! ☆ ☆!



HE'S GONE!

OHH..  
GUNMEN!

YEAH! OKAY! NOW  
LISTEN, STUFFED  
SHIRTS..YOU HAD  
THIS COMIN' TO YOU  
ONLY THIS JESTER  
GUY MADE IT COME  
SOONER..THIS IS A  
HOLDUP! ONE  
WRONG MOVE  
AND YOU'LL TASTE  
LEAD!







MRS. VAN HORTON, MADAM DU PRIS..LADY THOMAS, AN' JEAN WALDORF STEP UP HERE.. I WANT THAT "ICE YOU'RE WEARIN'!"

WHAT?



OH-OH..LOOK BEHIND PURDY..

HA HA HA! NICE GOING, STONE... YOU CHUMP!

BOO!



?

THE JESTER'S ARM REACHES INTO THE BALLROOM AND STONE COMES OUT!



I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE.. THIS GUYS A MANIAC!

ME TOO!



OH-OH.. SEE THOSE FLAG-POLES DOWN THERE, STONE?

Y-YEAH!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER..

OKAY SISTER! THE POLICE WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!



IT'S HIM AGAIN

HE'S GOT TH' BOSS.. GET HIM!



WELL..MAKE USE OF 'EM!



STONE HAS THE EVIDENCE ON HIM NOW! HA HA! A PERFECT FORCE PLAY IF I EVER SAW ONE..WELL, HERE GOES!



GO RIGHT AHEAD, BOYS..IT'S THREE STORIES DOWN AND YOUR BOSS GOES WITH ME AND SO DOES YOUR CUT OF THE LOOT!

HELP!

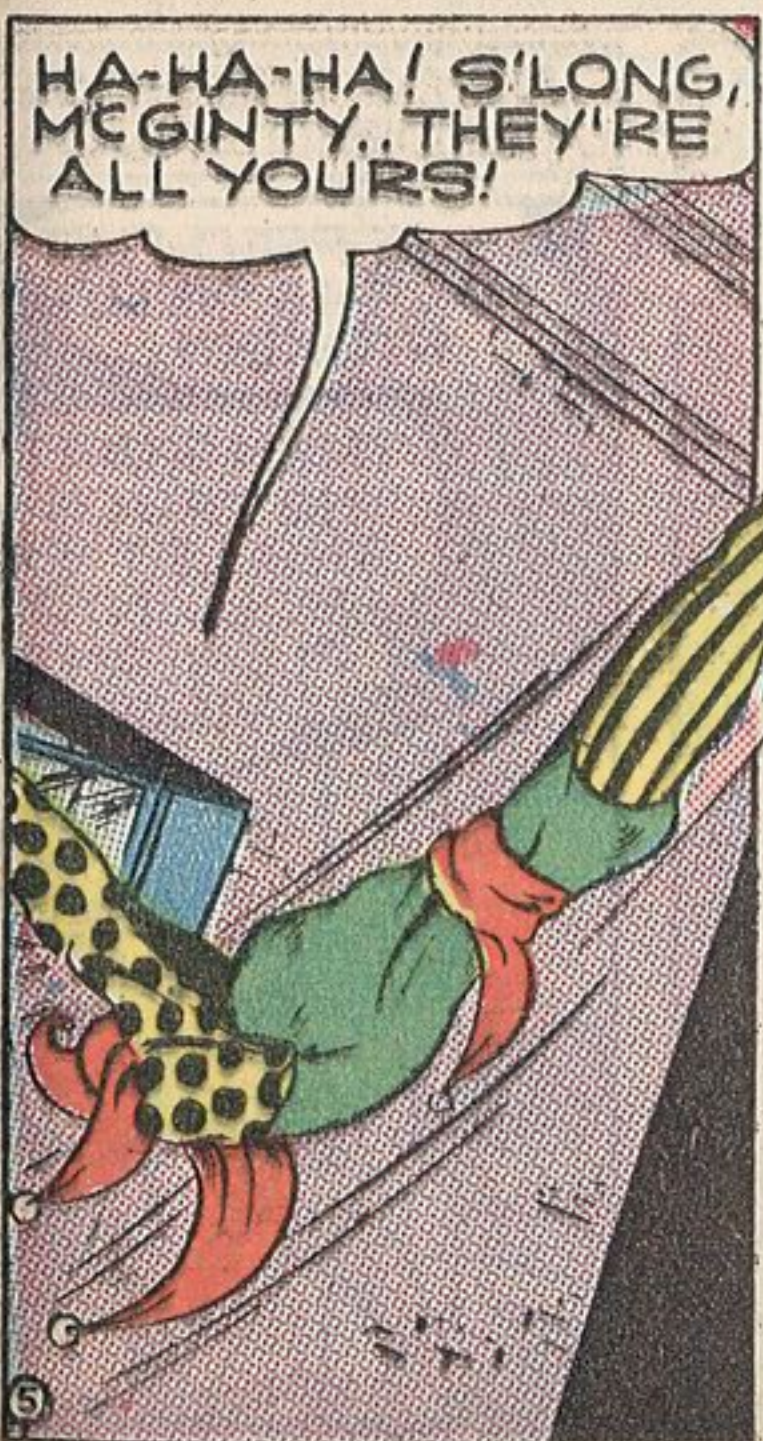




LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, THE JESTER STREAKS ACROSS THE BALLROOM, THEN...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM...



THE LAW! HE AND HIS BRAGGING MAKE ME SICK.. IF IT WASN'T FOR THE JESTER HE WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE!



CHUCK LANE REAPPEARS

THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK ABOUT THE GREAT MCGINTY.. THE JESTER IS JUST A BLUFF!

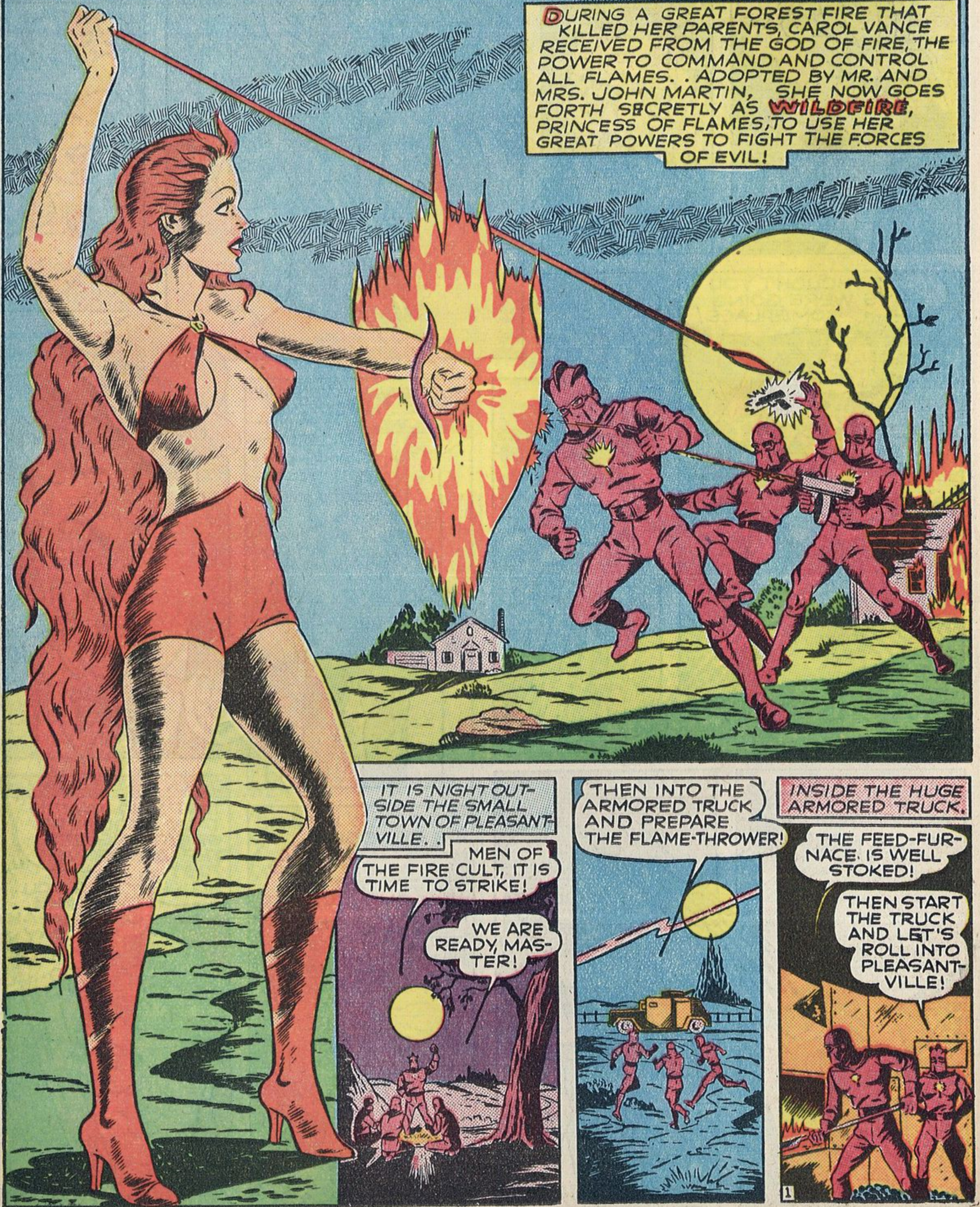




# WILDFIRE

BY  
JIM MOONEY  
AND  
ROBT. TURNER

DURING A GREAT FOREST FIRE THAT KILLED HER PARENTS, CAROL VANCE RECEIVED FROM THE GOD OF FIRE, THE POWER TO COMMAND AND CONTROL ALL FLAMES. . ADOPTED BY MR. AND MRS. JOHN MARTIN, SHE NOW GOES FORTH SECRETLY AS **WILDFIRE**, PRINCESS OF FLAMES, TO USE HER GREAT POWERS TO FIGHT THE FORCES OF EVIL!



IT IS NIGHT OUTSIDE THE SMALL TOWN OF PLEASANTVILLE. .

MEN OF THE FIRE CULT, IT IS TIME TO STRIKE!

WE ARE READY, MASTER!

THEN INTO THE ARMORED TRUCK AND PREPARE THE FLAME-THROWER!

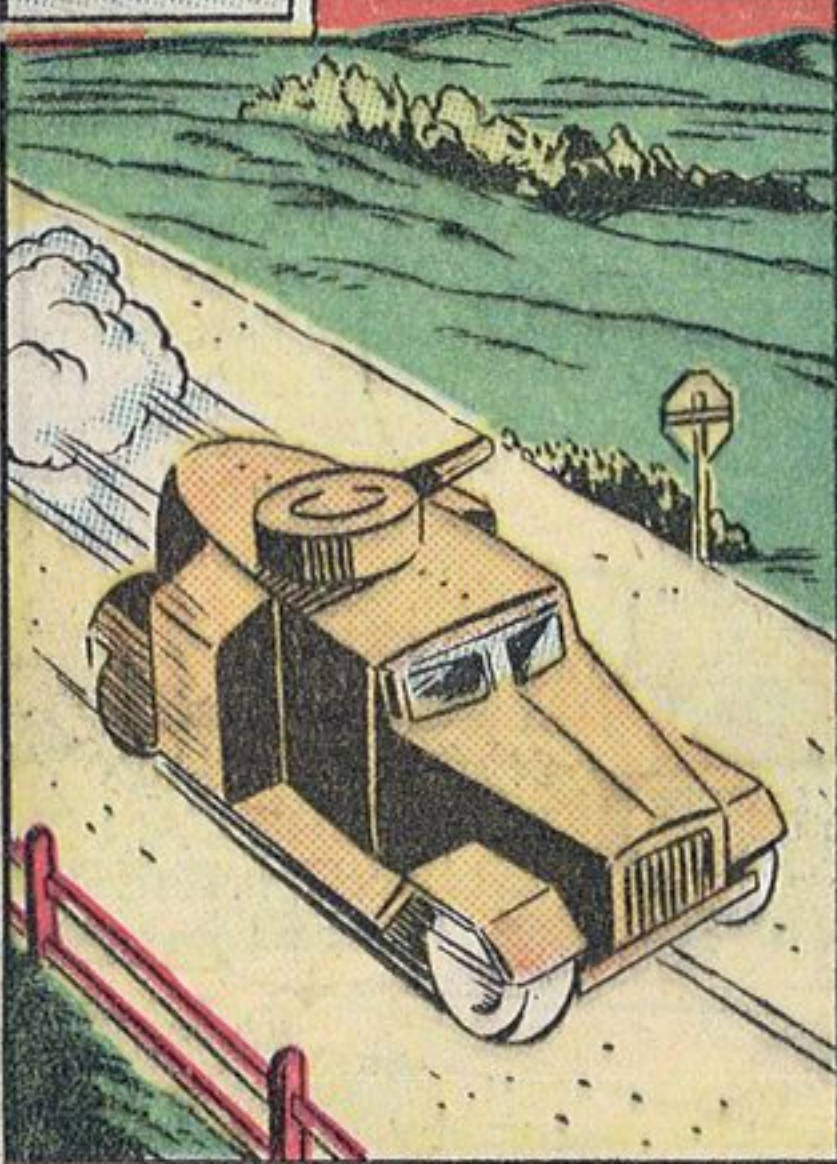
INSIDE THE HUGE ARMORED TRUCK.

THE FEED-FURNACE IS WELL STOKED!

THEN START THE TRUCK AND LET'S ROLL INTO PLEASANTVILLE!



WITH A ROAR OF ITS POWERFUL MOTORS, THE ARMORED TRUCK SPEEDS TOWARD THE SLEEPING TOWN.



OUR MASTER, THE FIRE-DEVIL, WAS CLEVER TO THINK OF THIS SCHEME!

INDEED! WE WILL ALL SOON BE RICH!

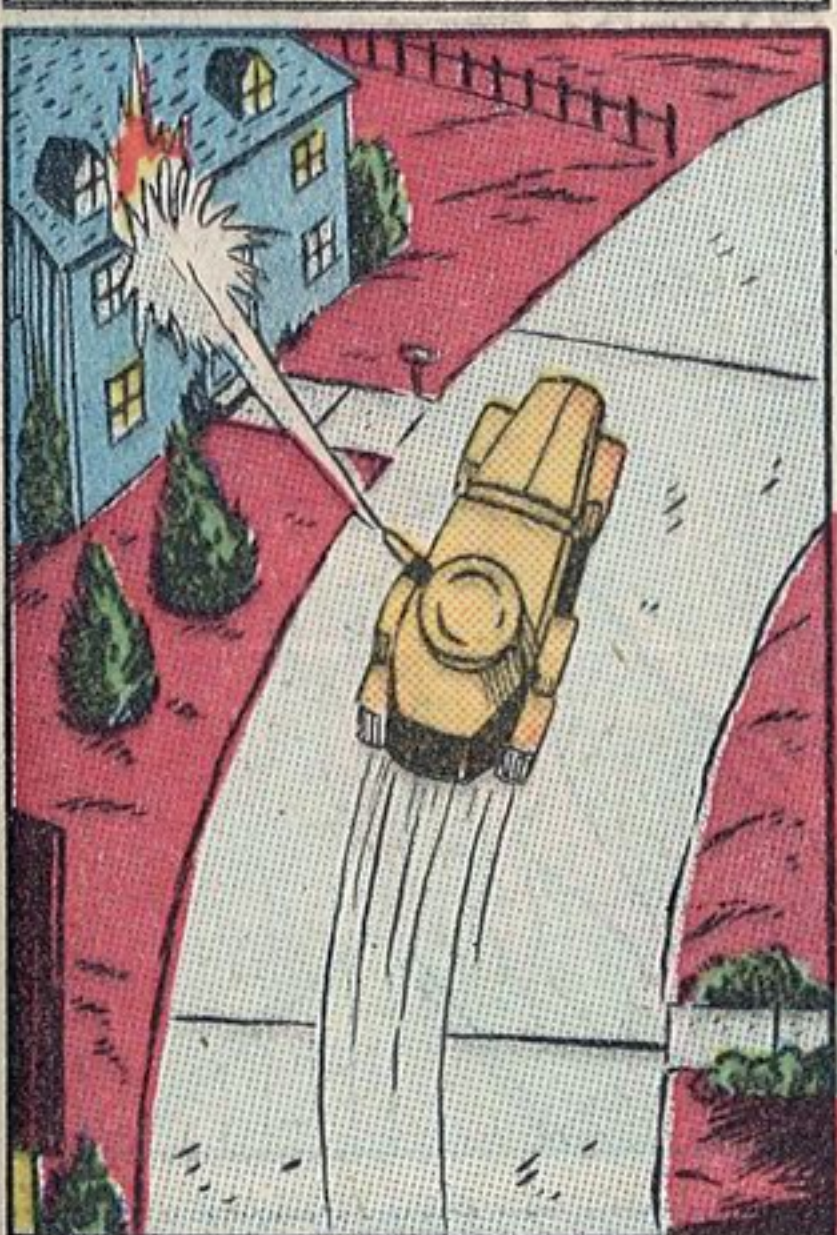


WHILE IN THE REAR OF THE VEHICLE...

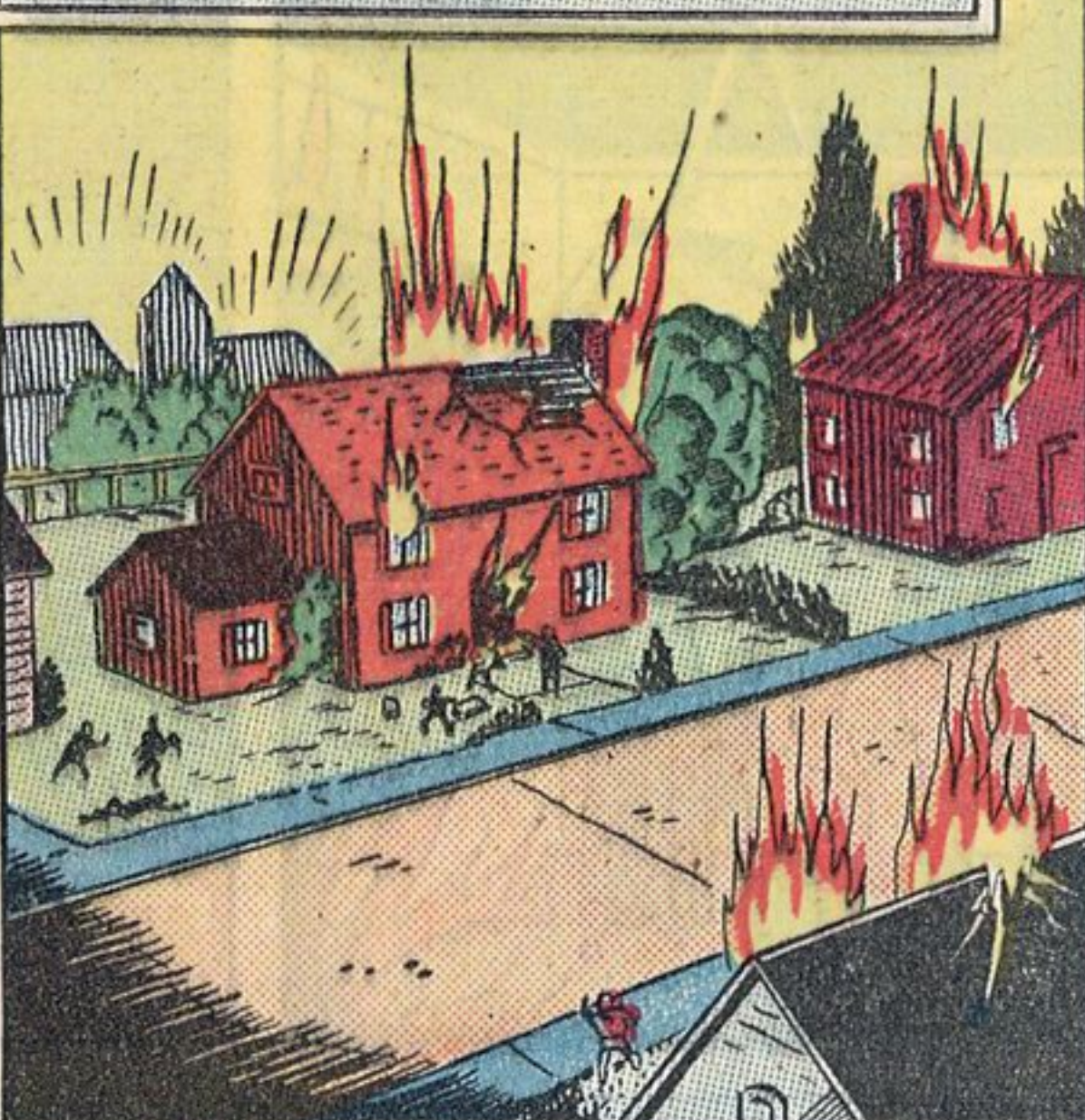
STAND BY MEN, I'M GOING TO SHOOT THE FIRE-CANNON!



AS THE TRUCK SPEEDS THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE TOWN...



FLAMING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IS LEFT IN THE WAKE OF THE SPEEDING VEHICLE...



IN TEN MINUTES WE HAVE SET THE WHOLE TOWN OF PLEASANTVILLE IN FLAMES! NOW THEY WILL BE GLAD TO MEET MY DEMANDS!!

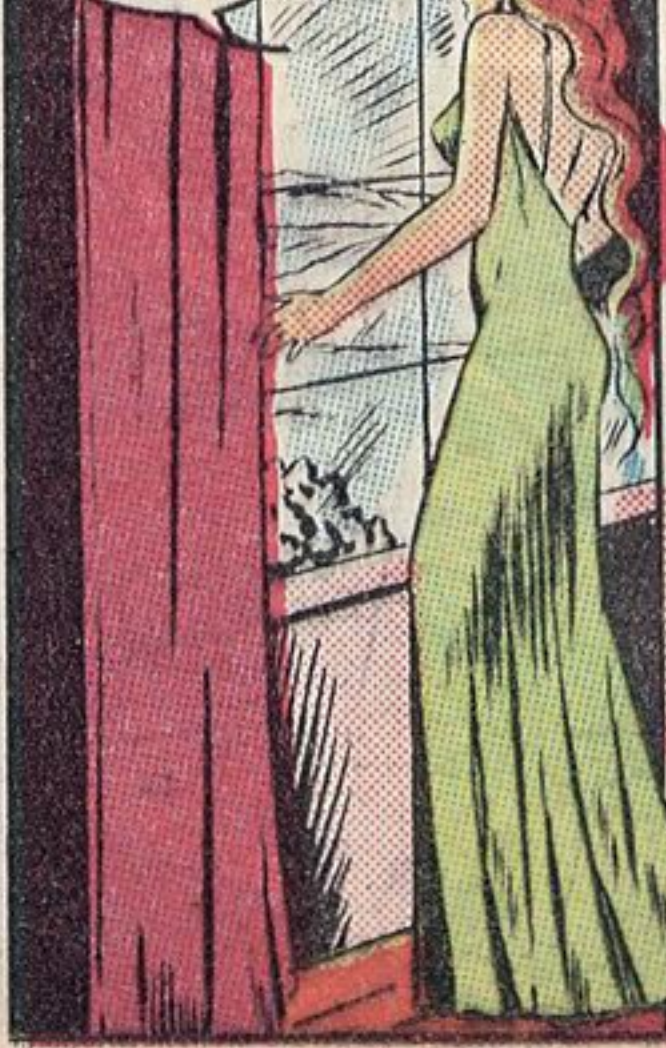


A FEW MINUTES LATER, CAROL AWAKENS WITH A START...

I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM, THAT A NEARBY TOWN WAS IN FLAMES, THAT WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE SUFFERING, NEEDED MY AID, I WONDER...



THAT GLOW IN THE SKY! IT'S A BIG FIRE IN THE TOWN OF PLEASANTVILLE! MY DREAM MUST HAVE BEEN TRUE



IN A FEW SECONDS. IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GO INTO ACTION AS WILDFIRE ONCE AGAIN!





MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWN OF PLEASANTVILLE...

THE BUCKET BRIGADES AND OUR ONE FIRE ENGINE WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP THOSE FIRES!

THE WHOLE TOWN IS DOOMED!



TRAPPED IN THEIR SLEEP BY THE SUDDENNESS OF THE FIRES, WHOLE FAMILIES ARE ENDANGERED...

MAMMA, DON'T LET US GET BURNED! SAVE US!

HEAVEN HAVE MERCY ON US!



THEN OUT OF THE NIGHT STREAKS A WELCOME FIGURE TO THE STRICKEN PEOPLE OF PLEASANTVILLE...



LOOK! IT-IT'S WILDFIRE!

I DOUBT THAT EVEN SHE CAN QUENCH THESE FIRES!

THERE ARE CRIES OF HELP COMING FROM THIS HOUSE!



LOOK MAMMA, THAT LADY IS DRAWING THE FIRE AWAY FROM US!

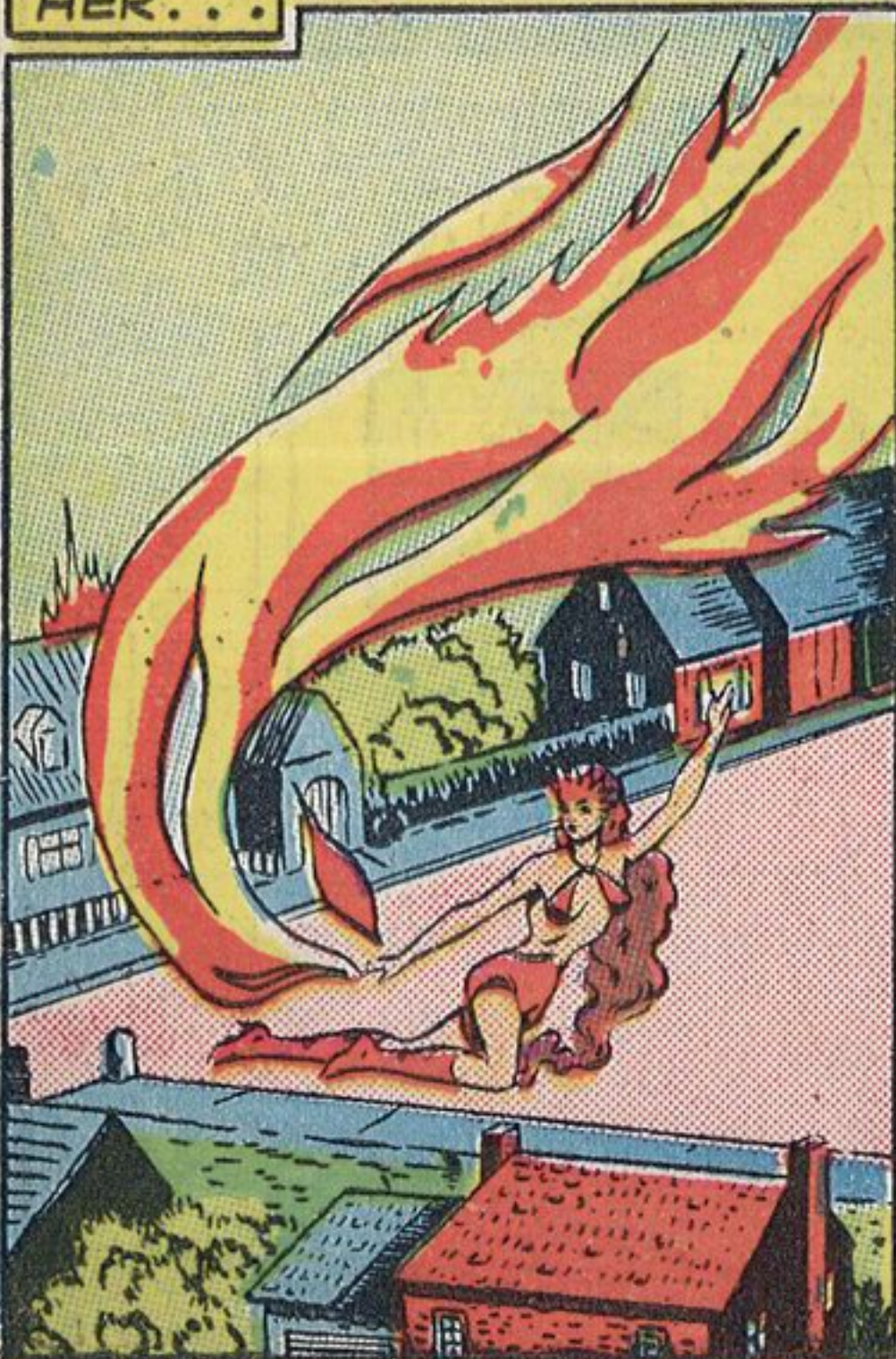
COME TO YOUR MISTRESS, FLAMES!



SHE HAS DRAWN ALL THE FLAMES FROM THE HOUSE! WE ARE NO LONGER IN DANGER!

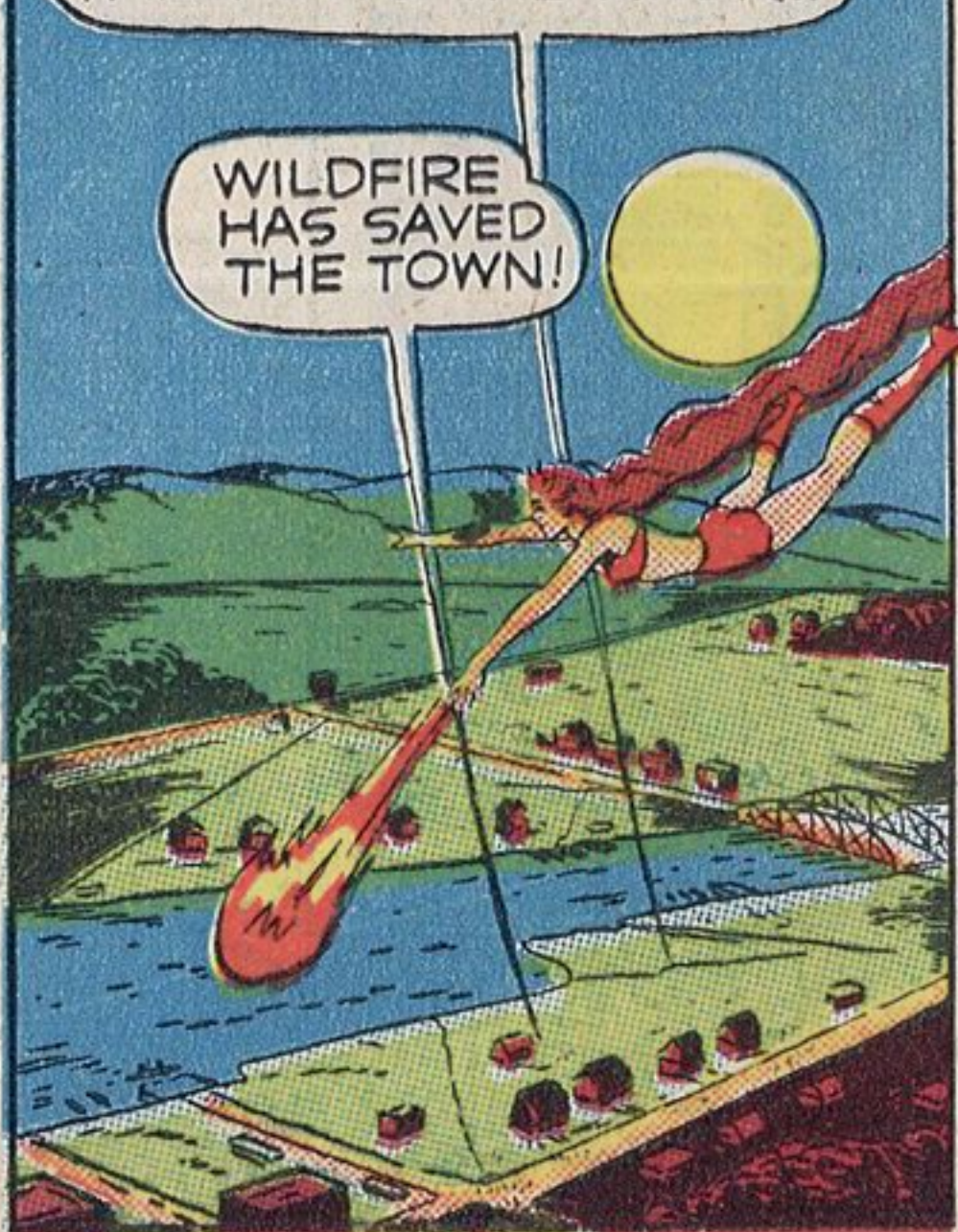


THEN WILDFIRE SWEEPS THROUGH ALL THE FLAMING BUILDINGS OF THE TOWN, PULLING THE FIRES AFTER HER...



SHE HAS PUT OUT ALL THE FIRES, FORMED THE FLAMES INTO A BALL AND HURLED THEM INTO THE RIVER!!

WILDFIRE HAS SAVED THE TOWN!



RETURNING, WILDFIRE SINGLES OUT THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN, QUESTIONS HIM ABOUT THE FIRES...

AND THIS ARMORED TRUCK SPED THROUGH THE STREETS, SHOOTING FORTH FLAMES, THE WHOLE TOWN WAS AFIRE BEFORE WE COULD STOP THEM!

I'D BETTER STAY AROUND FOR A WHILE IN CASE THEY RETURN....





JUST THEN THE MAYOR IS CALLED TO THE PHONE...

WHO IS THIS?...THE FIRE DEVIL!...WHAT..



I SEE THAT SOMEHOW YOU HAVE PUT OUT THE FIRES WE STARTED! BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER... YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT WE CAN DO! YOUR TOWN WILL HAVE TO PAY US \$50,000 OR WE WILL RETURN AND FINISH THE JOB WE STARTED!



WHY-WHY THIS IS RIDICULOUS! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN AMERICA! I REFUSE TO MEET YOUR FOOLISH DEMANDS!

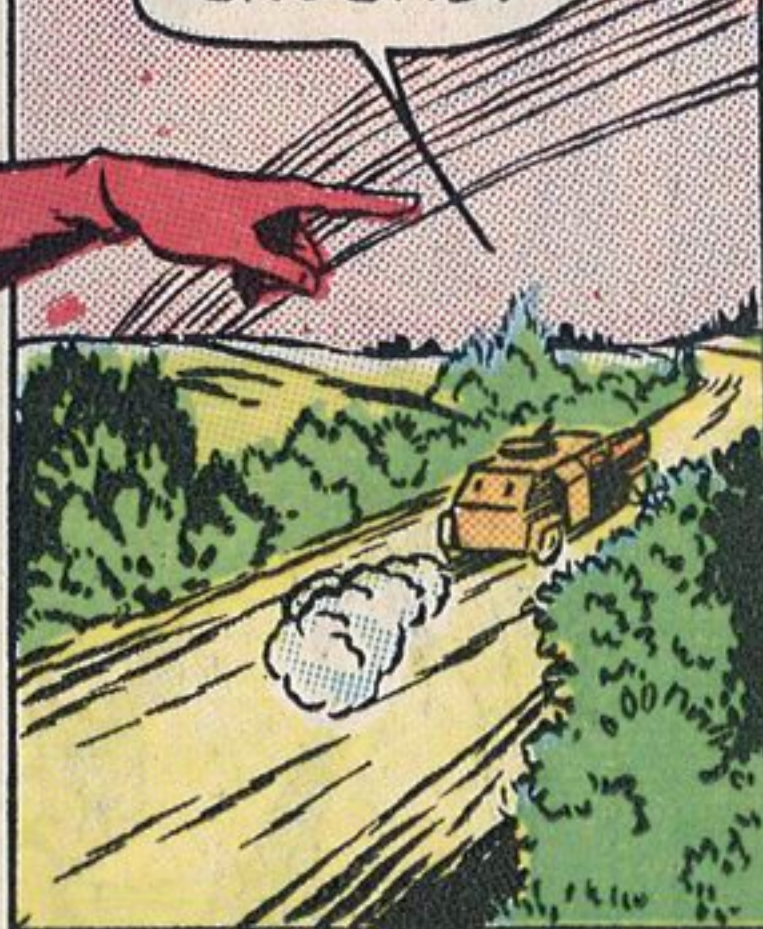


INTO THE ARMORED TRUCK, MEN! WE RETURN TO PLEASANTVILLE AND SHOW THAT SILLY LITTLE MAYOR AND EVERYONE ELSE IN THE COUNTRY THAT WE MEAN BUSINESS!

GOOD!



AFTER WE GET THROUGH WITH THIS HICK TOWN, EVERY CITY IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE GLAD TO PAY OUR PRICE TO LEAVE THEM ALONE..WE'LL BURN IT TO THE GROUND!



BACK IN TOWN...!

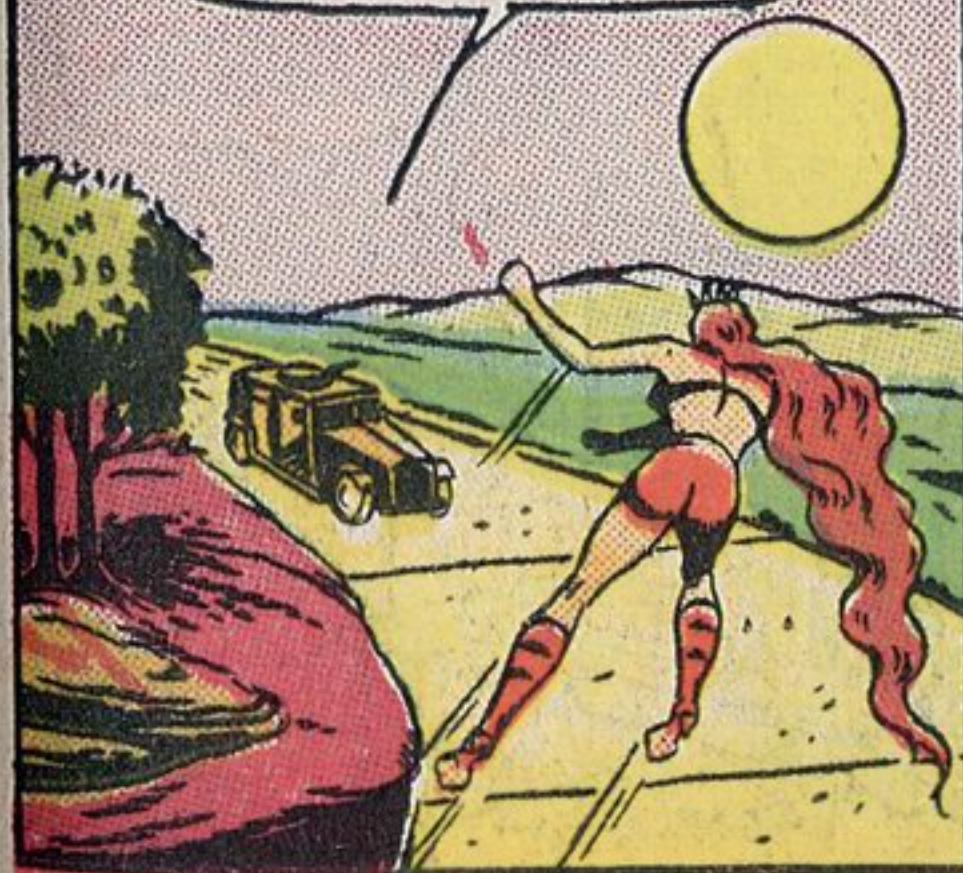
HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP THEM, WILDFIRE..IF THEY CARRY OUT THEIR THREAT? THEY ARE SO WELL PROTECTED IN THAT ARMORED TRUCK!

I BELIEVE WE CAN GIVE MR. FIRE-DEVIL A GOOD FIGHT FOR HIS MONEY!

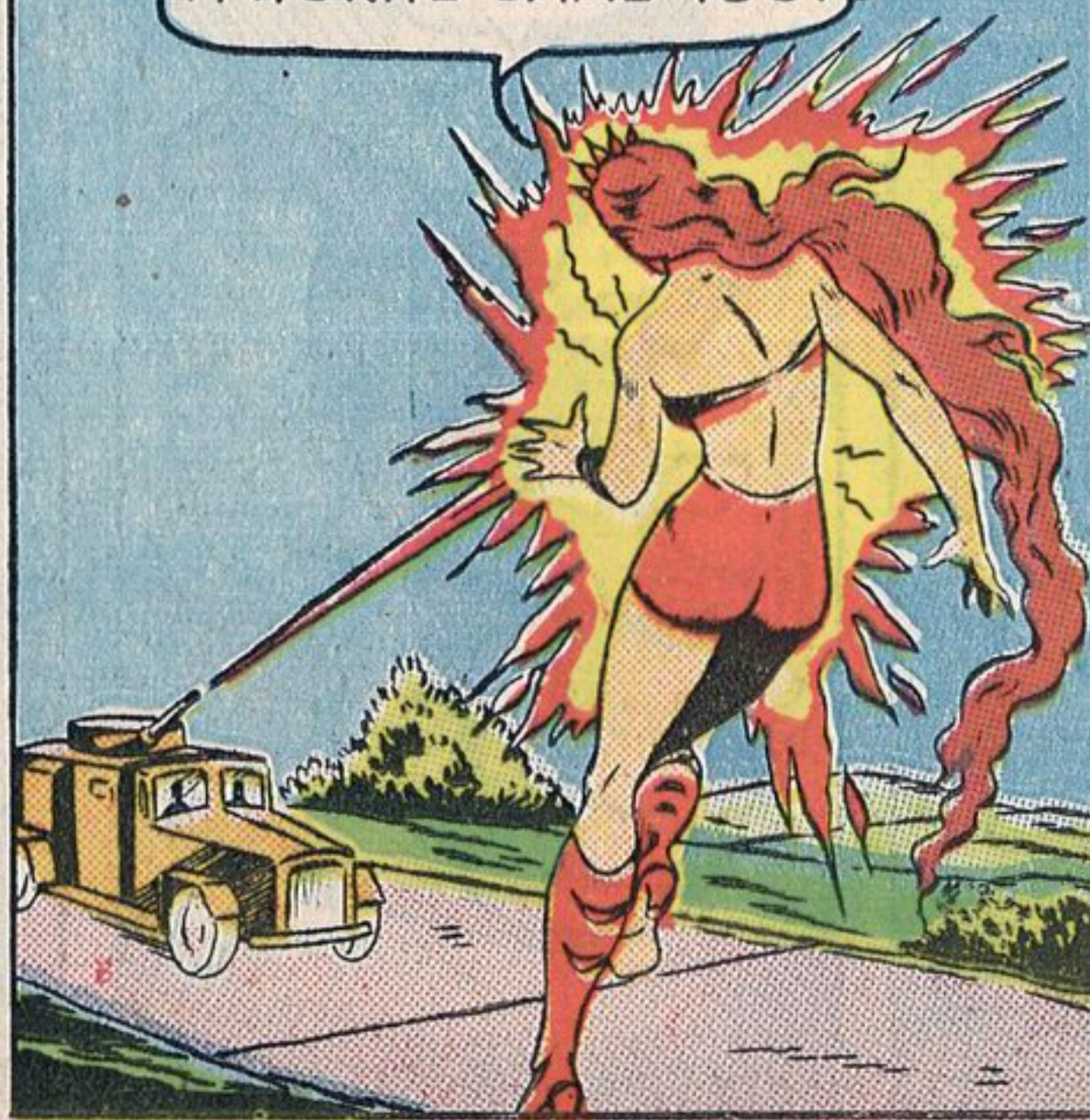


A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE ARMORED DEATH CAR SPEEDS BACK INTO TOWN, A FLAMING FIGURE RUSHES TO MEET IT...

LOOK! THAT DAME WHO CALLS HERSELF WILDFIRE! GIVE HER A TASTE OF THE FLAME-THROWER!

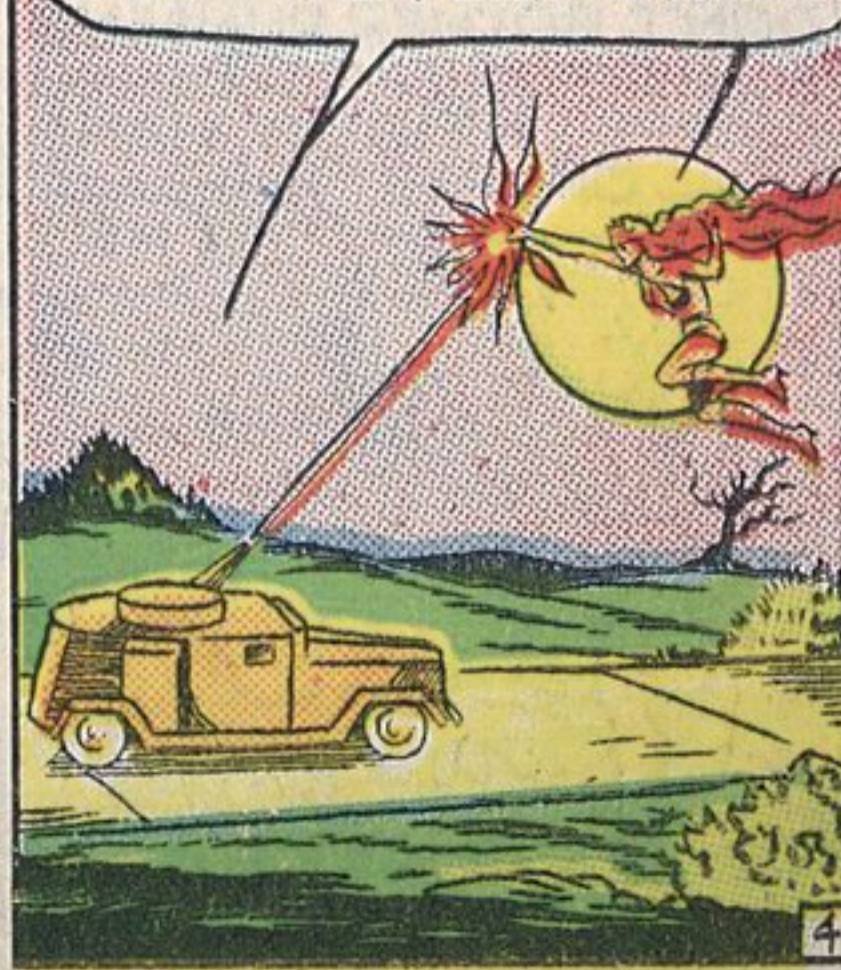


OHO, LITTLE BOYS WHO LIKE TO PLAY WITH FIRE! THAT'S MY FAVORITE GAME TOO!



I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL TRICKS!

HEY! SOMETHING HAS SUCKED ALL THE FIRE FROM THE FLAME-THROWER! AND THE FEED FURNACE!







I'LL JUST FORM THESE FLAMES INTO A BIG SHELL, AND...



AND SEND IT BACK TO THEM!

SOMETHING HAS BURNED THROUGH OUR ARMOR PLATES!



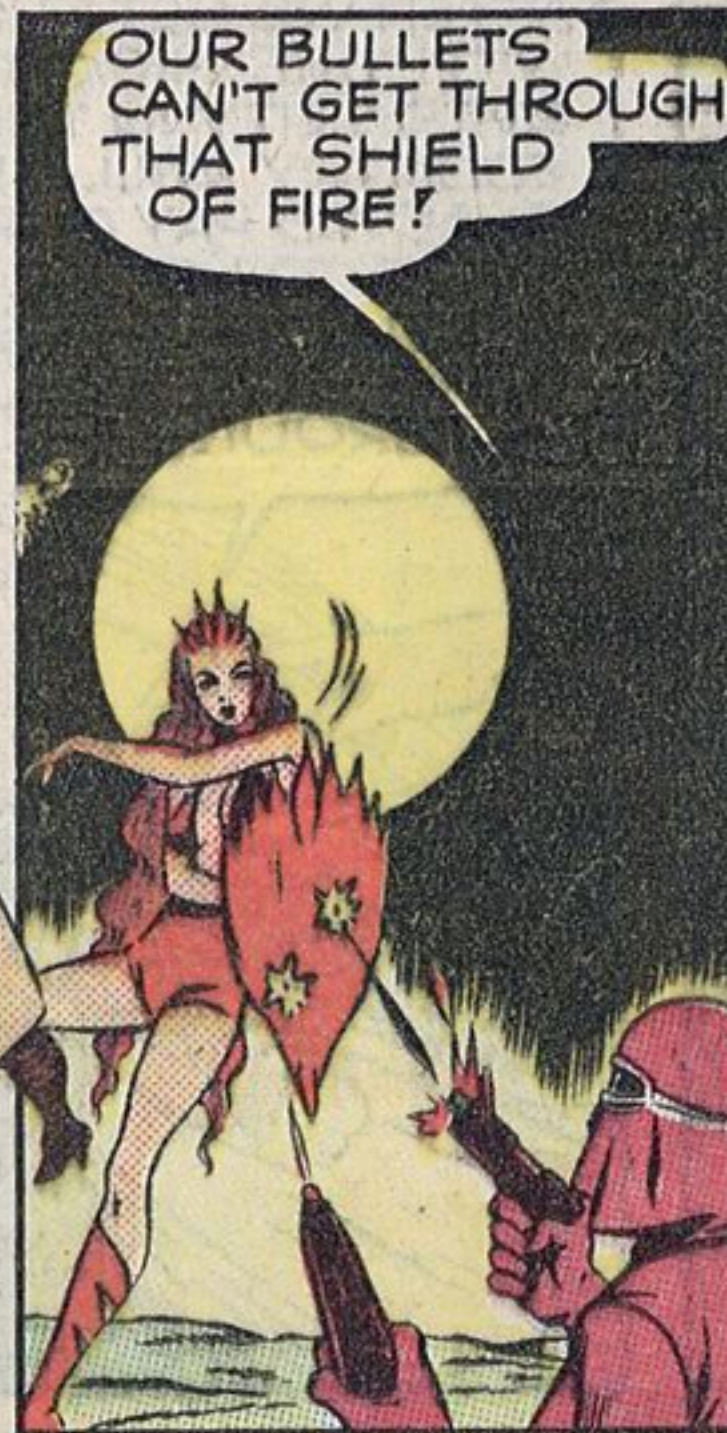
THIS IS WHAT IS CALLED A SHORT-STOP!

HELP!



YOU MAY HAVE WRECKED OUR TRUCK BUT YOU WON'T GET US! KILL HER, MEN!

NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE THINGS REALLY HOT FOR YOU!



OUR BULLETS CAN'T GET THROUGH THAT SHIELD OF FIRE!



AND OUR GUNS ARE MELTED! WE-WE'RE HELPLESS!!

SO WE'RE THE PEOPLE WHOSE HOMES YOU TRIED TO DESTROY!



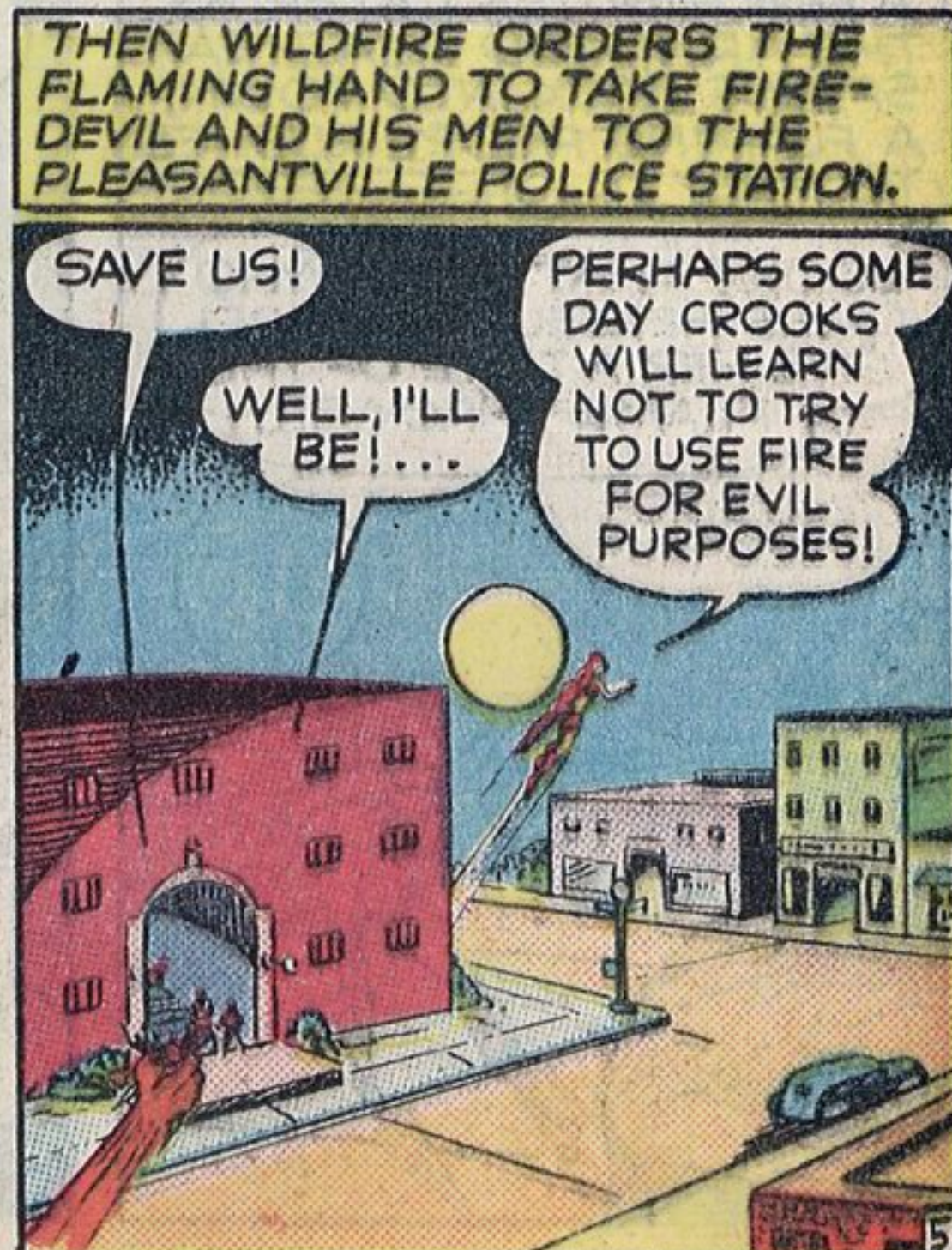
DRAWING FLAMES FROM THE WRECKED TRUCK, WILDFIRE FORMS THEM INTO A FIERY HAND, AND...

DON'T BOTHER RUNNING, FIRE-DEVIL!!! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE FIERY HAND OF FATE!

HELLUP!



IT-IT'S GOT ME!!



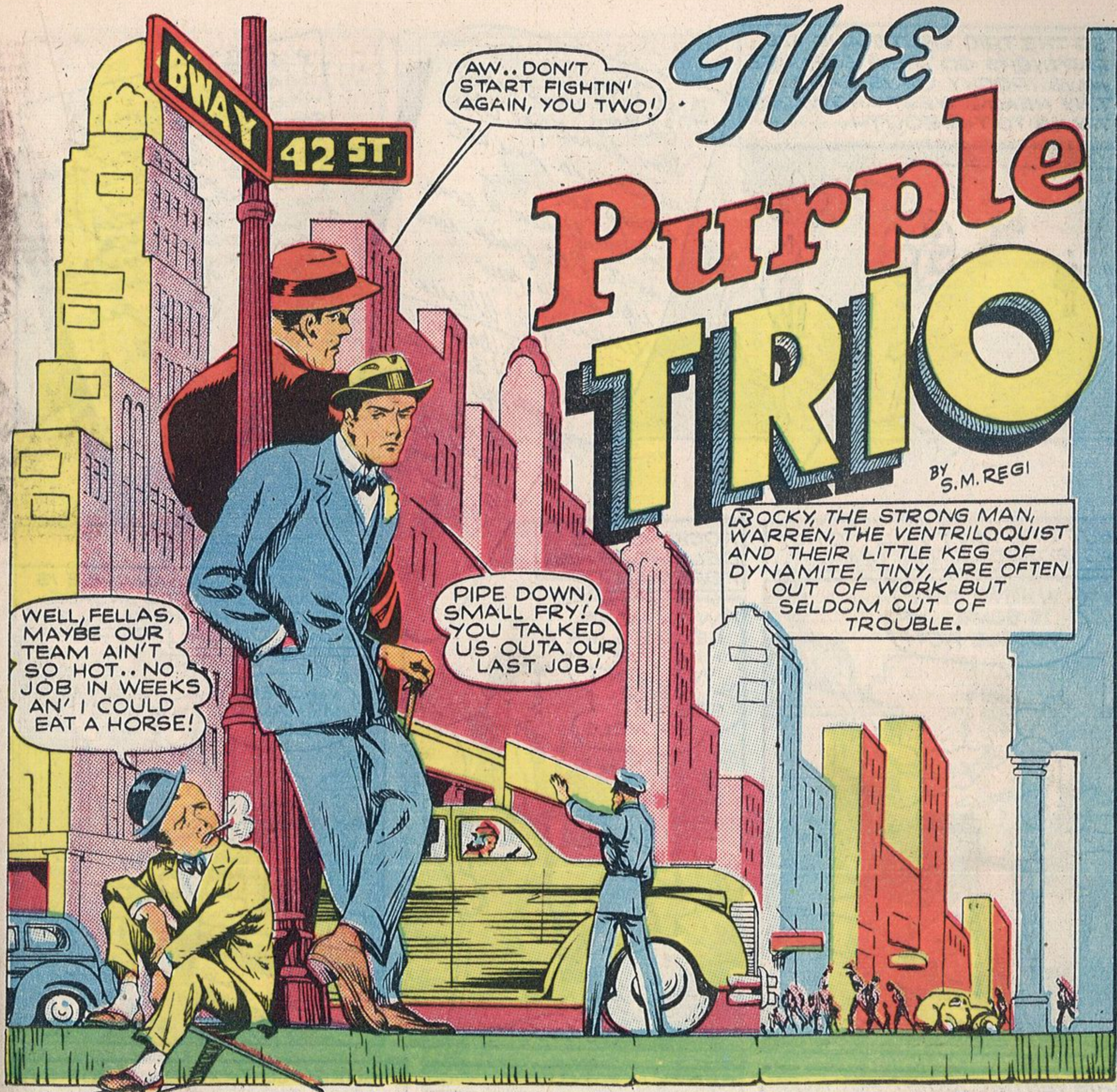
THEN WILDFIRE ORDERS THE FLAMING HAND TO TAKE FIRE-DEVIL AND HIS MEN TO THE PLEASANTVILLE POLICE STATION.

SAVE US!

WELL, I'LL BE!...

PERHAPS SOME DAY CROOKS WILL LEARN NOT TO TRY TO USE FIRE FOR EVIL PURPOSES!





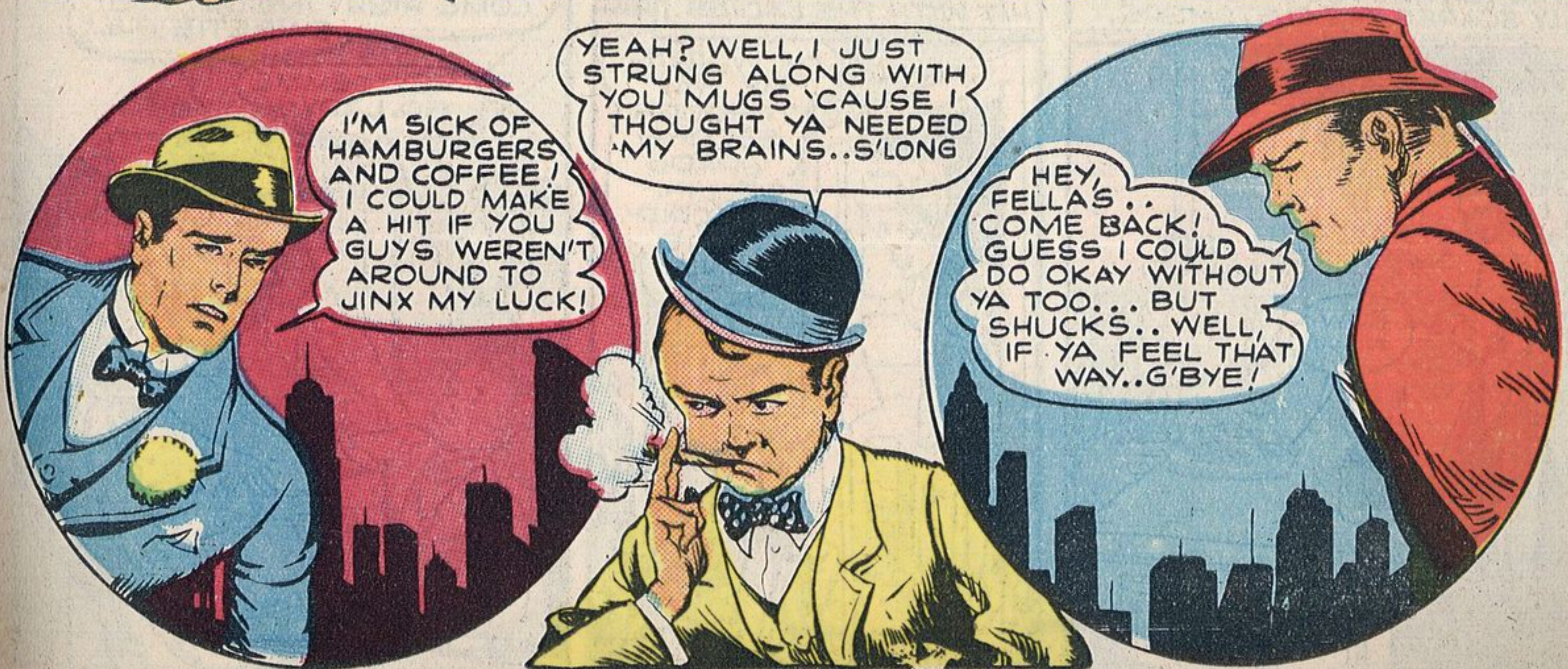
# The Purple Trio

BY S.M. REGI

ROCKY, THE STRONG MAN, WARREN, THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THEIR LITTLE KEG OF DYNAMITE, TINY, ARE OFTEN OUT OF WORK BUT SELDOM OUT OF TROUBLE.

WELL, FELLAS, MAYBE OUR TEAM AIN'T SO HOT.. NO JOB IN WEEKS AN' I COULD EAT A HORSE!

PIPE DOWN, SMALL FRY! YOU TALKED US OUTA OUR LAST JOB!



I'M SICK OF HAMBURGERS AND COFFEE! I COULD MAKE A HIT IF YOU GUYS WEREN'T AROUND TO JINX MY LUCK!

YEAH? WELL, I JUST STRUNG ALONG WITH YOU MUGS 'CAUSE I THOUGHT YA NEEDED MY BRAINS..S'LONG

HEY, FELLAS.. COME BACK! GUESS I COULD DO OKAY WITHOUT YA TOO... BUT SHUCKS.. WELL, IF YA FEEL THAT WAY..G'BYE!



SO THE TRIO SPLITS AND ITS PARTNERS GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS.. ROCKY STAYS EAST, TINY HEADS WEST AND WARREN TRAILS TO THE SOUTH.

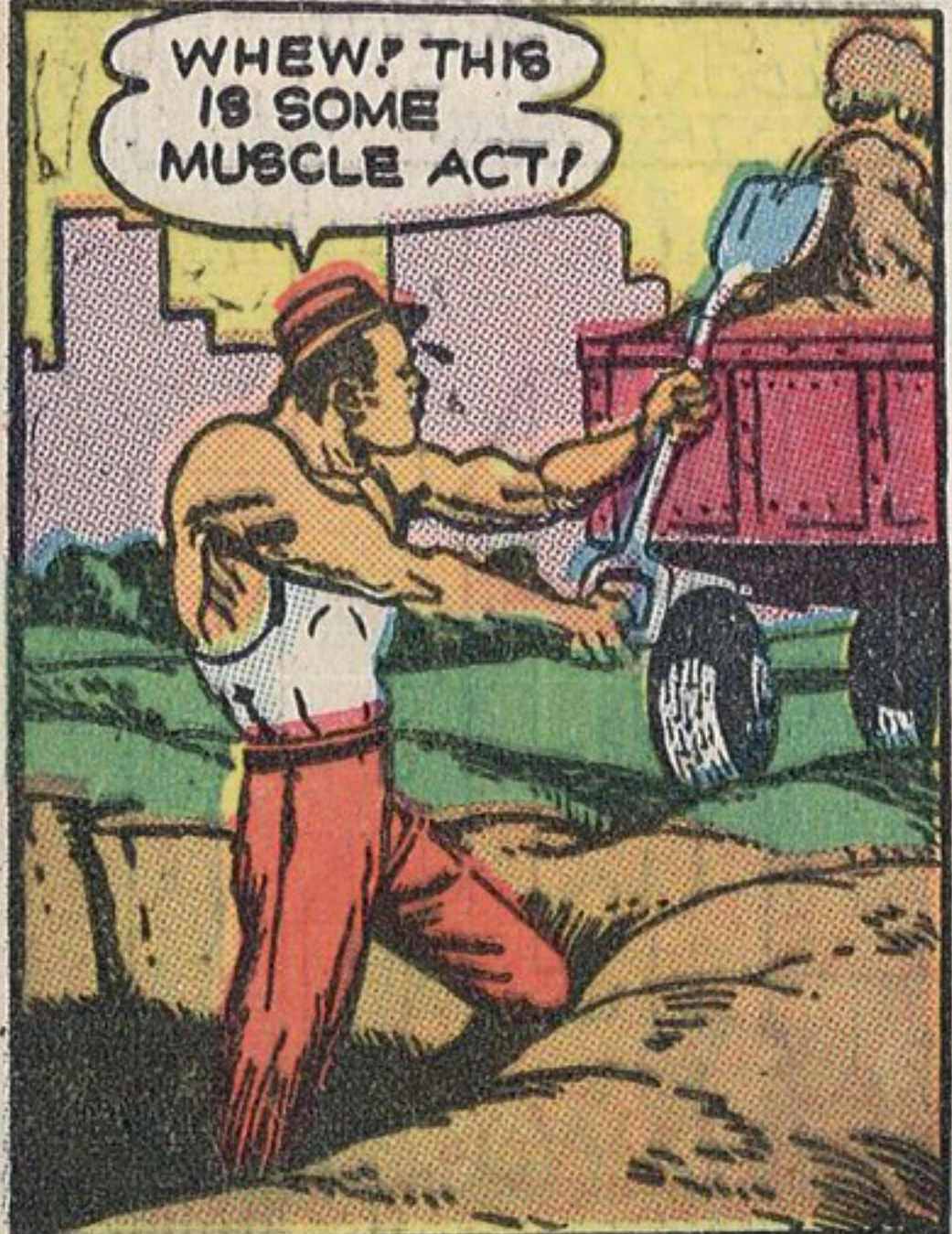


Dear Tiny:  
Oh Boy! Was I right.  
I'm booked for the  
season and my act  
brings down the  
house. When I come  
west I'll pick you  
up in my new  
Eisenberg: Warren

Hi Warren:  
I had you boys  
are doing so well.  
I'm doing okay  
myself, but I miss  
you guys. I have  
a new muscle act.  
It's a wow!  
Rocky

Hi Rocky:  
Well big boy, you  
should get a load of  
your half-pint pal now.  
There's a Hollywood  
contract flying my way  
on a silver platter  
and the dames are  
eating out of my hand  
too busy to write  
more.  
Your pal,  
Tiny

BUT LIFE ISN'T HALF SO HOT AS BOASTFUL LETTERS.



WHEW! THIS IS SOME MUSCLE ACT!

ROCKY IS THE DELIGHT OF HIS FOREMAN.



WITH MORE FELLAS LIKE HIM, WE WOULDN'T NEED STEAM-SHOVELS.

WARREN, MEANWHILE IS RUNNING A LONG ENGAGEMENT AT THE ROYAL... THE ROYAL DINER.



WHERE'S MY HAM'N EGGS?

HIS VENTRILOQUIST ACT MERELY SCARES THE CUSTOMERS.



BOW WOW!

AND TINY IS MAKING A BIG HIT WITH THE LADIES.



I'M WORKIN' MY WAY THROUGH SECOND GRADE SELLIN' SUBSCRIPTIONS AND..

SURE, I'LL TAKE ONE, CUTIE! COME RIGHT INSIDE, YOU SWEETIE PIE!



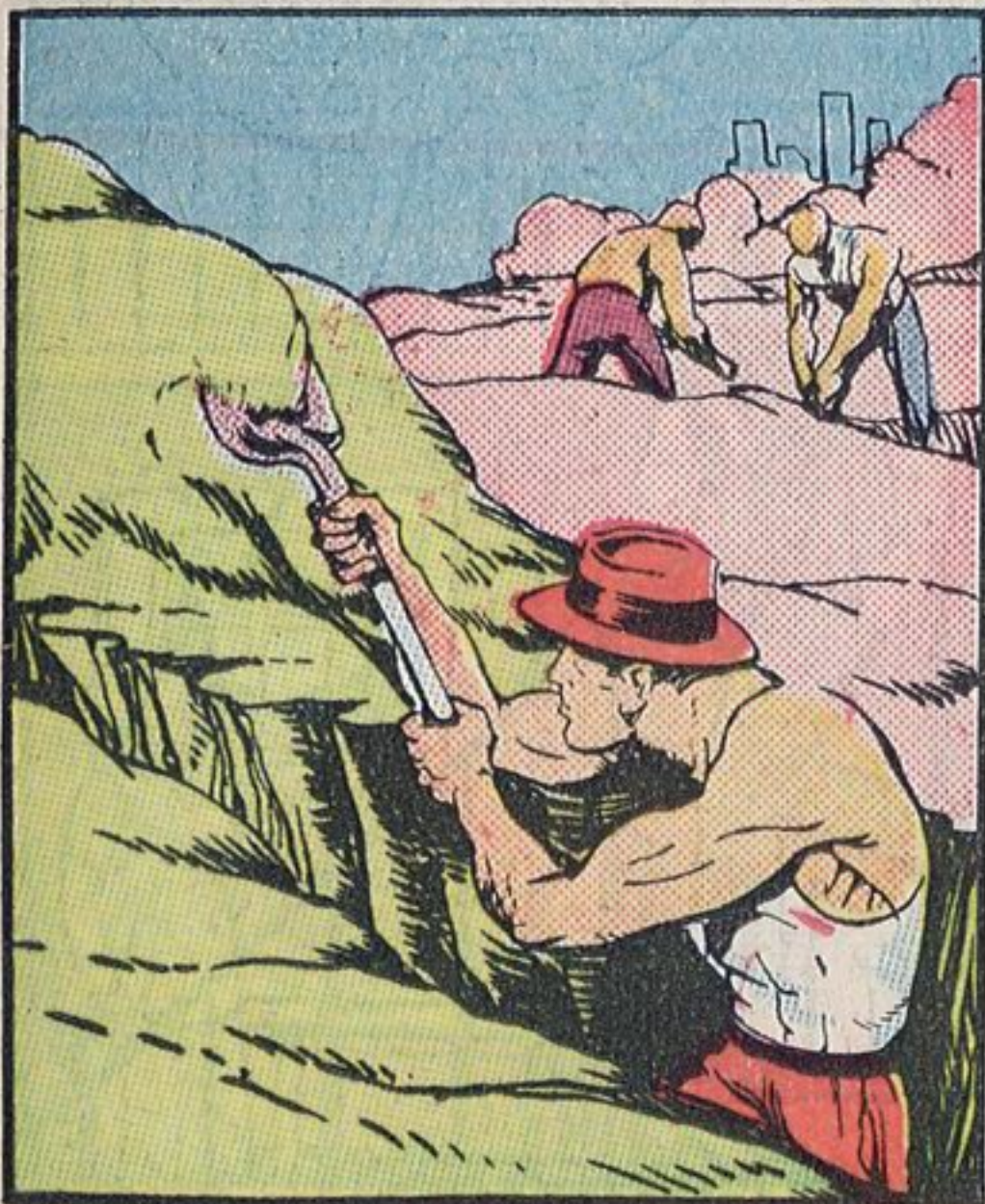
HEY! LEMME GO, LADY!







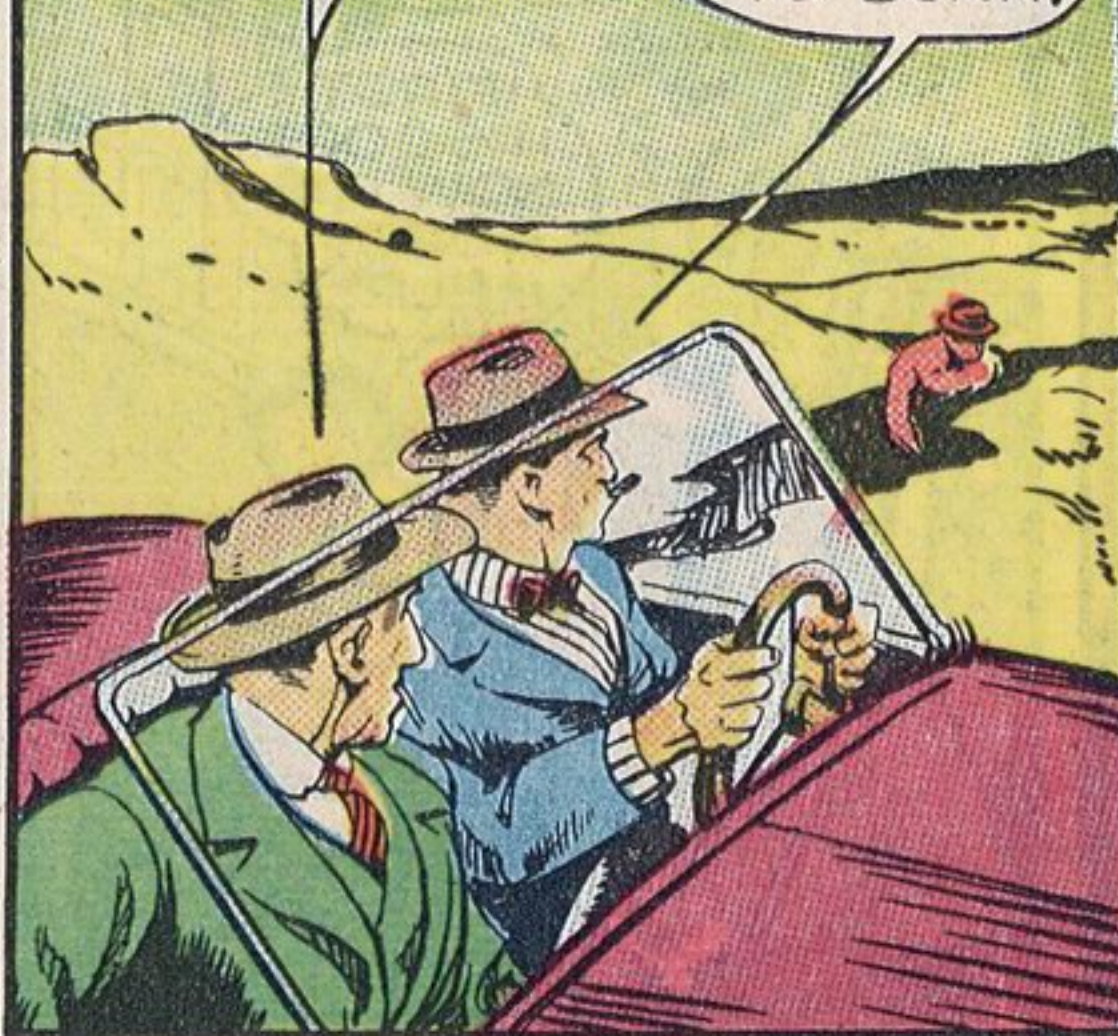
MEANWHILE ROCKY DIGS HIS TRENCH FAR AHEAD OF THE OTHER LABORERS.



SUDDENLY A CAR DRAWS UP NEARBY.

WE'RE TOO LATE, JOE. THAT BIG FELLA'S GONNA DIG IT UP!

YEAH? THEN WE GOT TO KEEP HIM QUIET IF WE DON'T WANT TO BURN!



ROCKY'S SHOVEL STRIKES SOMETHING SOFT IN THE BROWN EARTH.



HOLY CAT! A BULLET HOLE IN HIS CHEST... HE WAS MURDERED!



ROCKY IS UNAWARE OF THE DANGER BEHIND HIM.

HEY, FELLAS! C'MERE... QUICK!



HOLD HIM, JOE! HE AIN'T GONNA YELL AGAIN!

I GOT HIS ARMS!



WE'VE GOT TO SCRAM QUICK! THE OTHERS ARE COMIN'!

THIS WILL PUT HIM OUT OF ORDER!

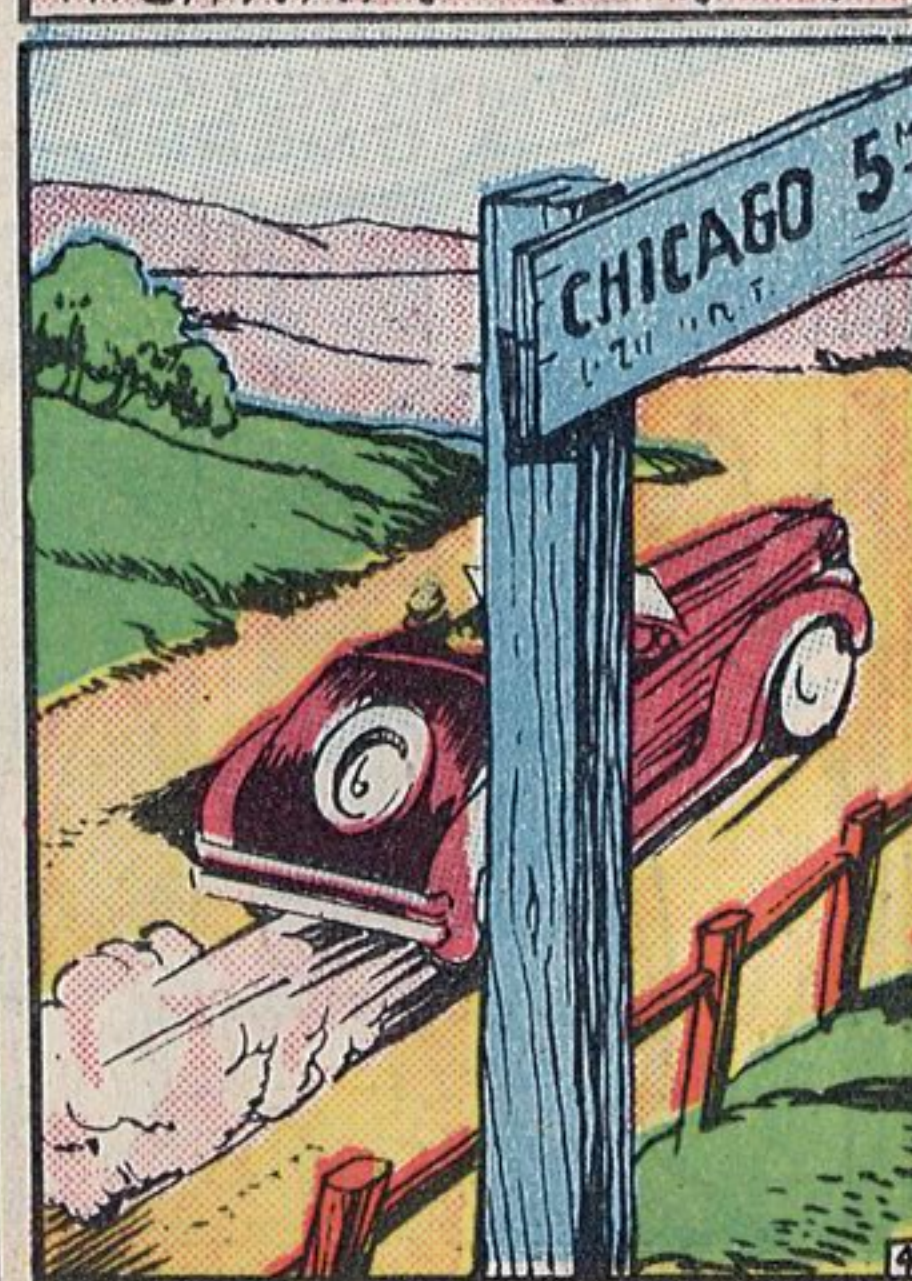


HURRIEDLY THE CROOKS DRAG ROCKY TO THEIR CAR.

WE'VE GOT TO STEP ON IT BEFORE THEY CALL THE STATE COPS!



AT RECKLESS SPEED THE CAR SHOOTS DOWN THE HIGHWAY.



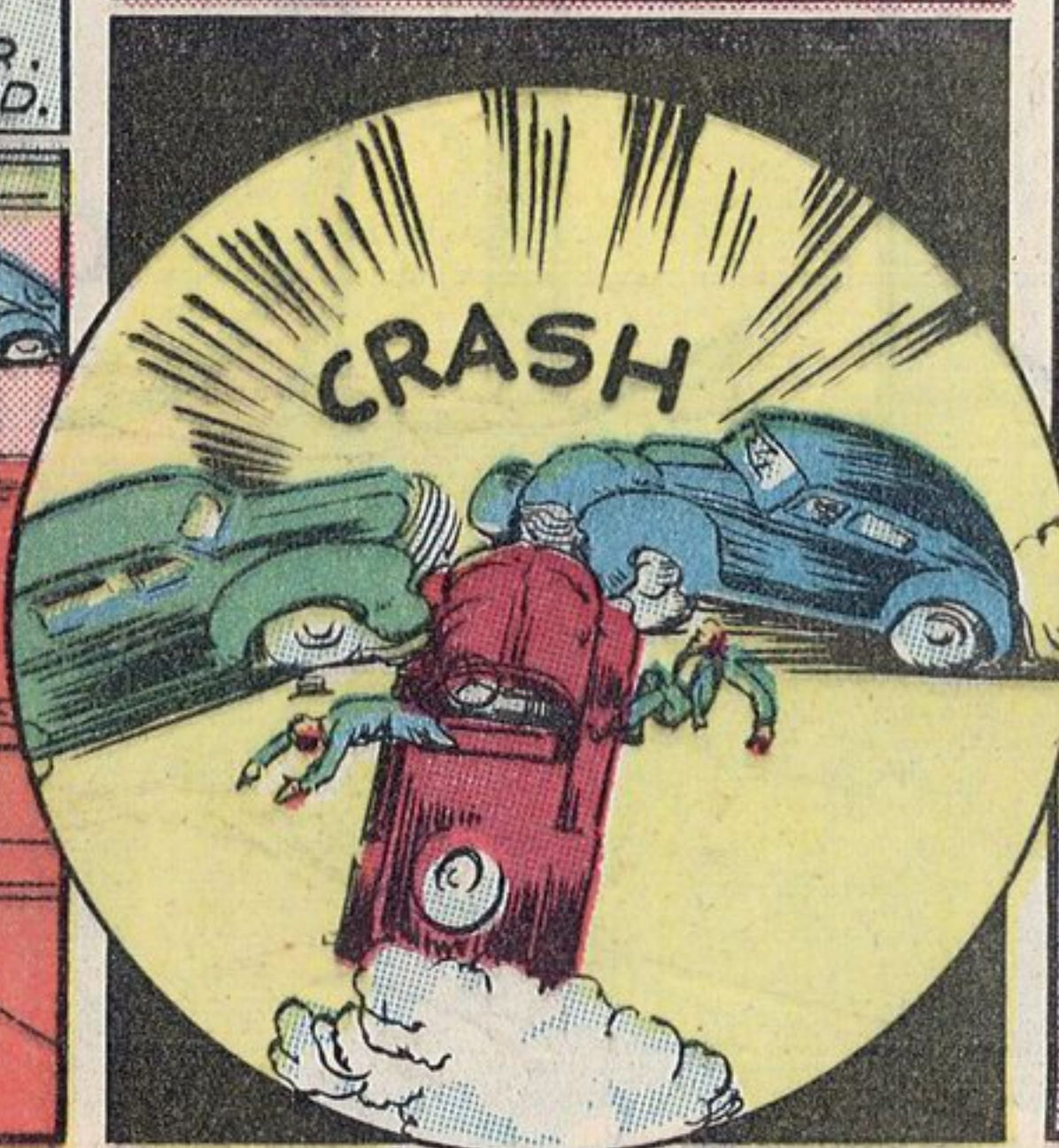


THREE CARS SPEED TOWARD A CROSS-ROAD. TINY IS A CAPTIVE IN ONE, ROCKY UNCONSCIOUS IN ANOTHER. WARREN RIDES IN THE THIRD.

IN A TRIPLE CRASH THE PURPLE TRIO IS REUNITED.

WARREN? WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

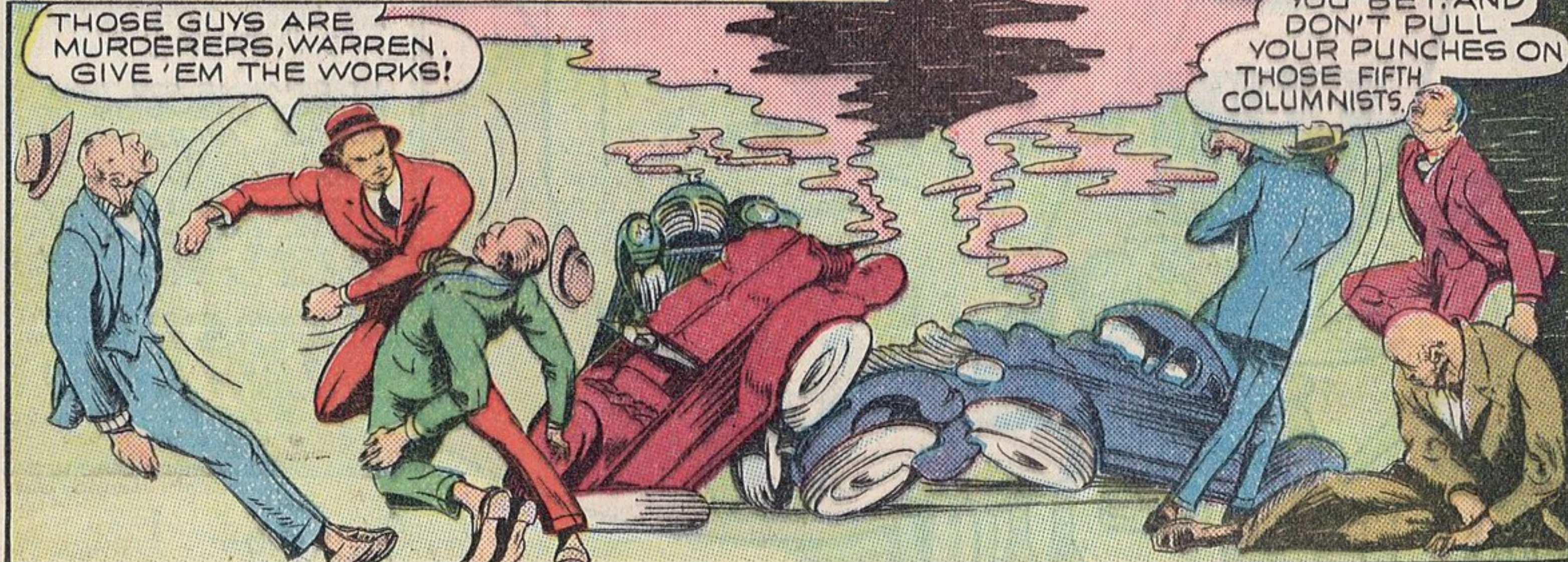
WHAT TH'? ROCKY?



LANDING IN THE MIDST OF EACH OTHER'S CAPTORS, ROCKY AND WARREN GO TO WORK ON THE CROOKS AND SPIES WITH ANGRY FISTS.

THOSE GUYS ARE MURDERERS, WARREN. GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!

YOU BET! AND DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES ON THOSE FIFTH COLUMNISTS.



TINY AS USUAL IS THE REFEREE.

GIVE HIM A LEFT JAB, ROCKY.. AND WARREN, DON'T LET HIM DUCK YOUR RIGHT HOOK. HURRY..THE COPS ARE COMIN'?

THE STATE TROOPERS SNAP THE BRACELETS ON THE TRIPLE HAUL.

SAY, YOU BOYS SURE DESERVE CREDIT..

AW, IT WUZ NOTHIN' CHIEF. WE HAD 'EM LICKED BEFORE THEY STARTED?



AND SO THAT NIGHT...

WELL, I GUESS IT'S UNITED WE STAND, EH, FELLERS?

YEP!

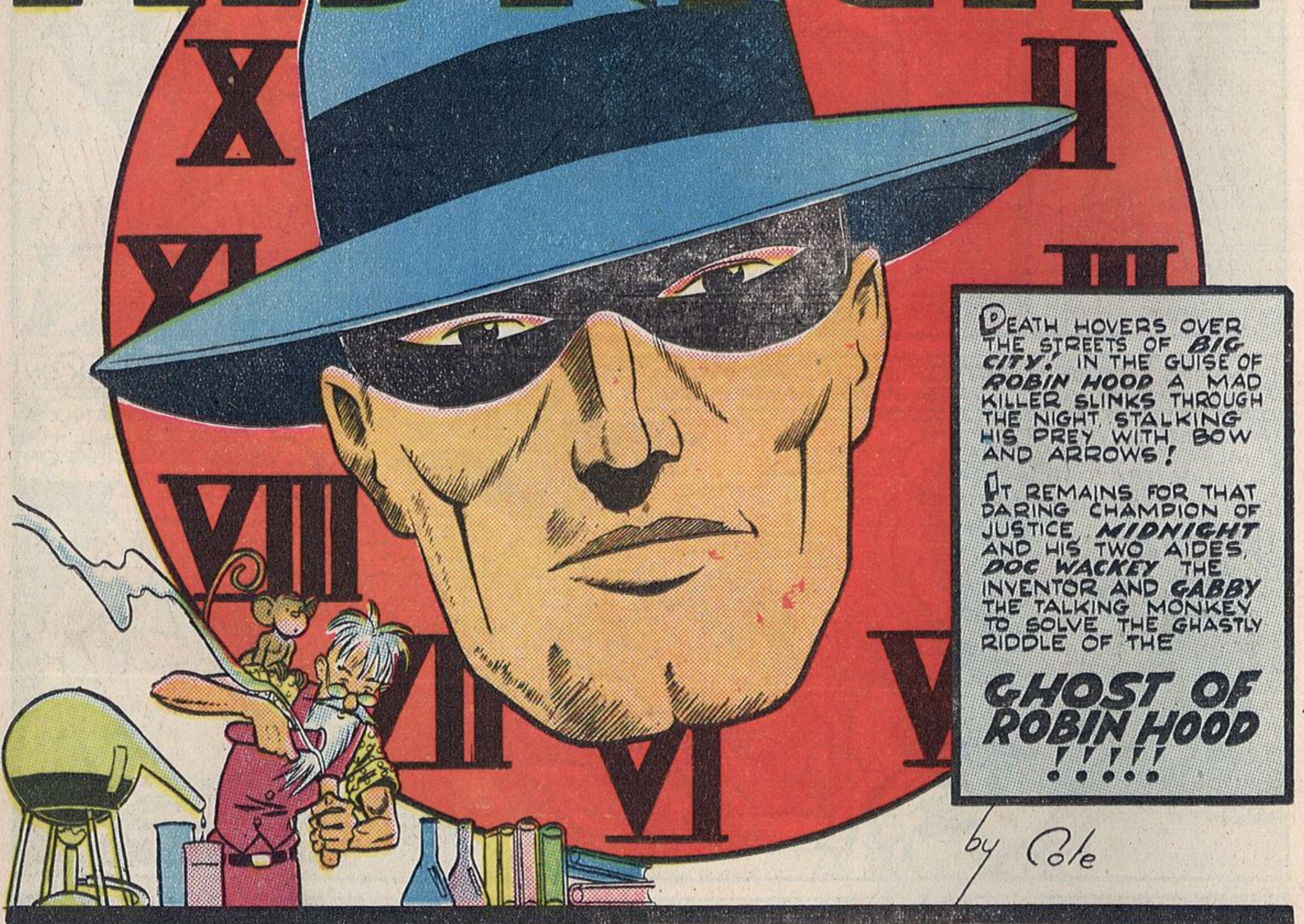
SURE IS SWELL TO BE TOGETHER AGAIN!



More hilarious adventures of The Purple Trio in the November issue of SMASH COMICS.



# MIDNIGHT



DEATH HOVERS OVER THE STREETS OF **BIG CITY**. IN THE GUISE OF **ROBIN HOOD** A MAD KILLER SLINKS THROUGH THE NIGHT STALKING HIS PREY WITH BOW AND ARROWS!

IT REMAINS FOR THAT DARING CHAMPION OF JUSTICE **MIDNIGHT** AND HIS TWO AIDES, **DOC WACKY** THE INVENTOR AND **GABBY** THE TALKING MONKEY TO SOLVE THE GHASTLY RIDDLE OF THE

**GHOST OF ROBIN HOOD**  
!!!!!!

by Cole

**WHO IS HE???**

THIS ONE QUESTION IS UPPERMOST IN THE MINDS OF BAFFLED POLICE AND TERRORIZED CITIZENS! IS HE MAN OR BEAST? WHERE? WILL HE STRIKE NEXT? WHO WILL BE NEXT ON HIS DEATH LIST???

WHO???

THE GHOST OF ROBIN HOOD!

WHEREVER ONE GOES TALK OF **THE GHOST OF ROBIN HOOD** DOMINATES ALL CONVERSATION!!!

ANOTHER MURDER LAST NIGHT! THAT'S **FIFTEEN IN ONE WEEK!**

IT'S TOO HORRIBLE TO BE REAL!!

WHY DON'T THE POLICE DO SOMETHING? THAT'S WHAT WE'RE PAYING TAXES FOR!

WELL, SO FAR HE'S ONLY PICKED ON **RICH PEOPLE!** THAT LETS ME OUT!



BUT THE FEAR THAT RULES THE TOWNS FOLK IS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE TERROR FELT BY THOSE OF THE IDLE RICH.

A-ARE THE DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED, JEEVES? **WHAT'S THAT??**— OH, THE CLOCK CHIMES!

YES SIR! YES, M'LORD!

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOUR GUNS LOADED?

DON'T LEAVE ME FOR AN **INSTANT!!**

F-FIX ME ANOTHER DRINK!





AND ALL THE WHILE, ONE MILLIONAIRE AFTER ANOTHER MEETS WITH AGONIZED DEATH...



NO ONE IS SAFE FROM THIS PREYING-MANIAC!!



WITH EACH MURDER THE MAD ROBIN HOOD GROWS MORE DARING



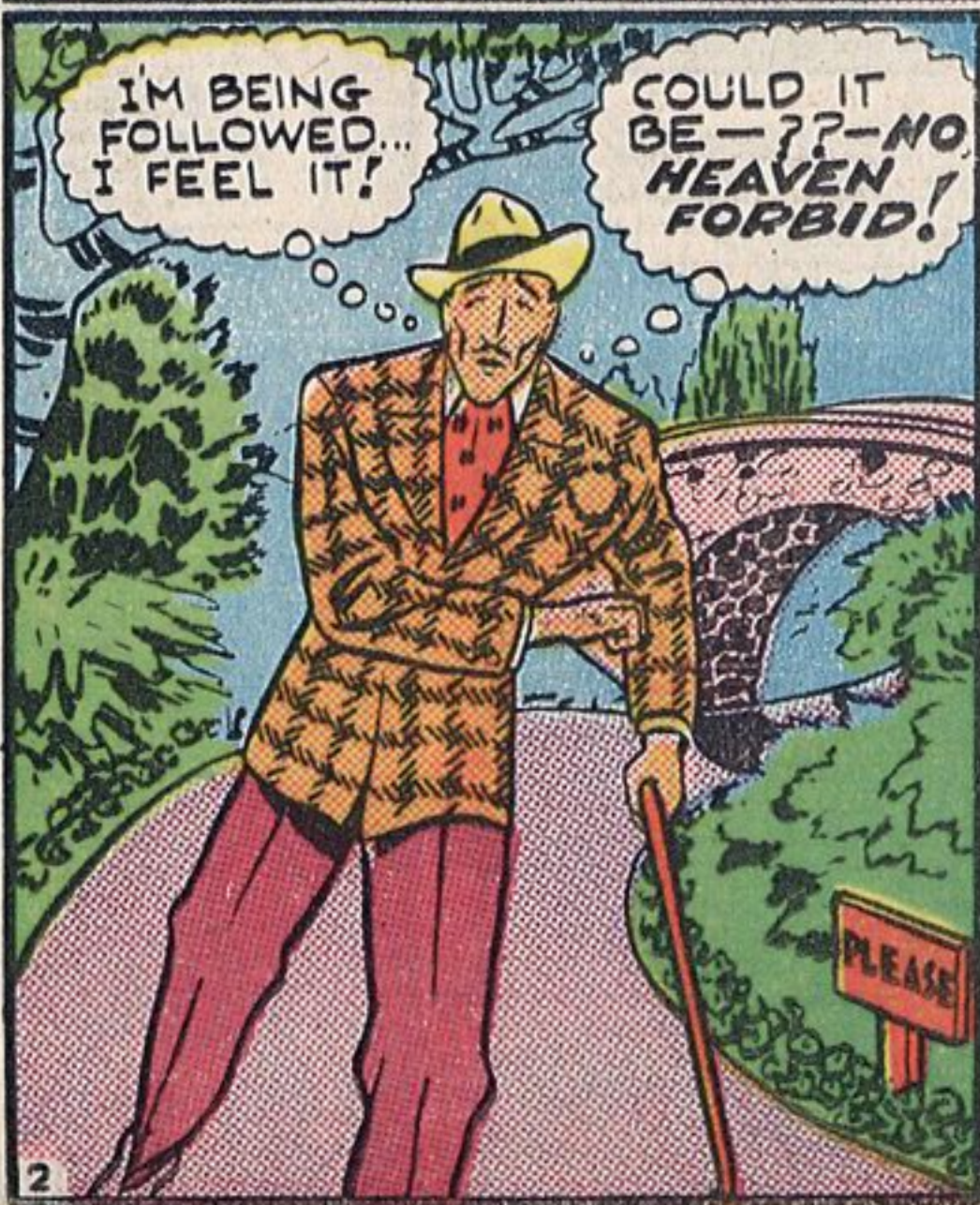
MEANWHILE, MIDNIGHT HAS NOT BEEN IDLE



IN THE NEXT ROOM, DOC WACKY HAS BEEN SCANNING THE CITY WITH HIS VISOSCOPE



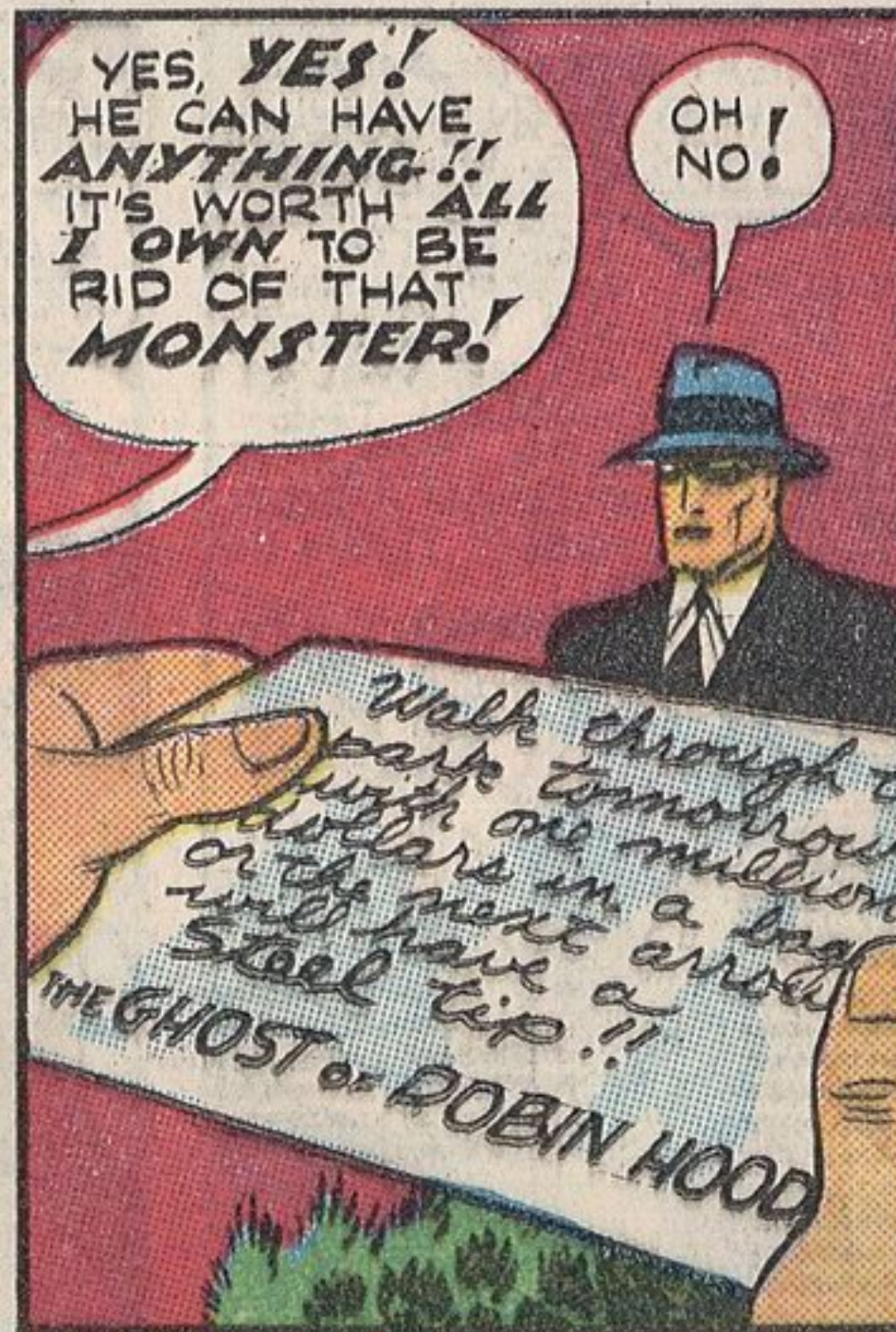
A COLD CHILL CREEPS OVER VAN TOPPS AS HE SENSES DANGER



THEN AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO HIS INNERMOST THOUGHTS:

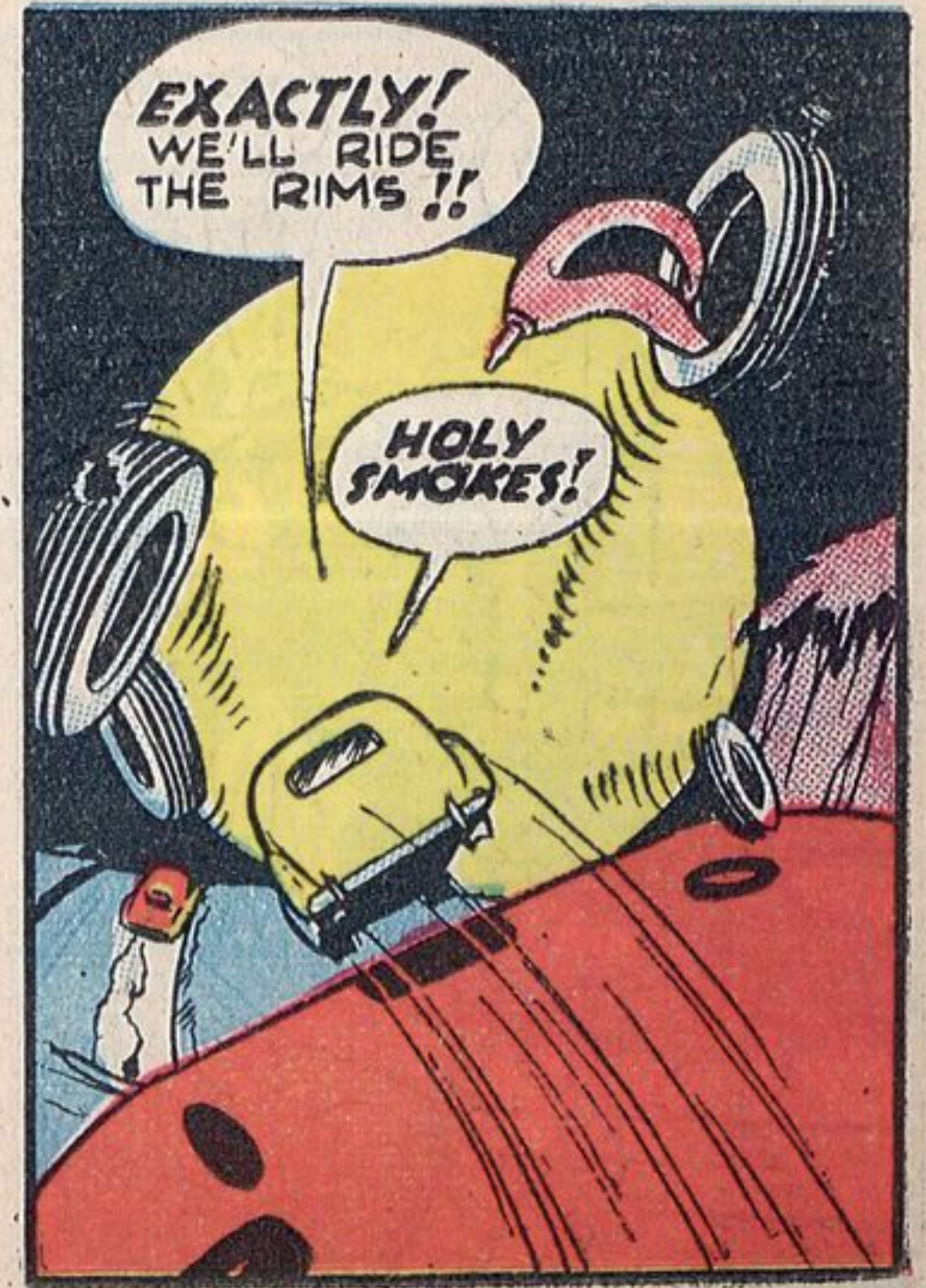
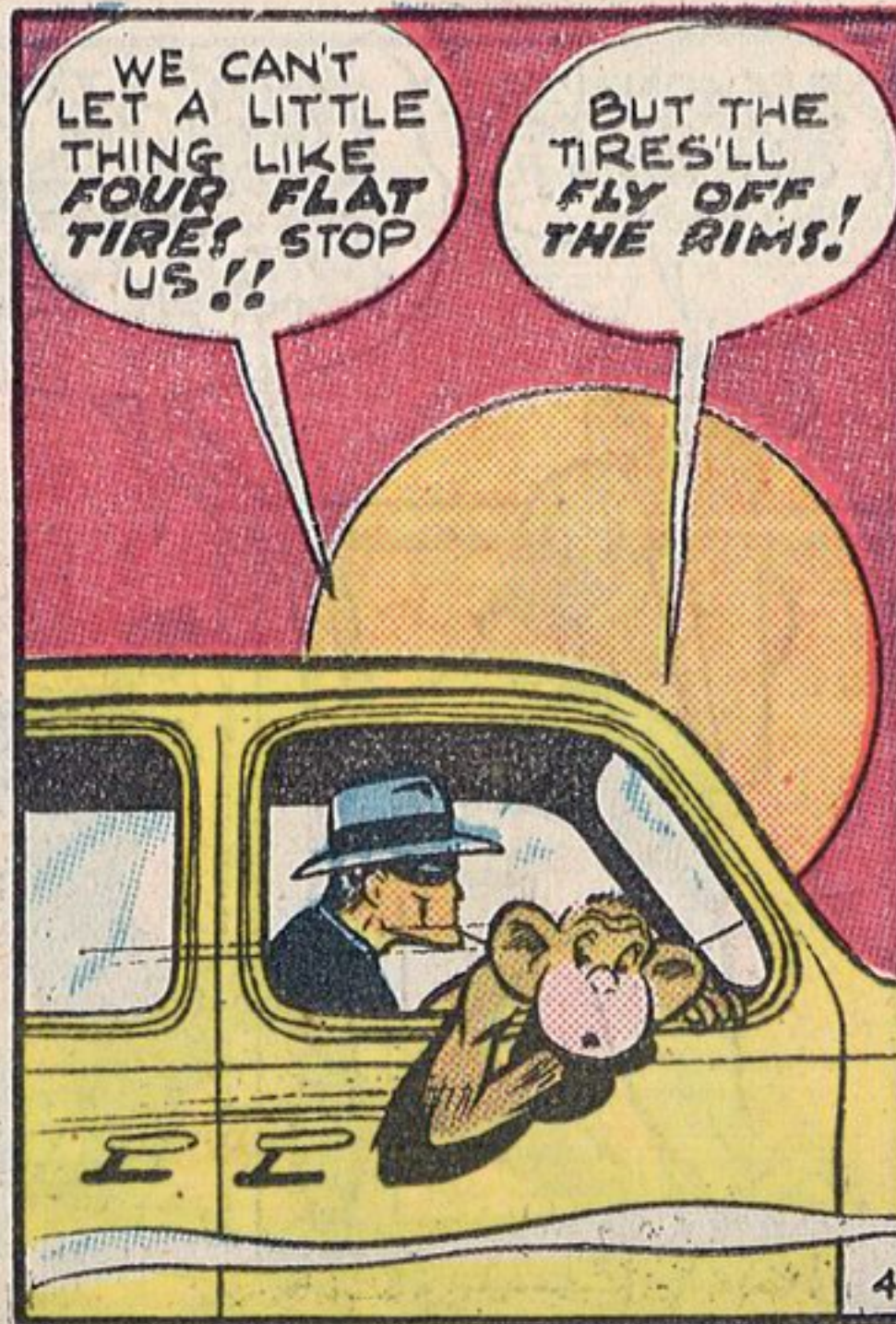








BEFORE THE KILLER CAN REACH THE BAG OF "MONEY," GABBY LEAPS FROM HIDING.....





AROUND A BLIND CURVE, THE KILLER ENTERS A CONCEALED TUNNEL....



MIDNIGHT PULLS THE CAR TO A STOP... HE IS CONFUSED.



UP ONTO THE DILAPIDATED OLD PORCH THEY GO...



NO SOONER IS MIDNIGHT INSIDE THAN...



SUDDENLY, A VOICE RINGS OUT:



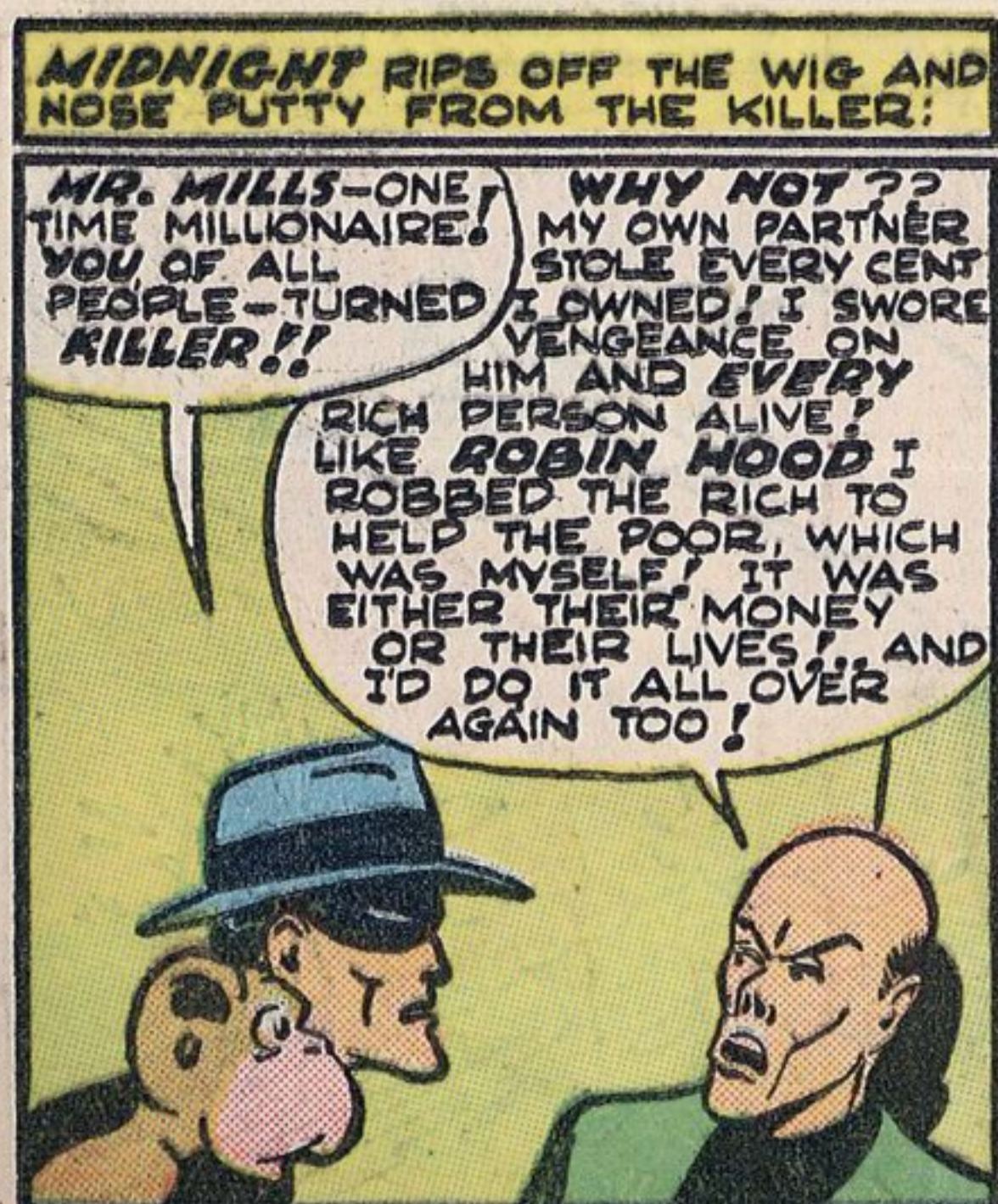
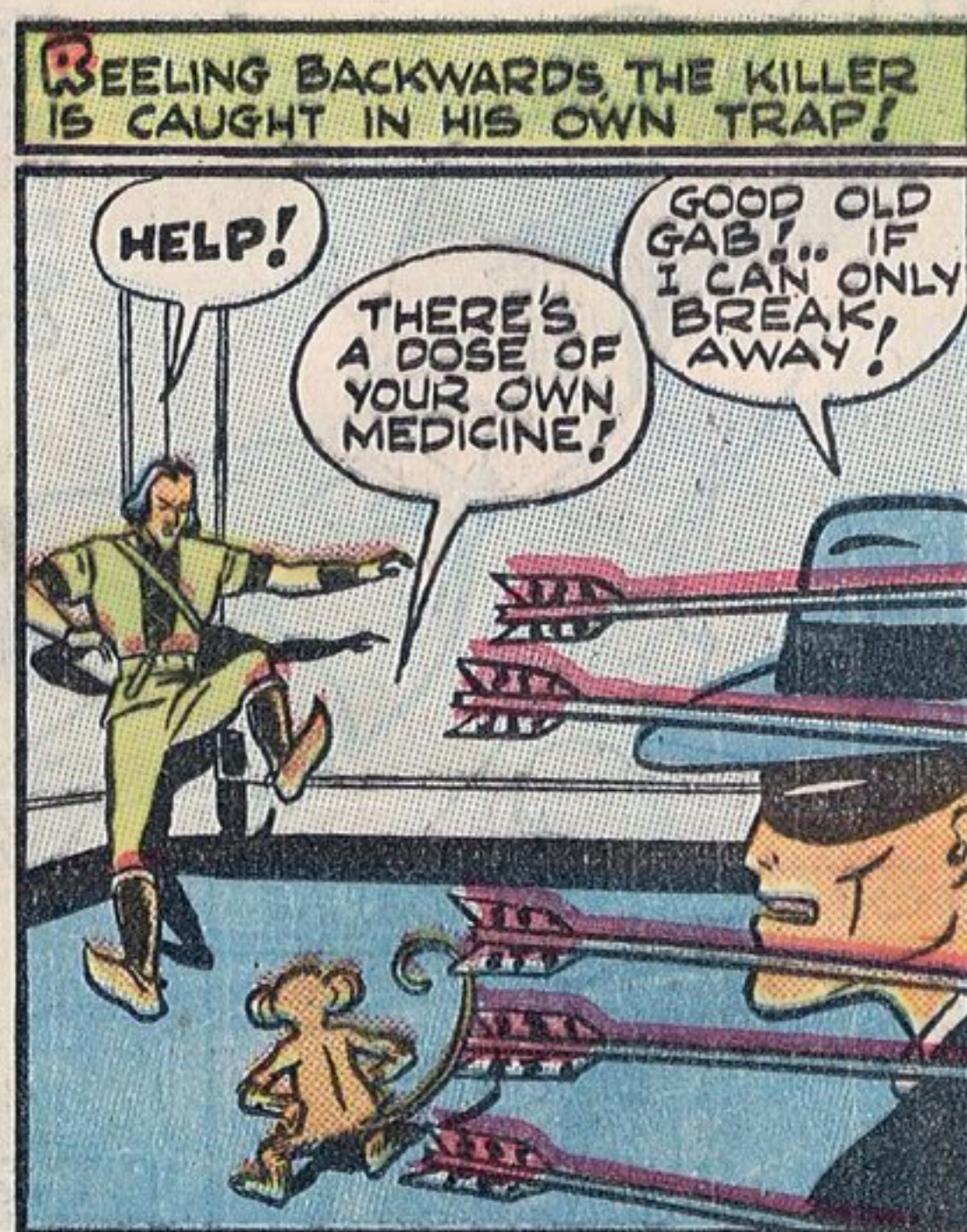
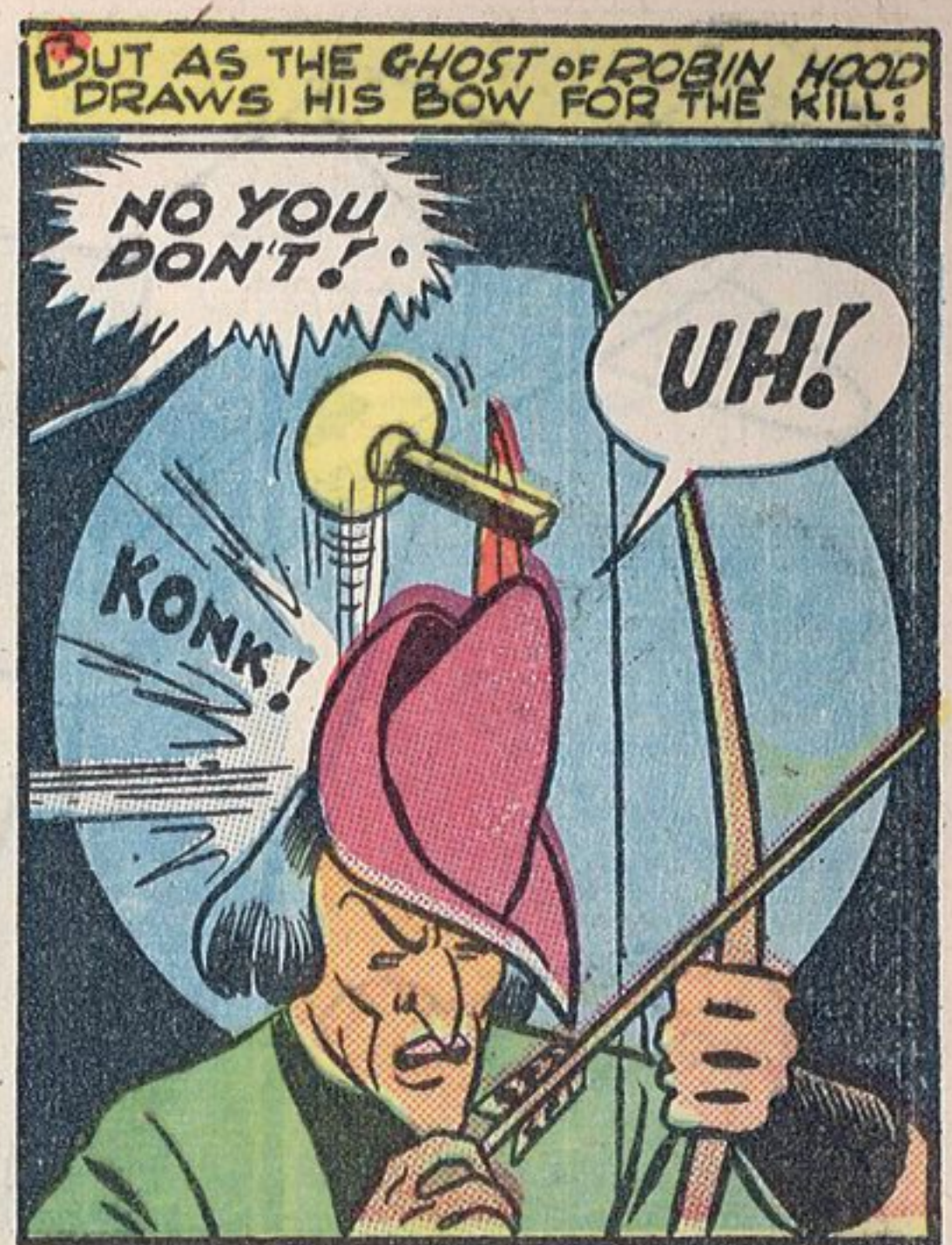
HERE I AM!.. SAFELY OUT OF REACH! YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF ANOTHER DAY, FOOL, FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENSNARE YOURSELF HOPELESSLY IN MY SUPER TRAP!



HA HA! LIKE IT? I TREATED THE WALLS WITH A SECRET ADHESIVE SUBSTANCE TO CATCH FLIES LIKE YOU! NO NEED TO STRUGGLE...! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!







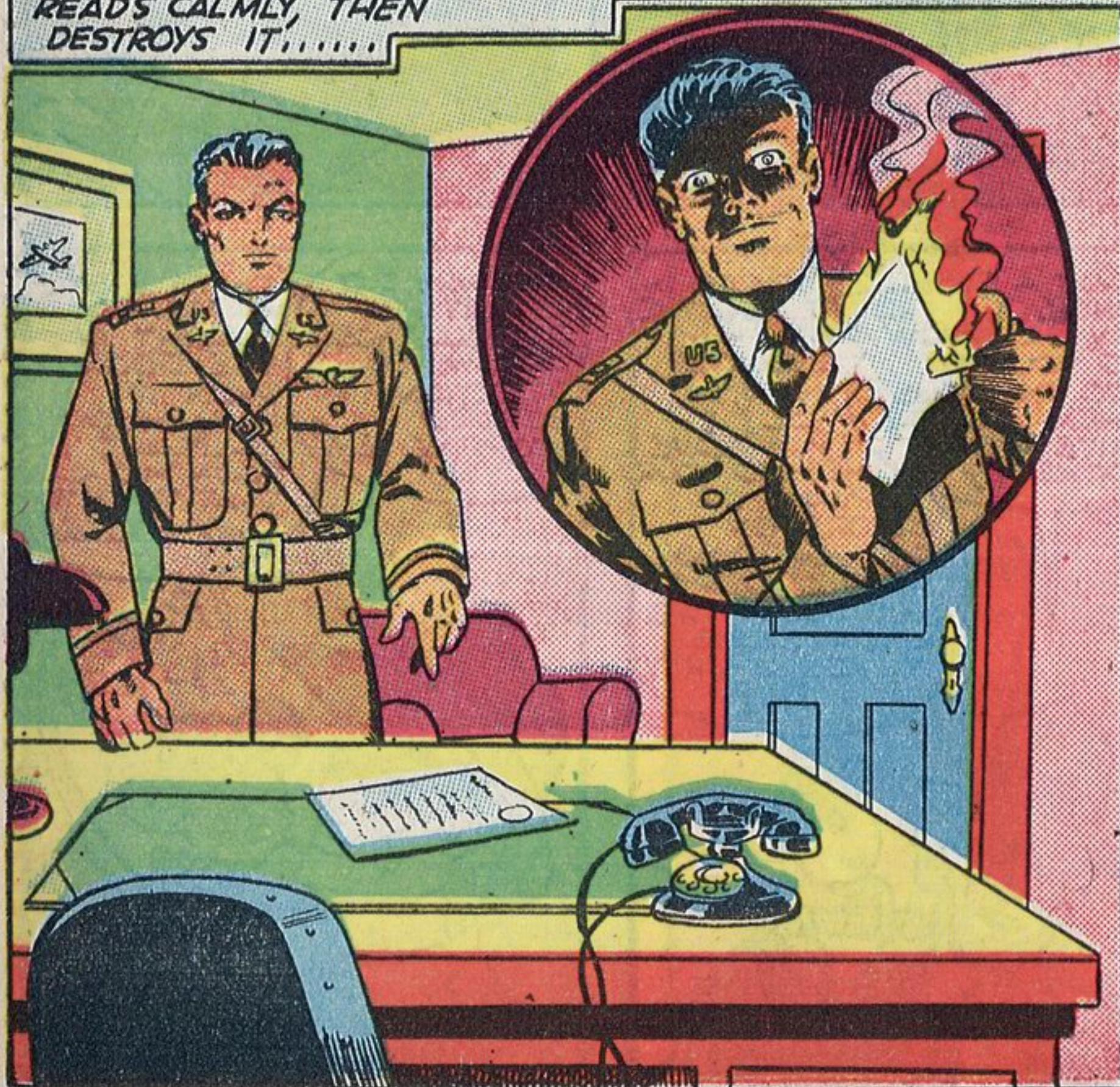


# WINGS WENDALL

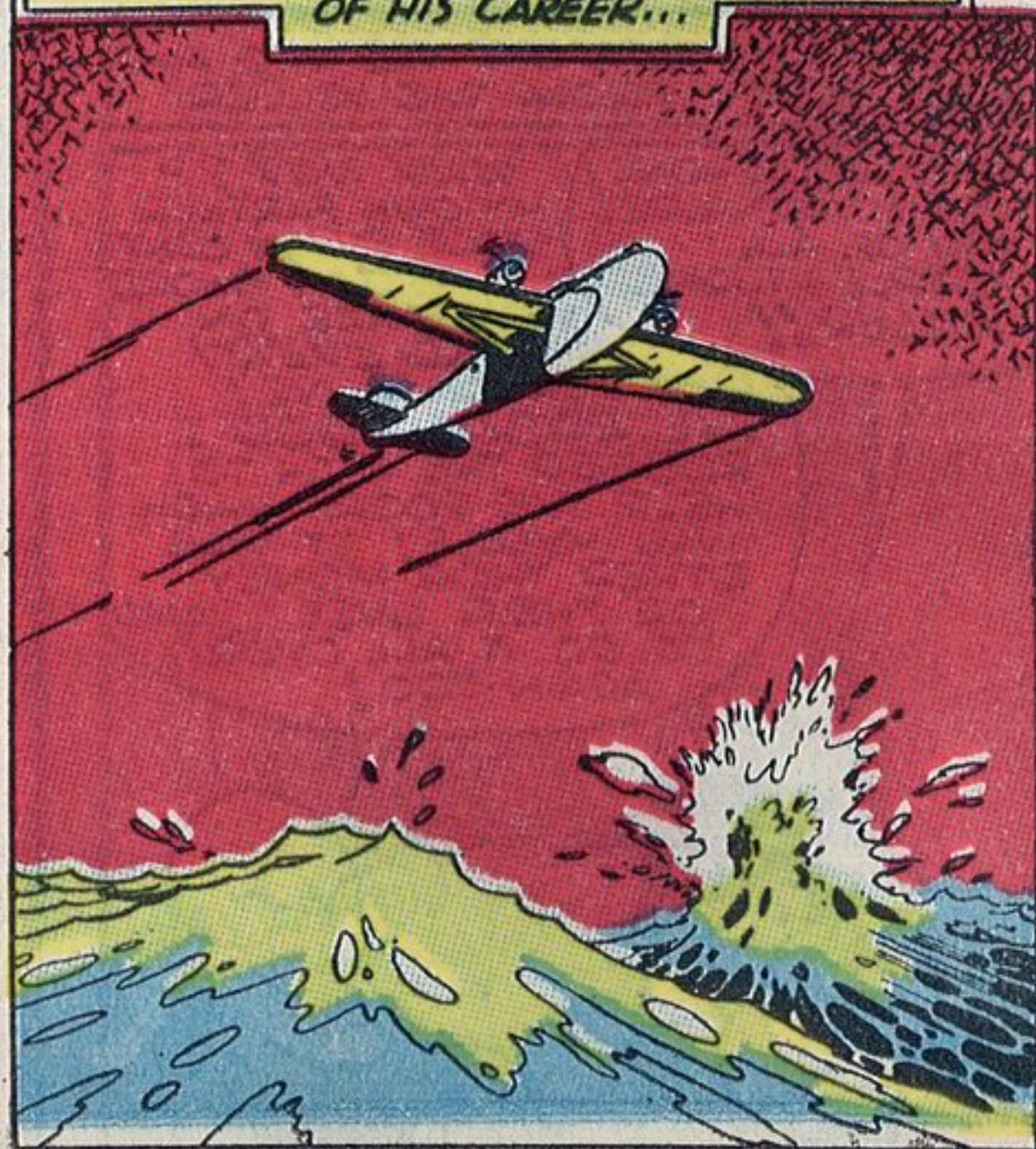
by  
VERNON HENKEL

AS THE WORLD MOVES ON IN TERRIBLE SWIFTHNESS THE FATE OF AMERICA RESTS ON THE SHOULDERS OF A FEW MEN..MEN WHOSE JUDGEMENT DECIDES HISTORY'S FUTURE..AND SUCH A MAN IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST FLYER, WINGS WENDALL, OF U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

ON WENDALL'S DESK IS AN ORDER FROM HIS SUPERIOR.. THIS HE READS CALMLY, THEN DESTROYS IT.....



AND SOON HE IS WINGING EASTWARD OVER THE ATLANTIC ON THE STRANGEST ASSIGNMENT OF HIS CAREER...



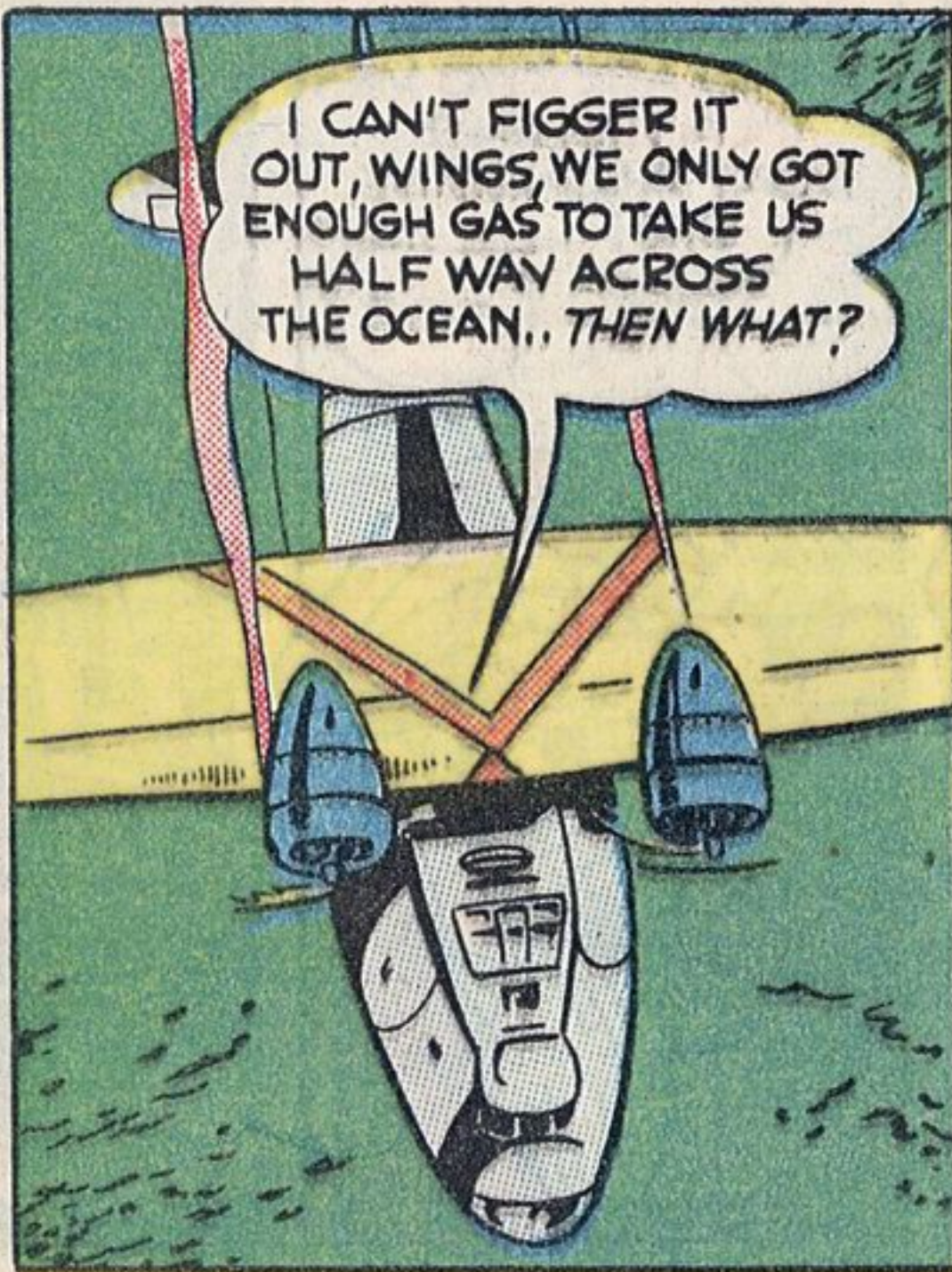


HIS ONLY COMPANION IS HIS LOYAL MECHANIC, SPINNER BENSON.....

WHAT'S WRONG, SPINNER, YOU'VE BEEN GAWKING AT THAT INSTRUMENT BOARD FOR AN HOUR!!



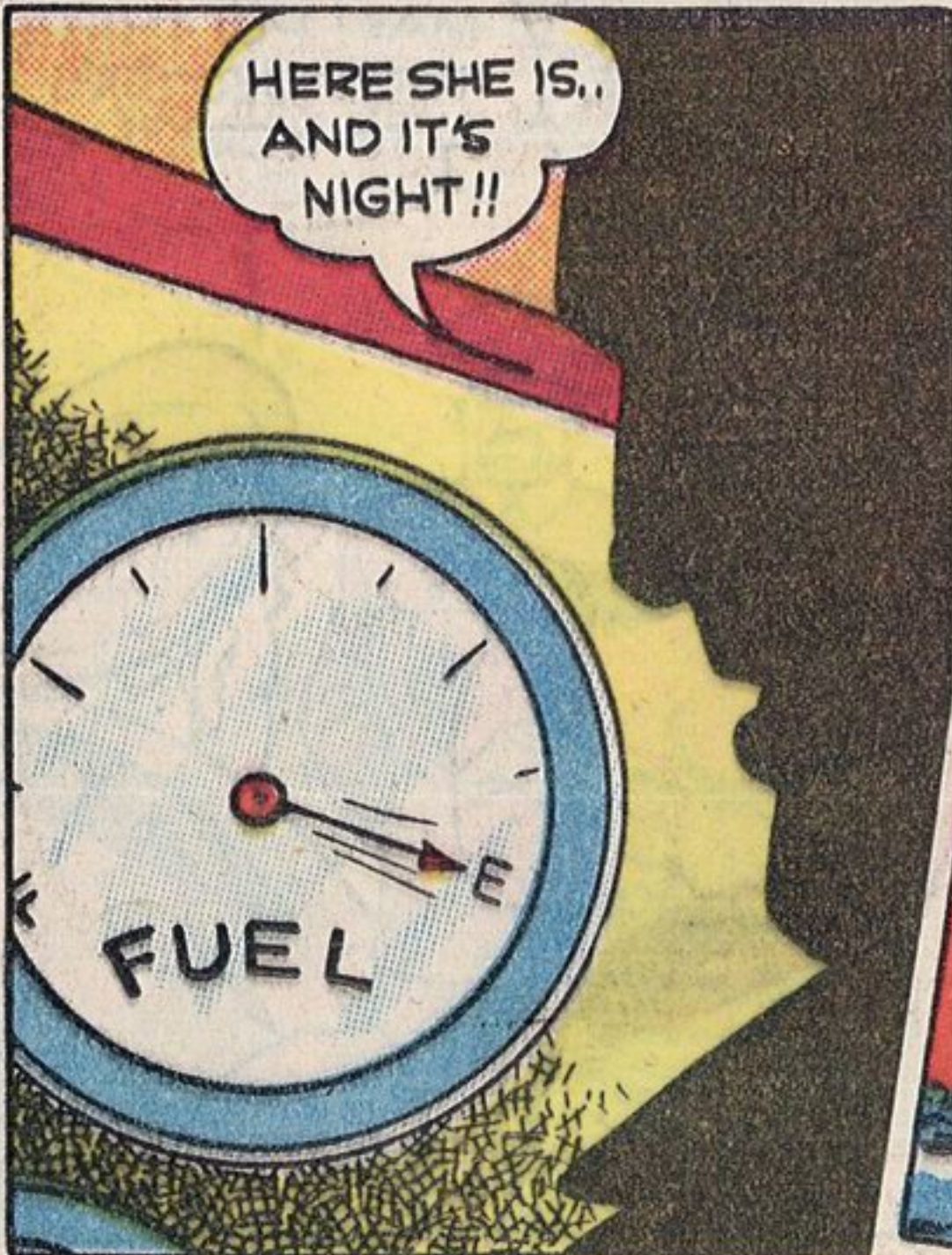
I CAN'T FIGGER IT OUT, WINGS, WE ONLY GOT ENOUGH GAS TO TAKE US HALF WAY ACROSS THE OCEAN.. THEN WHAT?



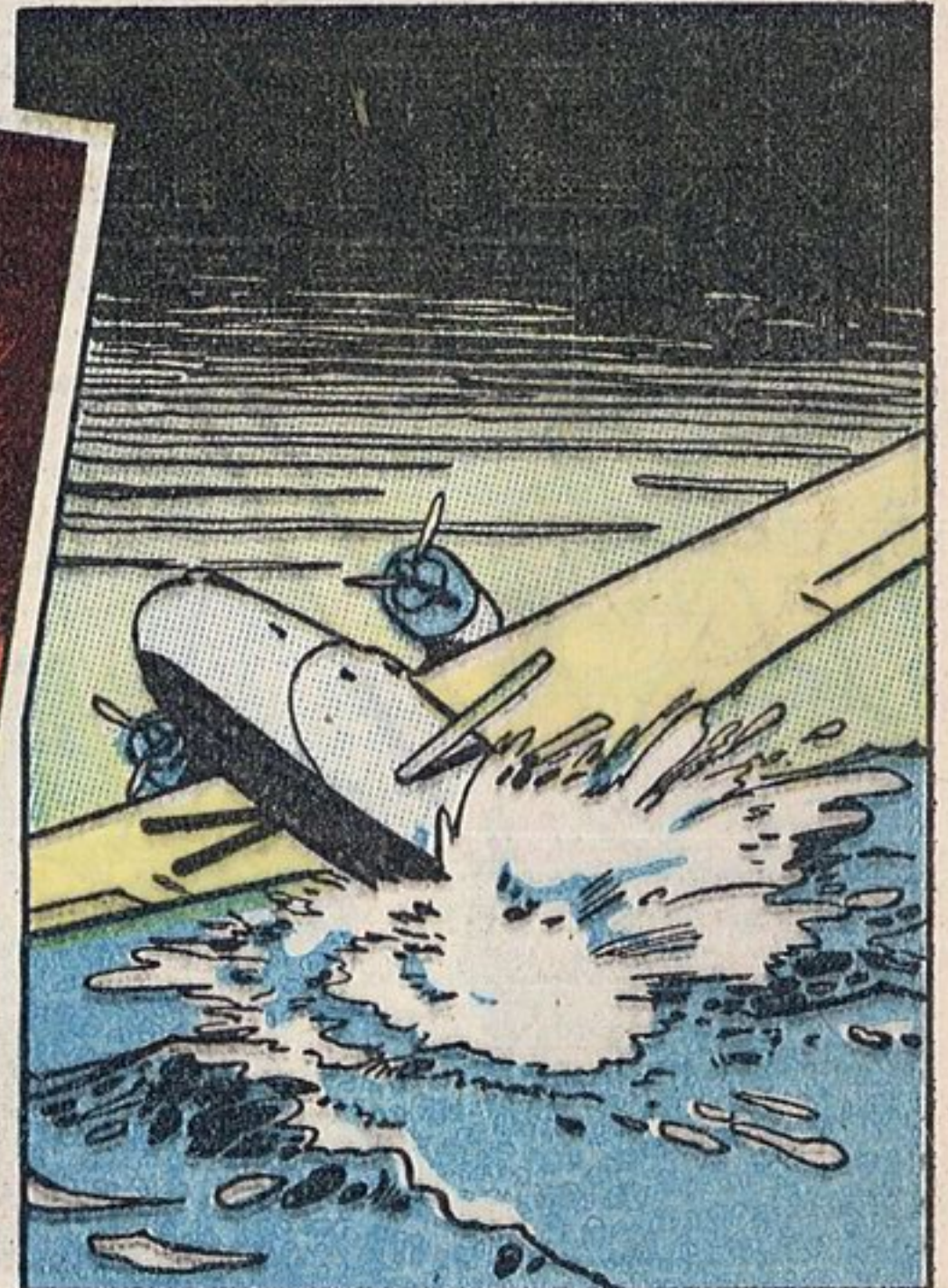
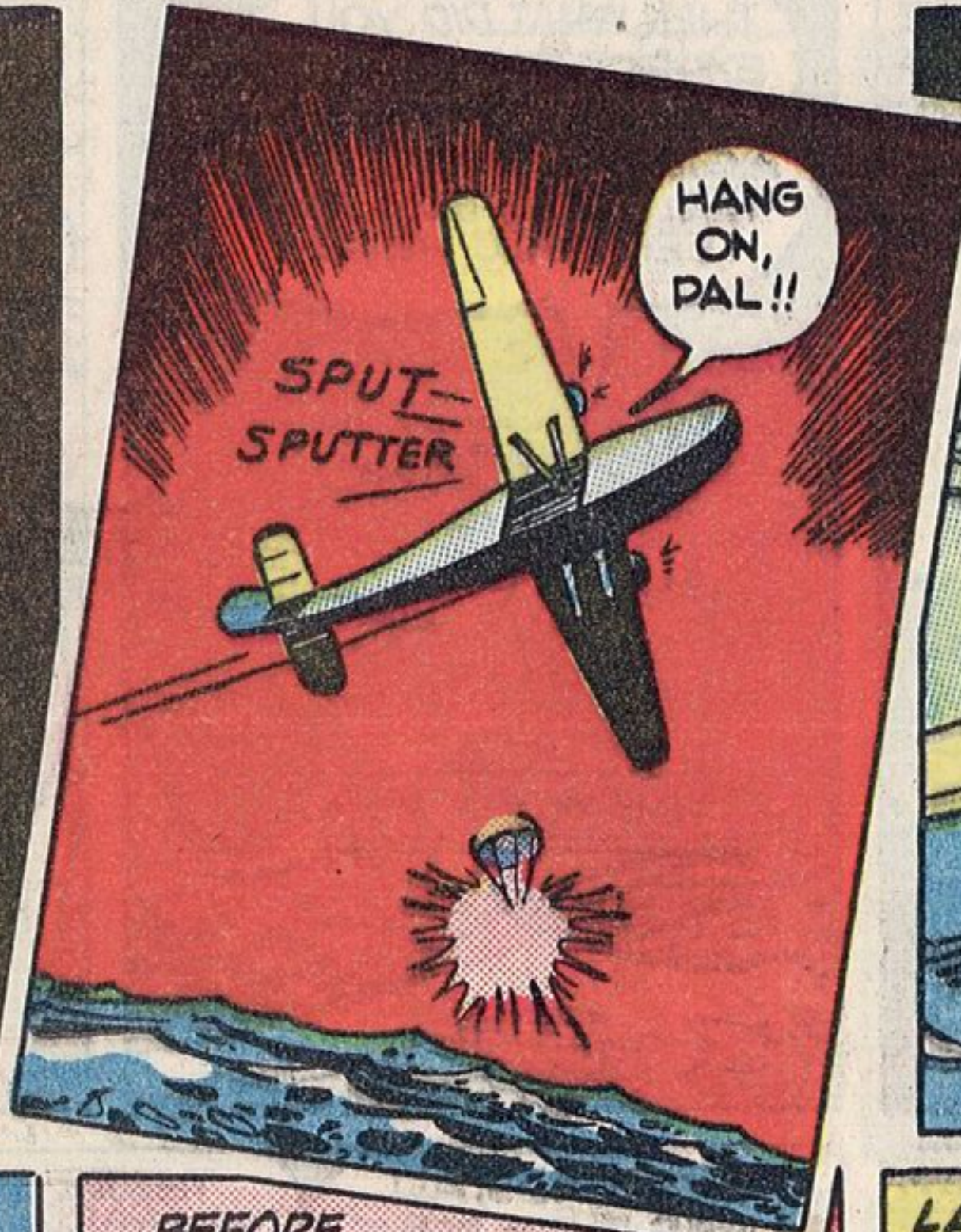
SEE THE SMALL FISHING BOAT IN THE STORAGE COMPARTMENT? WHEN WE LAND, ORDERS ARE TO SINK THE PLANE AND CONTINUE IN THAT!



HERE SHE IS.. AND IT'S NIGHT!!



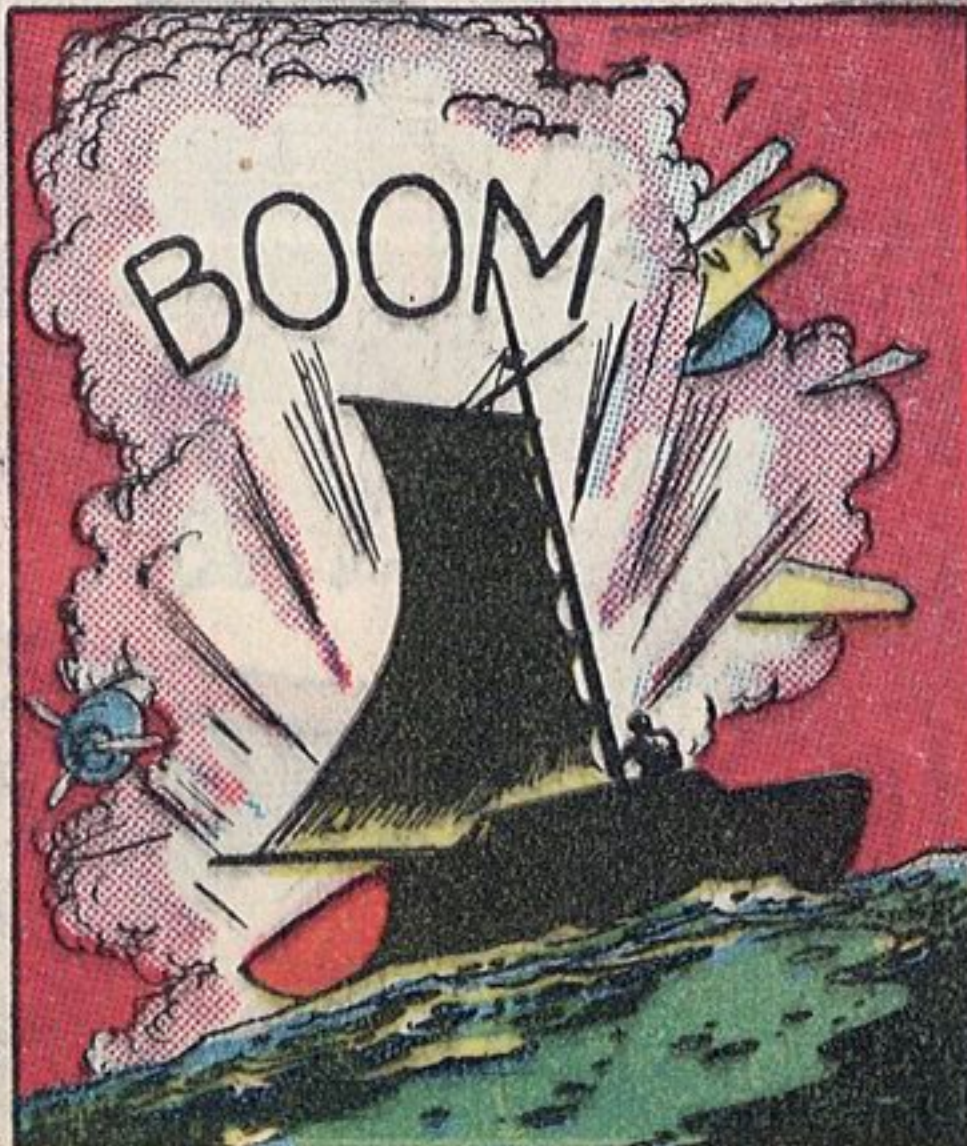
HANG ON, PAL!!



EASY WITH THOSE PROVISIONS... OUR GOAL MAY BE A LONG WAY OFF!!



BEFORE CASTING OFF, WINGS IGNITES A FUSE AND SOON THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF THE BIG PLANE.....



LATER..

LOOK, WINGS, LOOKS LIKE A BIG DREDGE

IT IS A DREDGE, SPINNER, OPERATED BY A FOREIGN POWER.. AND WE'LL LEARN WHY!





DISGUISED AS FISHERMEN THE TWO ARMY AIRMEN FEIGN EXHAUSTION...



HO THERE! WATER.. GIVE US WATER!!

CAPTAIN KARGAS! THERE ARE TWO MEN IN A FISHING BOAT ALONGSIDE, SIR!



SO?



BRING THEM ABOARD. THE CAPTAIN WANTS TO TALK TO THEM!



YOU SAY YOU WERE CARRIED OUT TO SEA BY A STORM AND YOU WEREN'T AWARE THAT WE ARE A GOVERNMENT AT WAR?

NOPE! WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND A DREDGE IN THE OCEAN!!



THEN WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO FIND? YOU ARE ESPIONAGE AGENTS.. MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS.. WHO SENT YOU HERE?



YOU SEEM TO KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS.. GUESS!

MAX! PUT THESE TWO PRISONERS TO WORK!!

?

WINGS SUBMITS TO HIS CAPTORS....



AIN'T'CHA GONNA SOCK 'IM WINGS?

THE ONLY WAY WE CAN LEARN WHAT THEY'RE UP TO IS BY WORKING WITH THEM!



GOSH, WINGS, ALL I SEE THEM DOING IS DREDGING SEA-WEED... IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!!

THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND IT, AND ...LOOK!!

THE SIGHT OF A SUBMARINE BREAKING SURFACE CATCHES WINGS' EYE...







HELLO, CAPTAIN KARGAS.. U-BOAT 37 REPORTING... WE'RE COMING ABOARD!



U-BOATS OPERATING IN THIS AREA! STAY HERE, SPINNER, I WANT TO OVERHEAR THIS CONVERSATION!



WENDALL CREEPS TO THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN....

HOW SOON WILL YOU HAVE THE BACTERIA READY FOR SHIPMENT?? IT IS VITAL WE GET IT IMMEDIATELY, KARGAS!!



THE CAPTAIN DON'T LIKE SNOOPERS HANGING AROUND HIS CABIN !!

MAX!



.. WHY I THOUGHT I HAD DUCKED YOU !!



BACTERIA SHIPMENT, EH? BACTERIA MEANS GERMS AND NO ONE IS GOING TO SPREAD THEM IF I CAN HELP IT !!



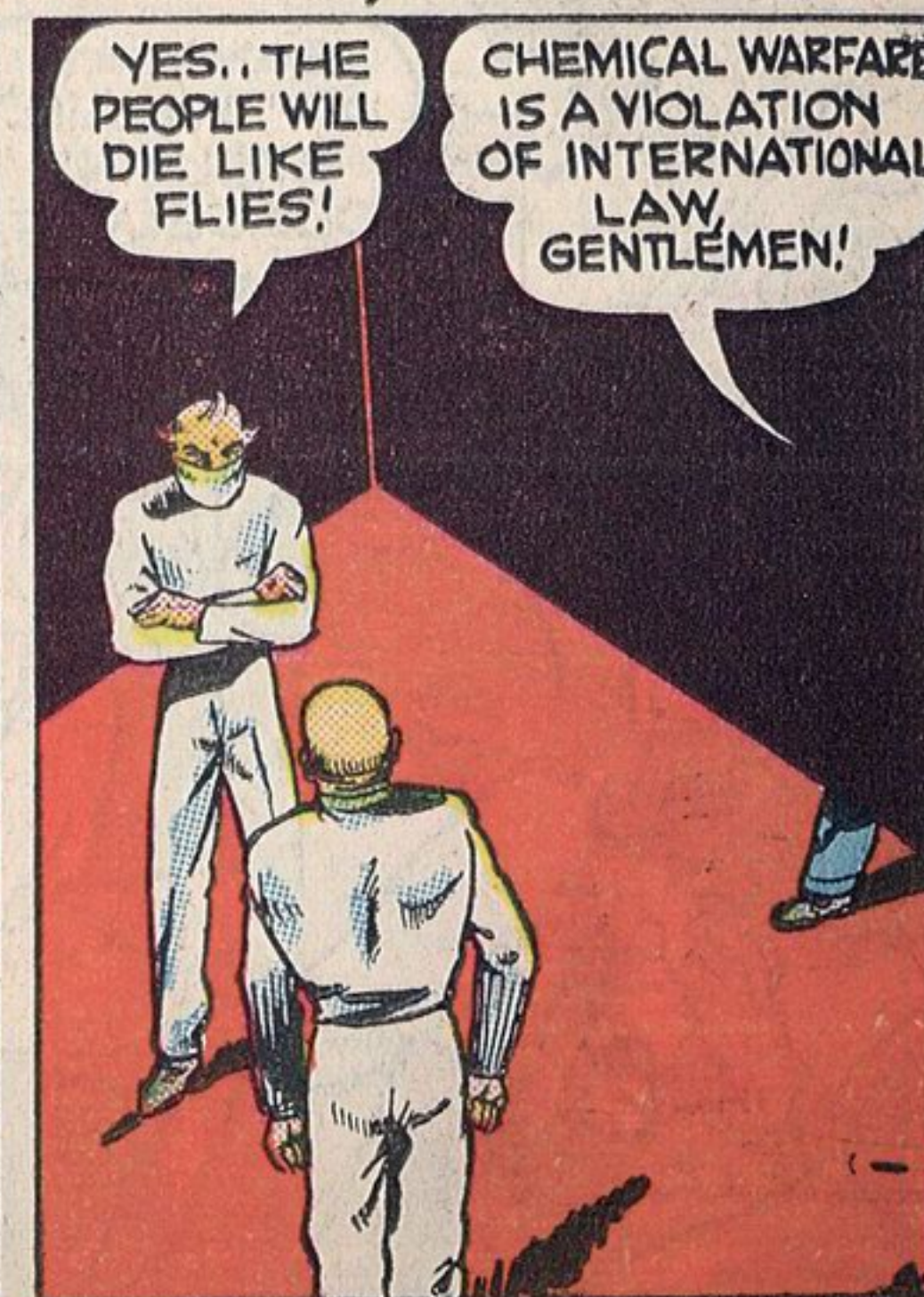
WORKING HIS WAY INTO THE HOLD OF THE BARGE WINGS FINDS A HUGE STORAGE ROOM...

GREAT VATS OF SEAWEED.. FOR CULTIVATING GERMS! SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE USING IT FOR!



SOMEONE COMING!

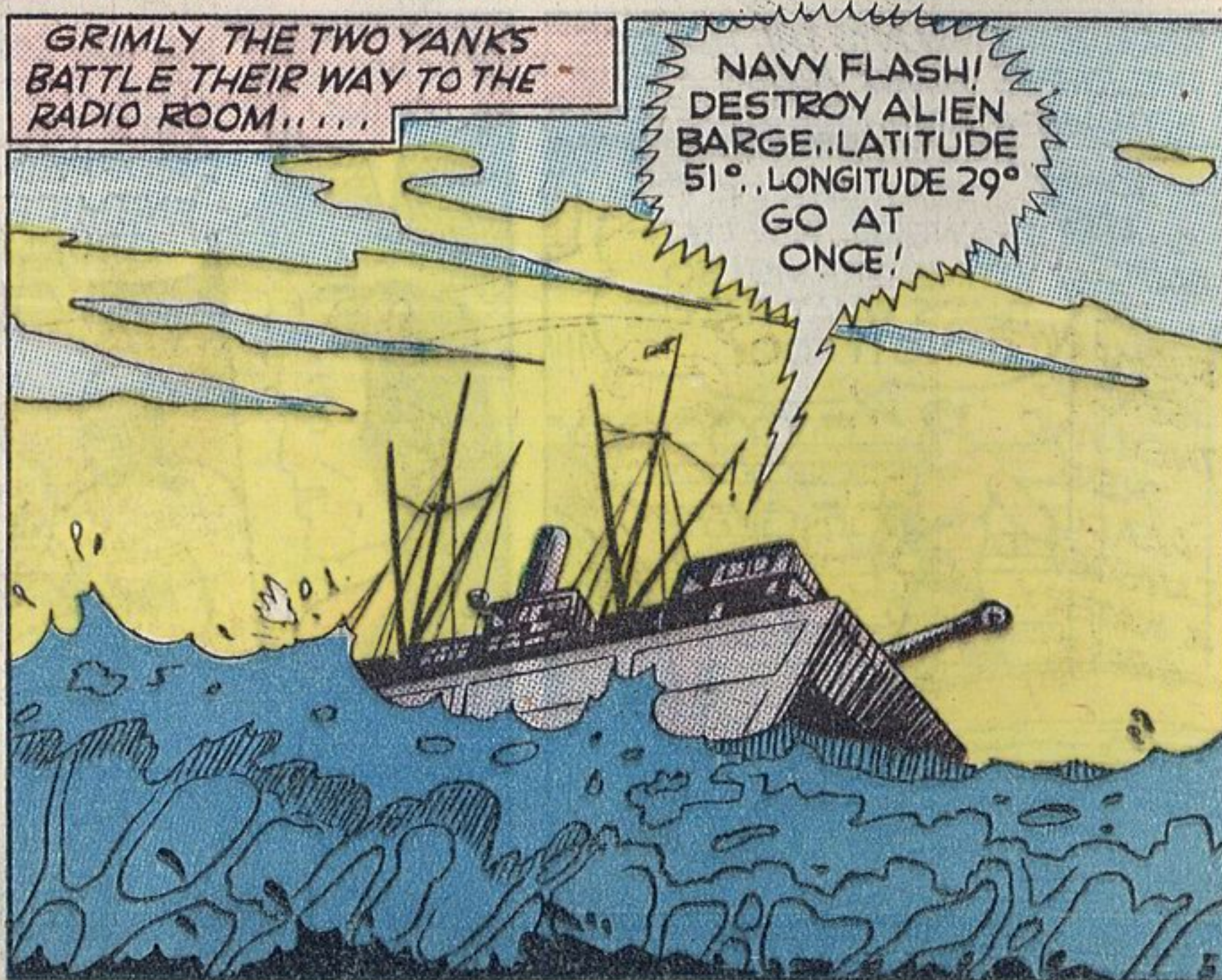
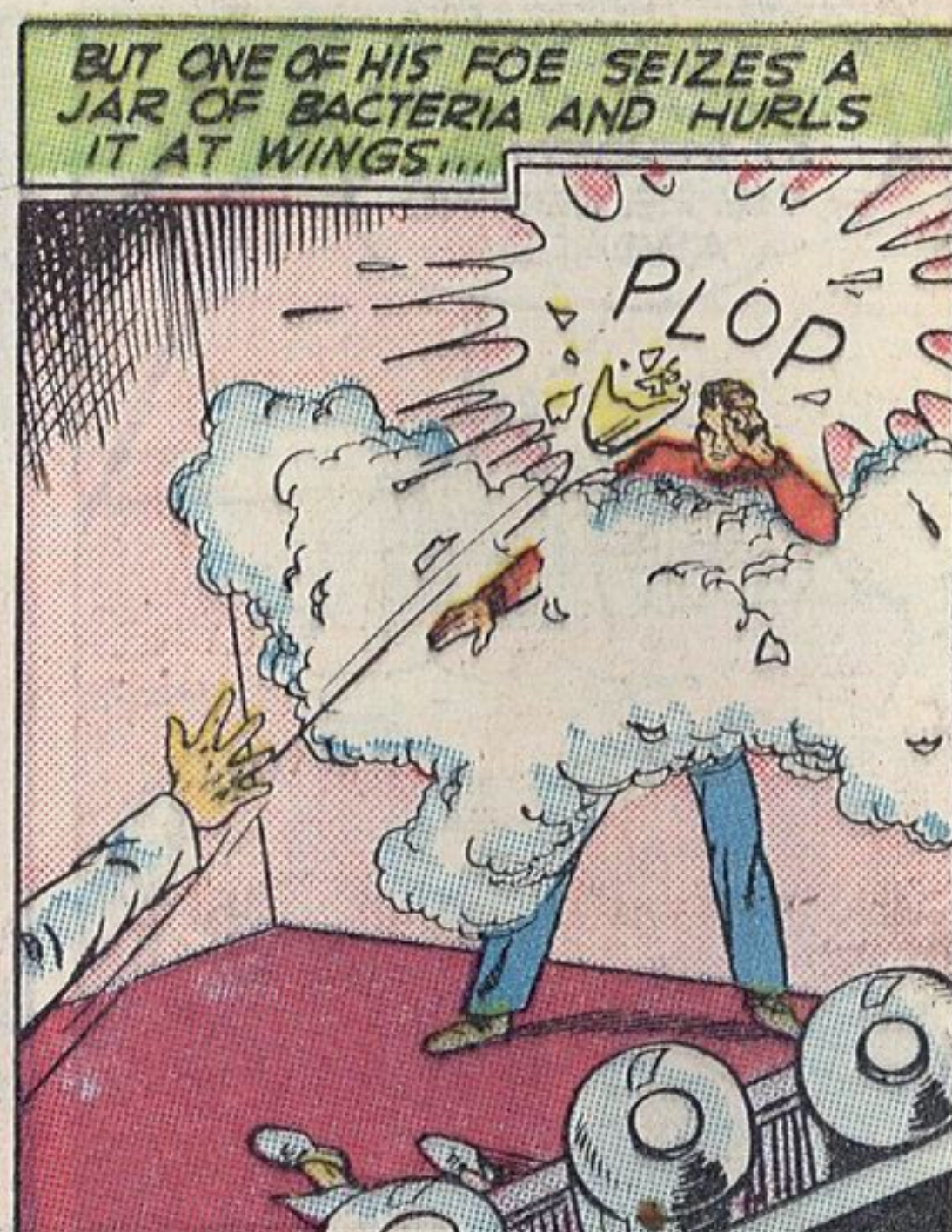
HA! HA! SOON YOUR LITTLE BOTTLED PETS WILL BE DROPPED ON OUR ENEMIES, DR. GRUBLES!!



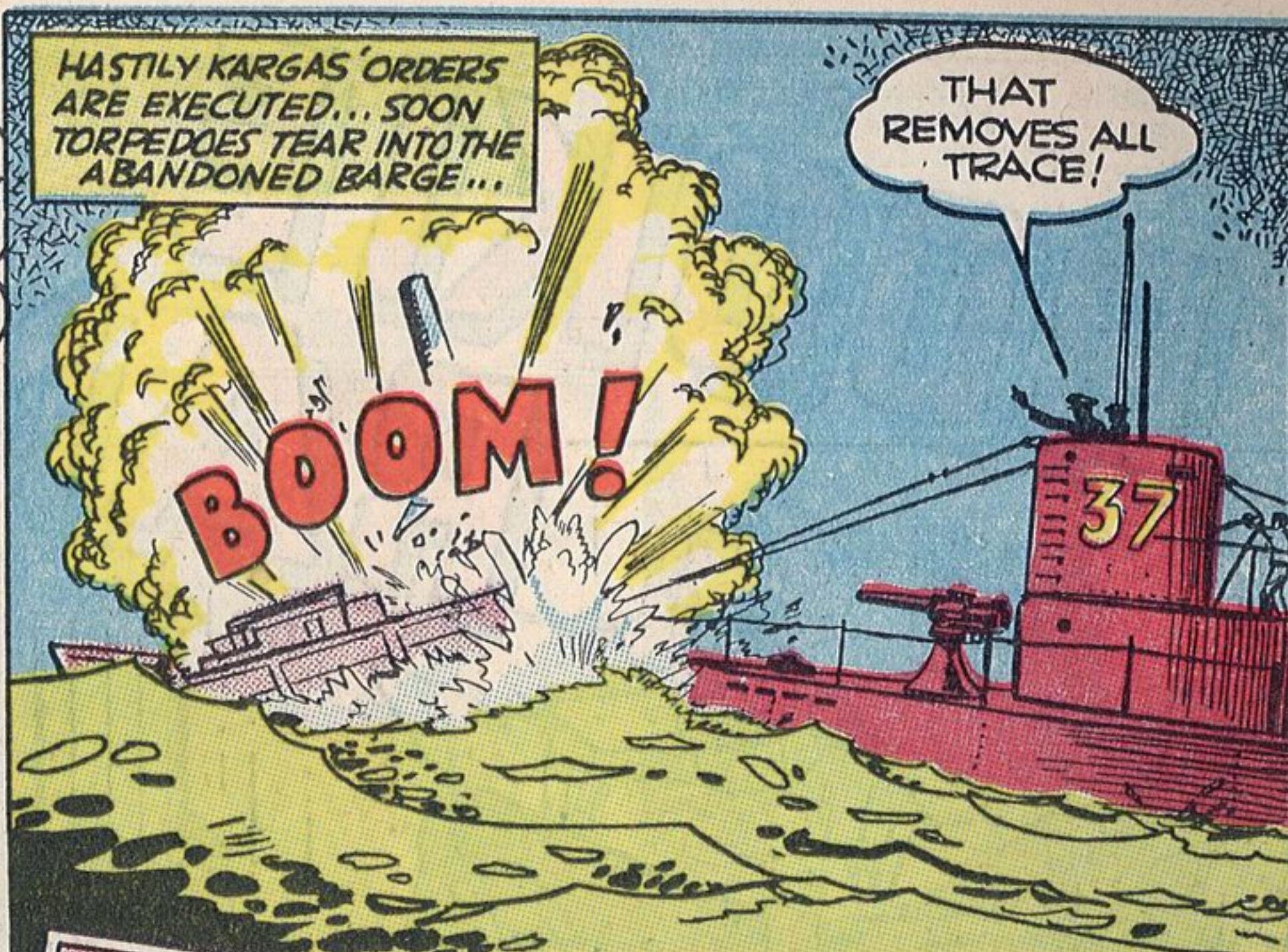
YES.. THE PEOPLE WILL DIE LIKE FLIES!

CHEMICAL WARFARE IS A VIOLATION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, GENTLEMEN!





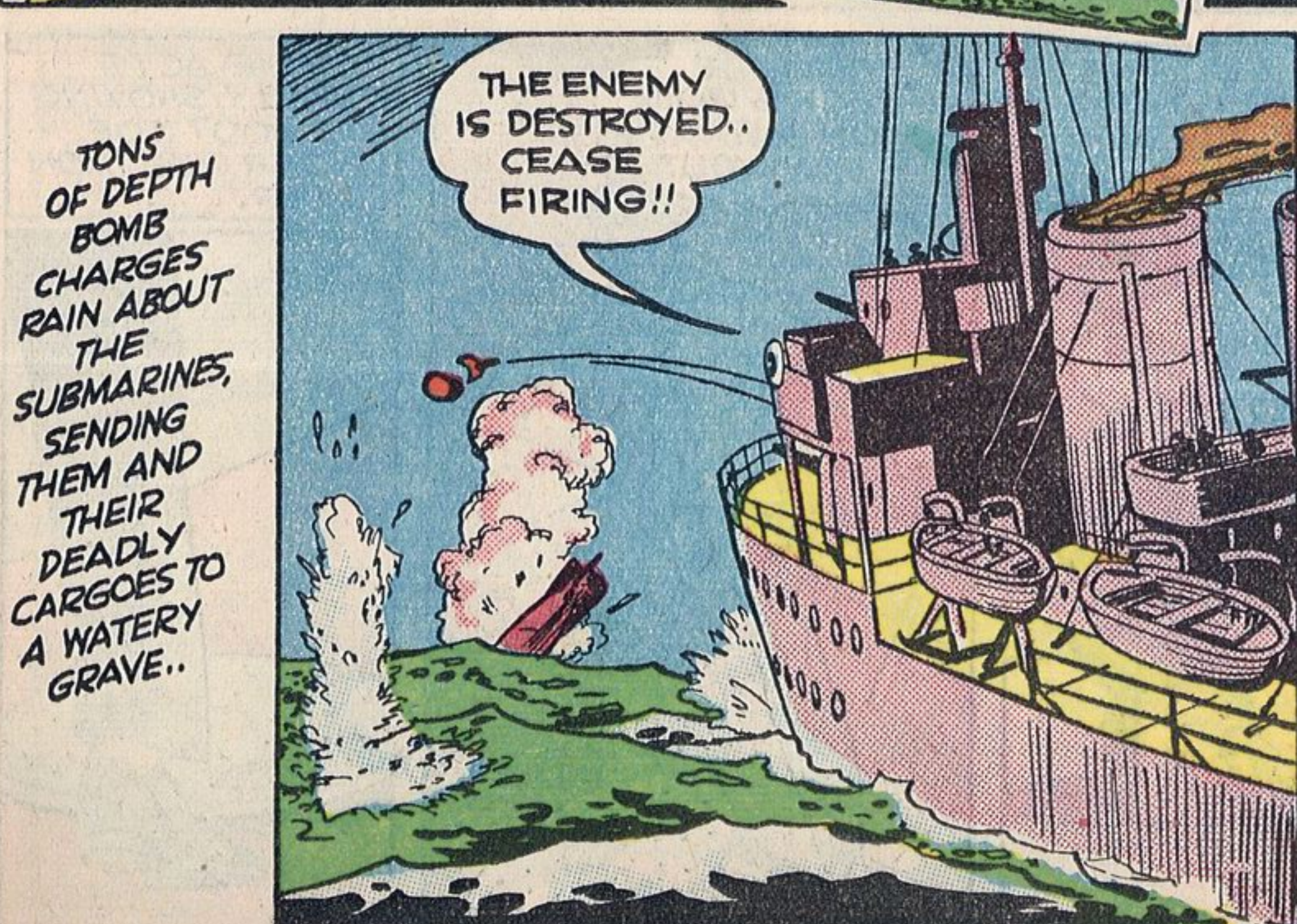
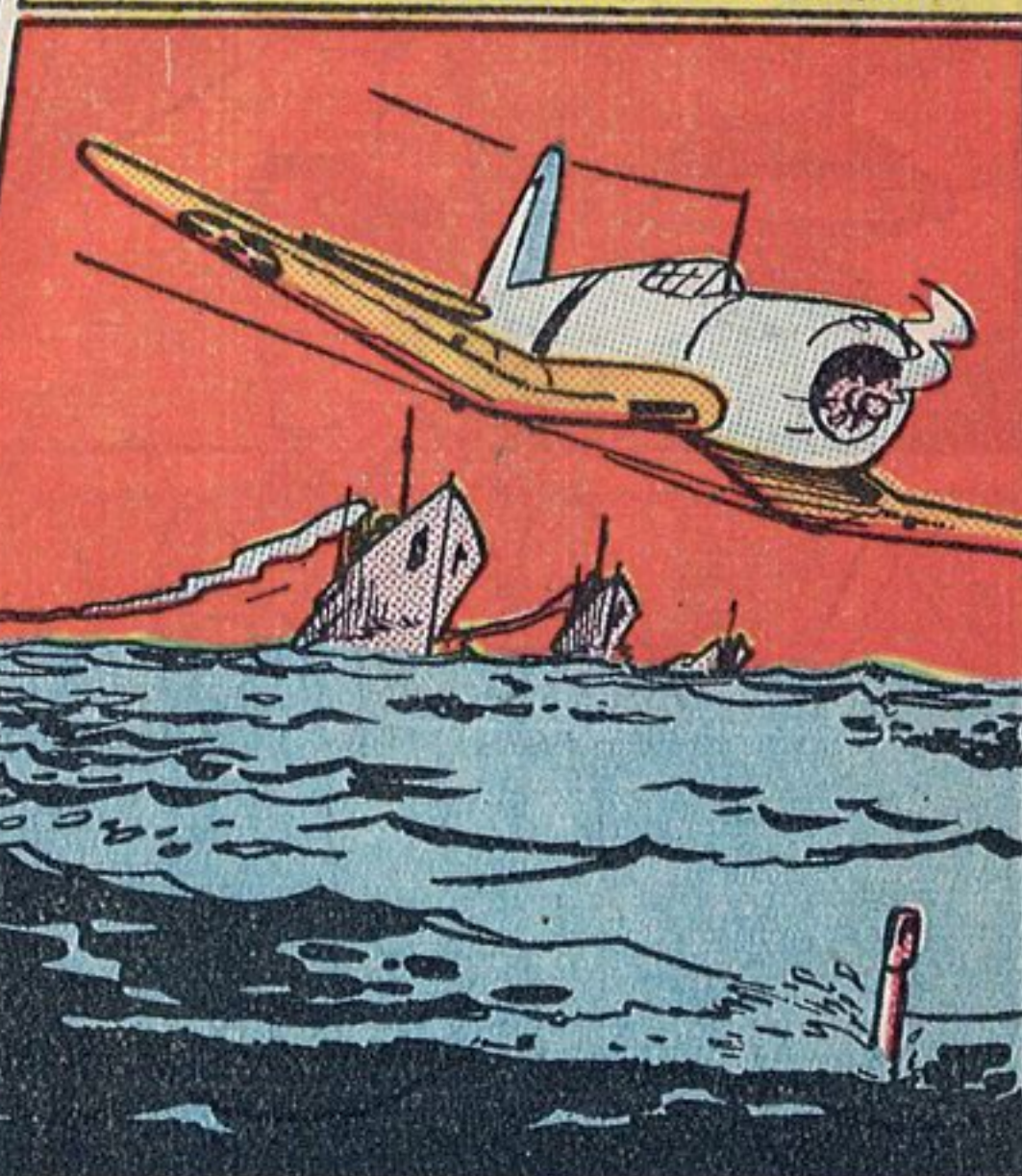




WINGS AND SPINNER ARE ON THE SINKING HULK



A NAVAL SQUADRON PRECEDED BY FAST-FLYING SCOUT PLANES SOON LOCATES THE U-BOATS..



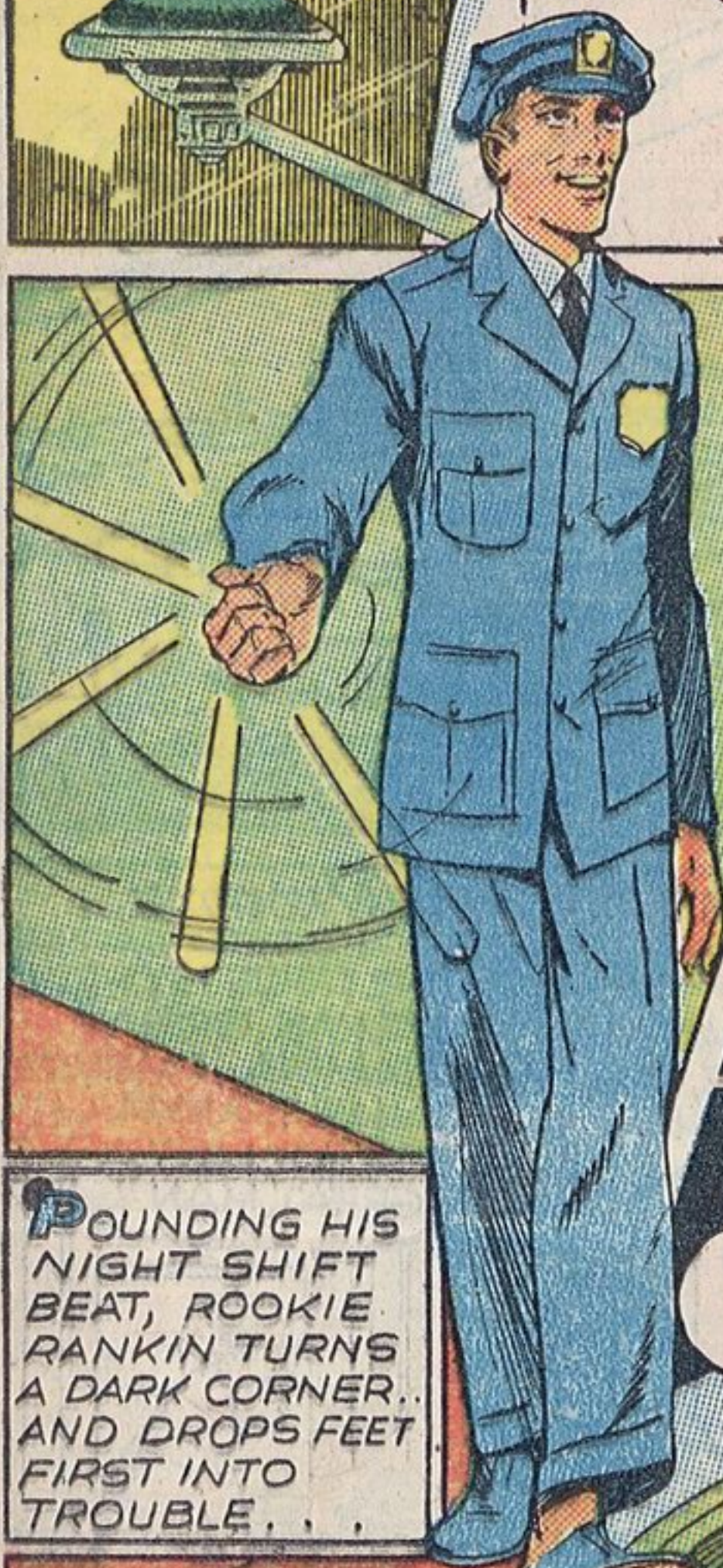
LATER.. IN AN ARMY HOSPITAL...





# ROOKIE RANKIN

By KENNETH JULIAN



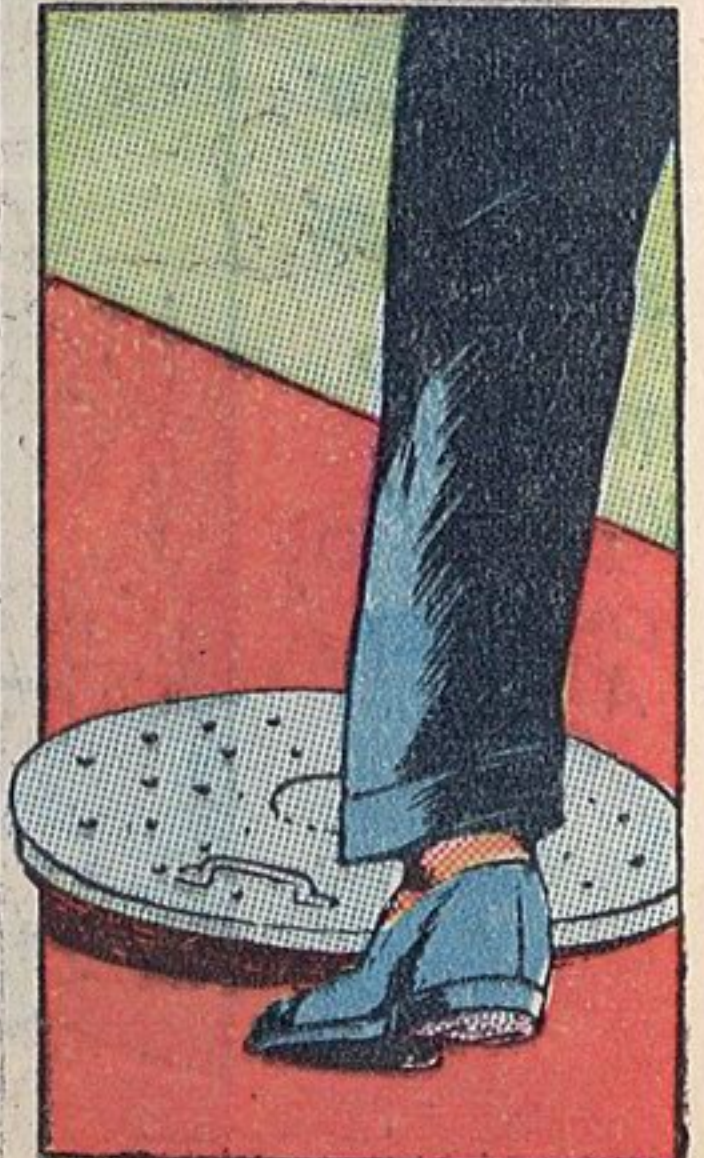
A COAL CHUTE COVER OPENS ON THE SIDE-WALK.

**P**OUNDING HIS NIGHT SHIFT BEAT, ROOKIE RANKIN TURNS A DARK CORNER.. AND DROPS FEET FIRST INTO TROUBLE...

OH..OH.. HERE COMES A COP.. I'D BETTER DUCK!

WHAT TH' HECK'S GOIN' ON HERE? HEY, YOU?

ROOKIE ACTS QUICKLY, SHOVING HIS BOOT TOE UNDER THE IRON COVER.





THAT FELLA WAS UP TO NO GOOD? I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM!



ROOKIE DROPS DOWN INTO A PILE OF COAL.

SNAP ON THE LIGHT IN THERE... AN' NO TRICKS OR I'LL CLOUT YA?



SUDDENLY THE COVER SLAMS.

HEY? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA UP THERE?



ON THE SIDE-WALK ABOVE.

I'VE DONE MY GOOD TURN TO-DAY... SOMEONE MIGHTA FELL IN THAT HOLE?



JEEPERS? THIS CELLAR'S DARK?

FROM THE DARKNESS, A HARD FIST LASHES ONTO ROOKIE'S JAW.



A STRANGE PAIR STANDS OVER ROOKIE.



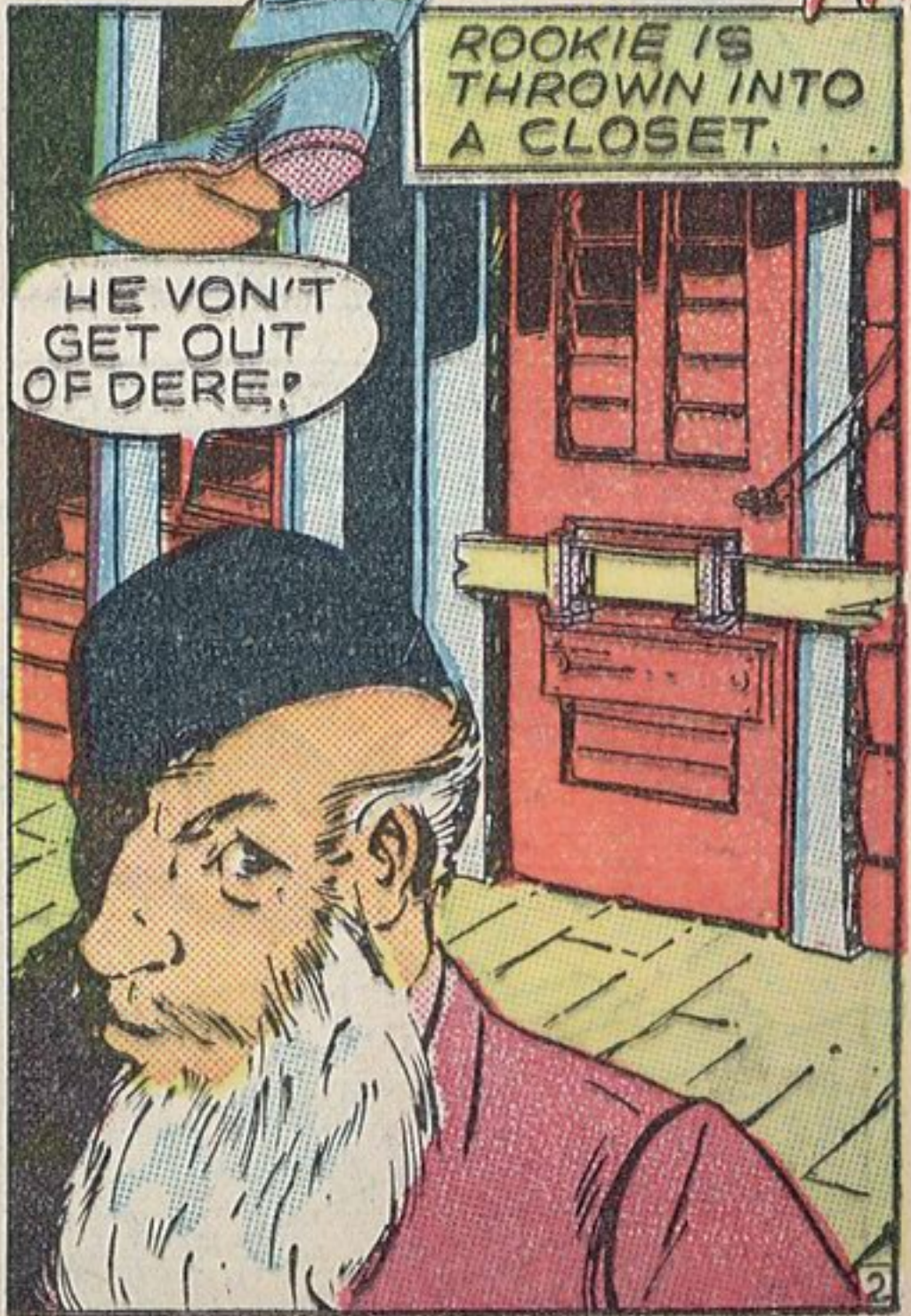
WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM, IGOR.

YAS.. BOT FORST TAK' HEES GUN AN' LOCK HEEM OP?



VE MOST QVASTION HEEM VEN HE VAKES OP, SO VE FIND EEF HE VAS SENT HERE BY DER COPS.

GOOT. DEN VE DUMP HIM IN DER RIVER.



ROOKIE IS THROWN INTO A CLOSET...

HE VON'T GET OUT OF DERE?



BUT ROOKIE REGAINS HIS SENSES QUICKLY.



HIS FIST CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR.



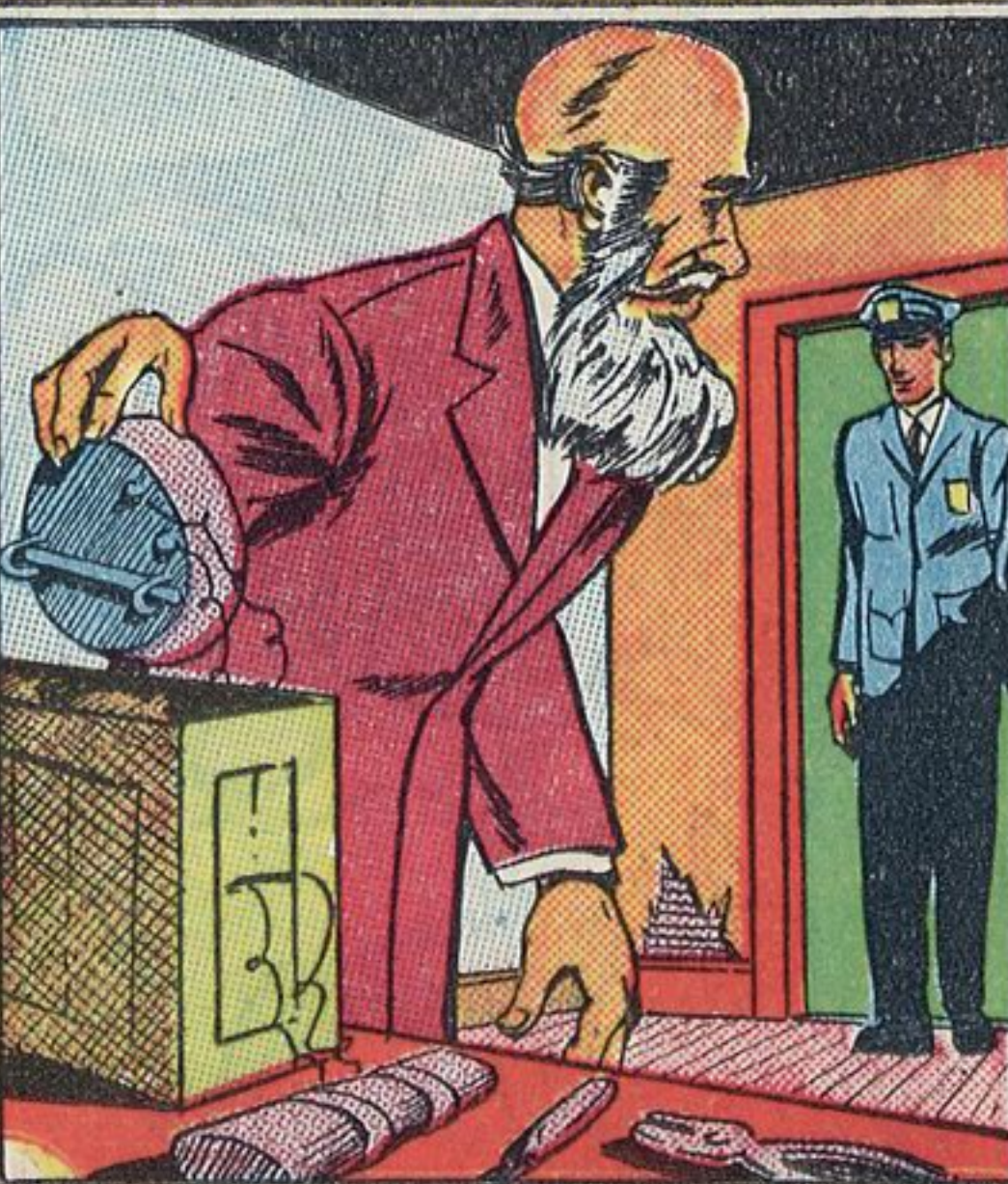
YEAH.. "SHOOT THE CHUTES" LIKE THIS?



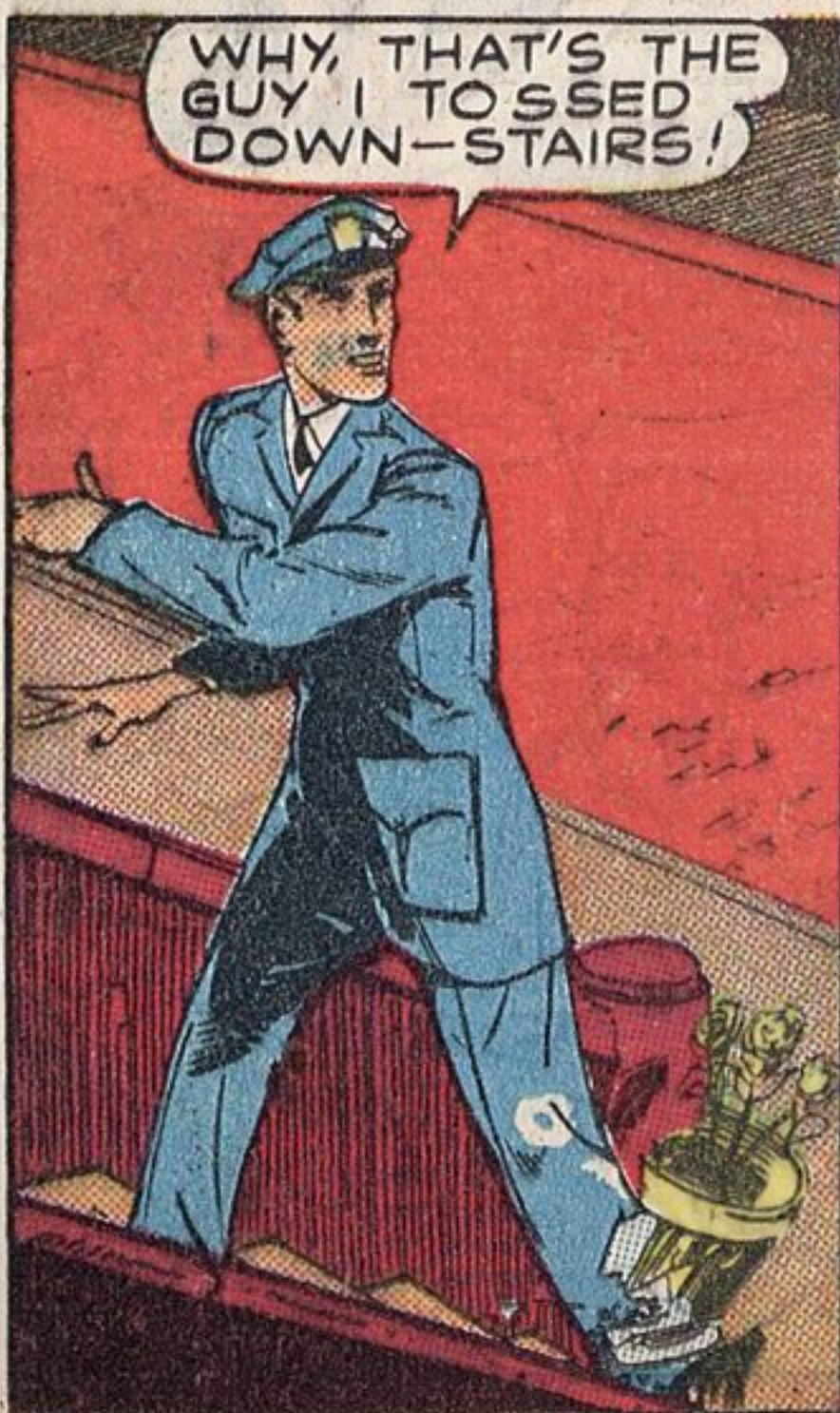
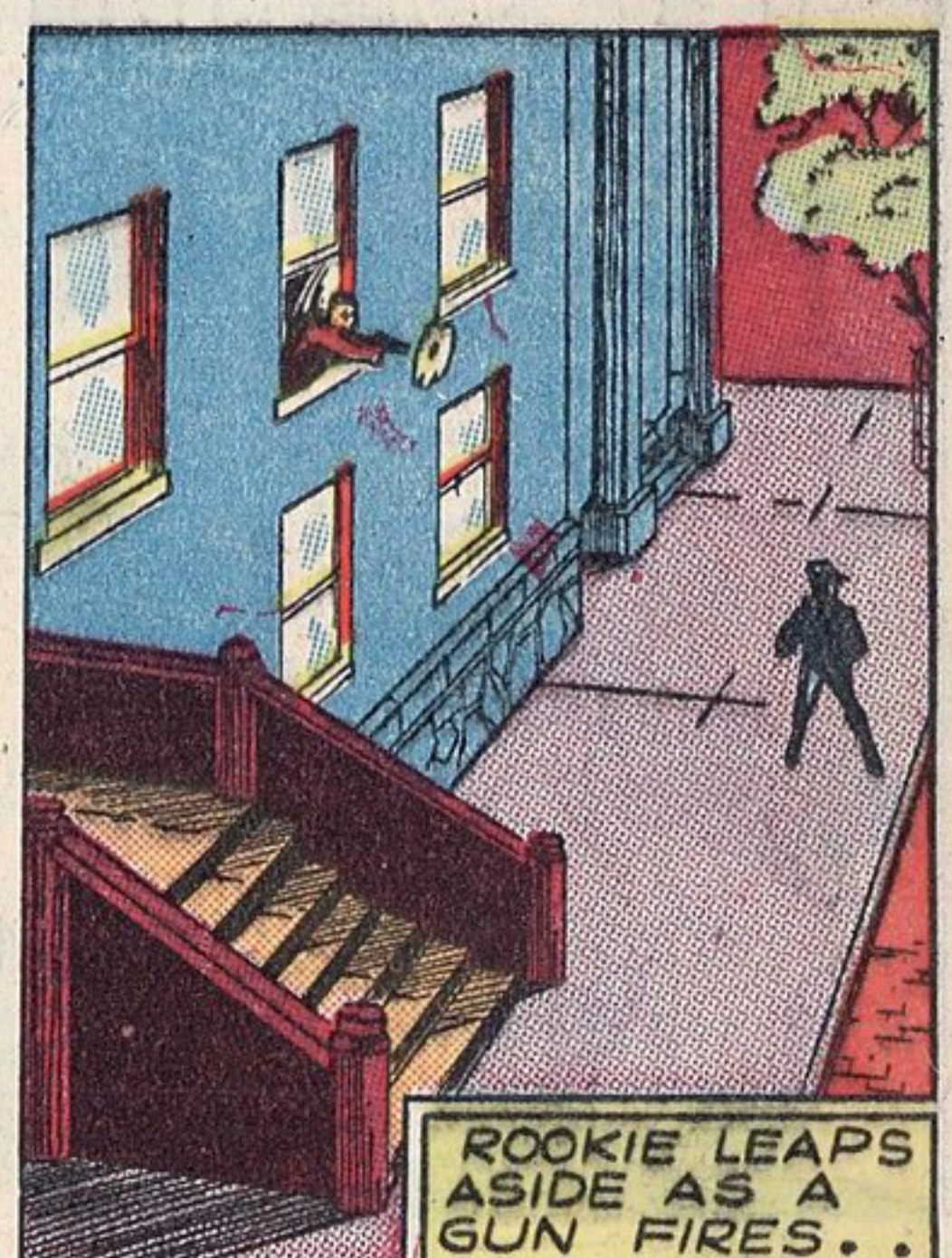
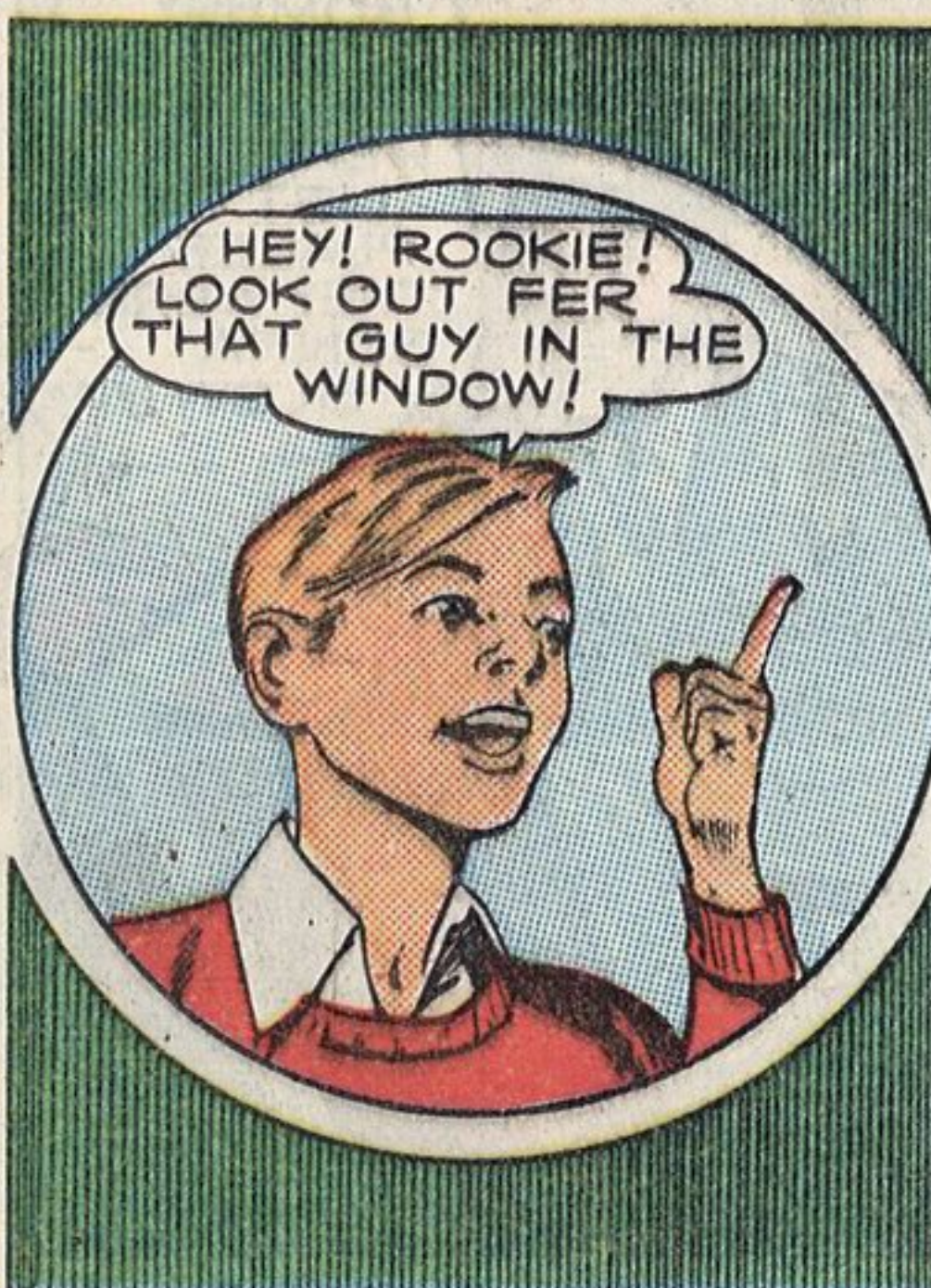
THE THUG ROLLS DOWN AND CRACKS HIS HEAD ON THE CEMENT FLOOR.



ROOKIE SURPRISES IGOR BESIDE A BENCH STREWN WITH BOMB MECHANISMS.











OKAY, FRITZ.. YOU GOT THE DROP ON ME, BUT..



I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DROP YER GUN.



ROOKIE  
FOLLOWS  
THROUGH  
WITH A  
HARD  
RIGHT.



I THINK I'LL LOOK THROUGH THIS SUITCASE FOR ANY EVIDENCE.



BOMBS!  
DOZENS OF  
THEM AND  
HERE'S A  
LIST OF  
PLACES  
THEY WERE  
GONNA  
BLOW UP!



Intercity bridge  
Central Terminal  
West Armory  
Police  
Headquarters  
North Side  
Tunnel  
Pier 57  
Pier 61  
Naval  
Dockyards

THIS LIST  
CLINCHES  
THE CASE  
AGAINST  
THESE BIRDS.

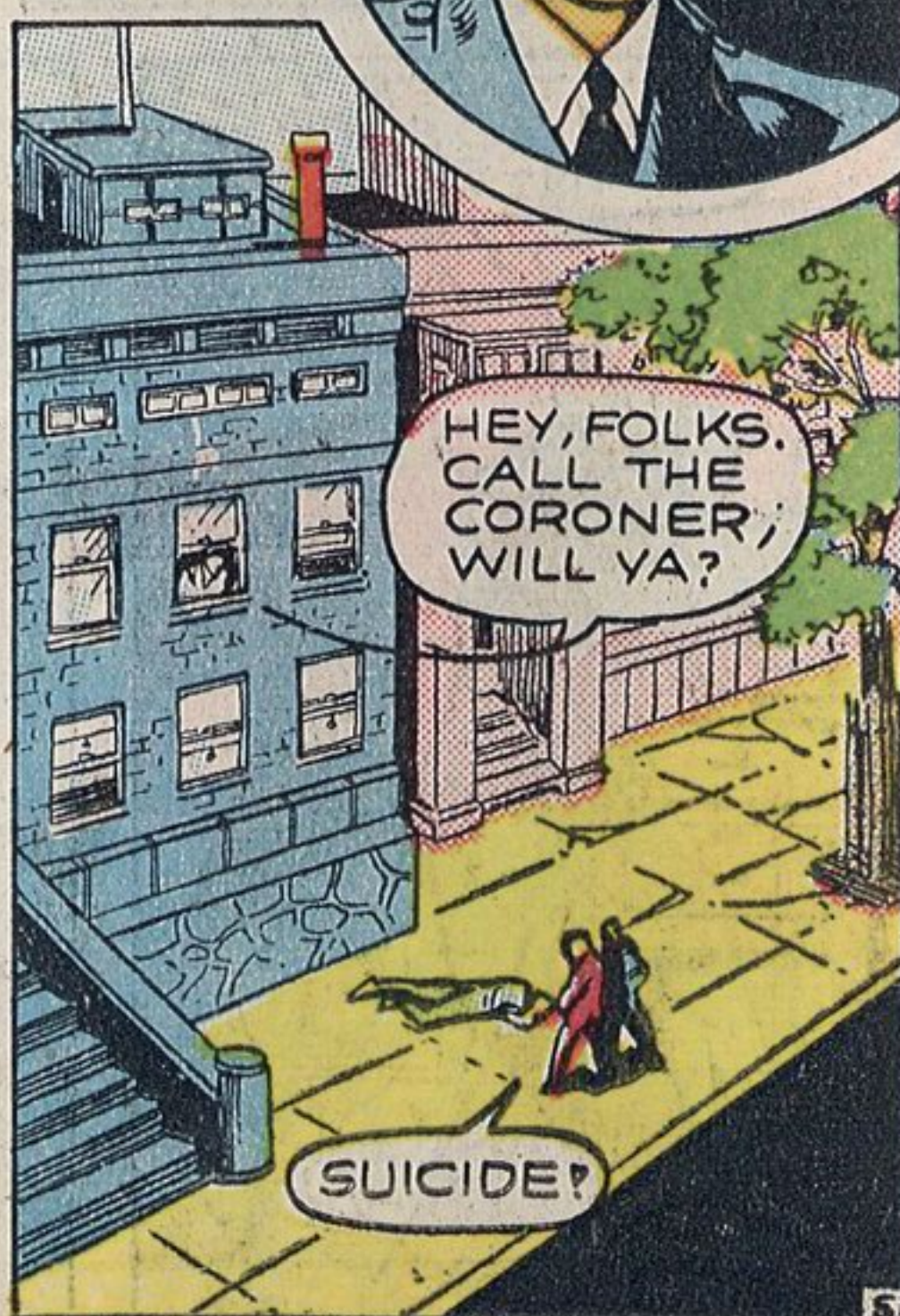


ROOKIE'S  
VICTIM  
COMES TO  
AND RUNS  
TO THE  
WINDOW.

OH..OH..  
HE'S TAKING  
TO THE FIRE  
ESCAPE.



M'GOSH..THE  
FIRE ESCAPE ISN'T  
ON THIS SIDE  
AT ALL?



HEY, FOLKS.  
CALL THE  
CORONER,  
WILL YA?

SUICIDE!



ROOKIE REACHES THE STREET ON THE DOUBLE QUICK.



DID YOU KIDS SEE A BEARDED GENT LYIN' IN THE STREET?

YEAH..HE DUCKED INTO THE BARBER SHOP?

FOLLOW US, ROOKIE.



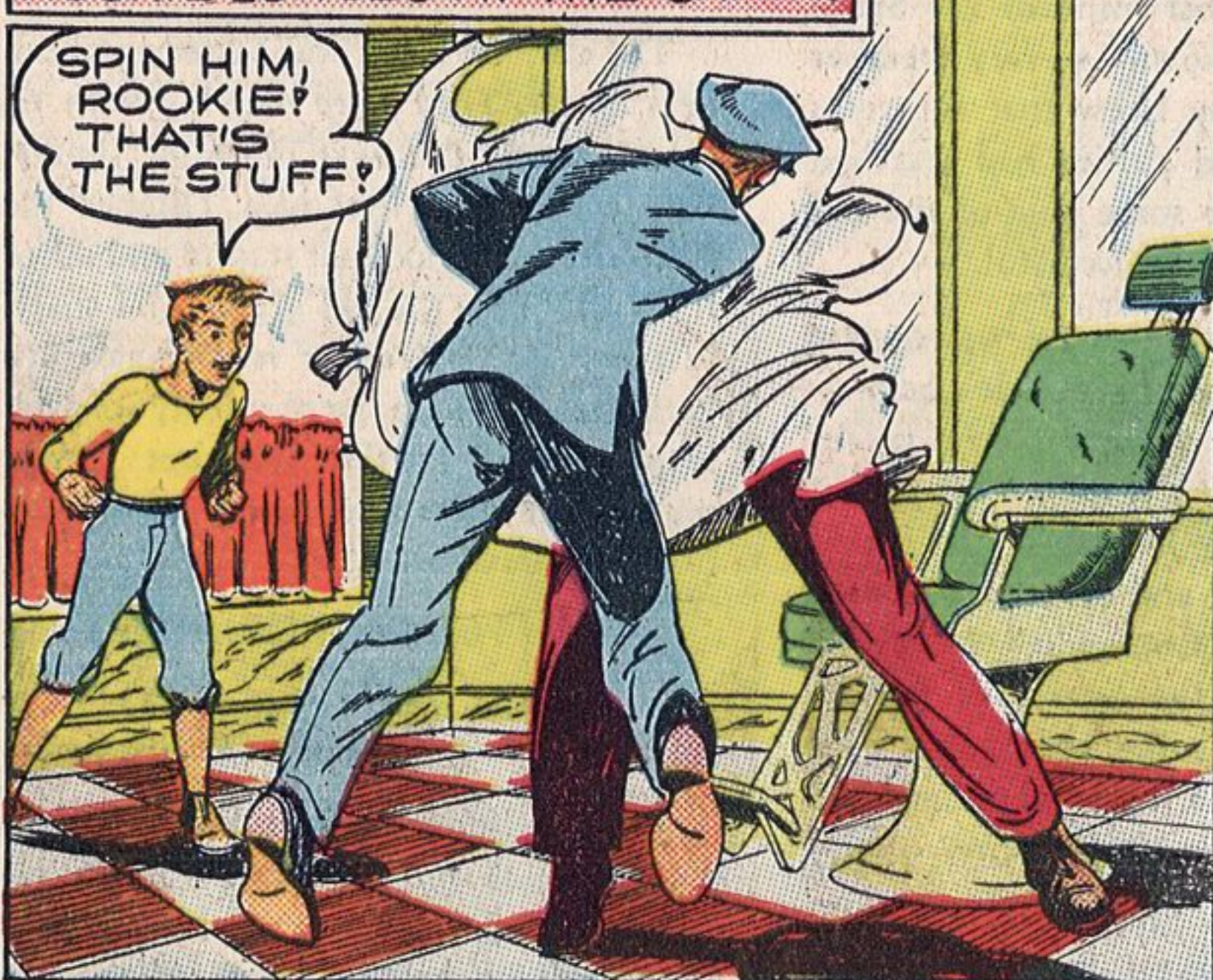
I'LL BET HE'S HAVIN' HIS WHISKERS CUT OFF.



DROP THE RAZOR, TONY?

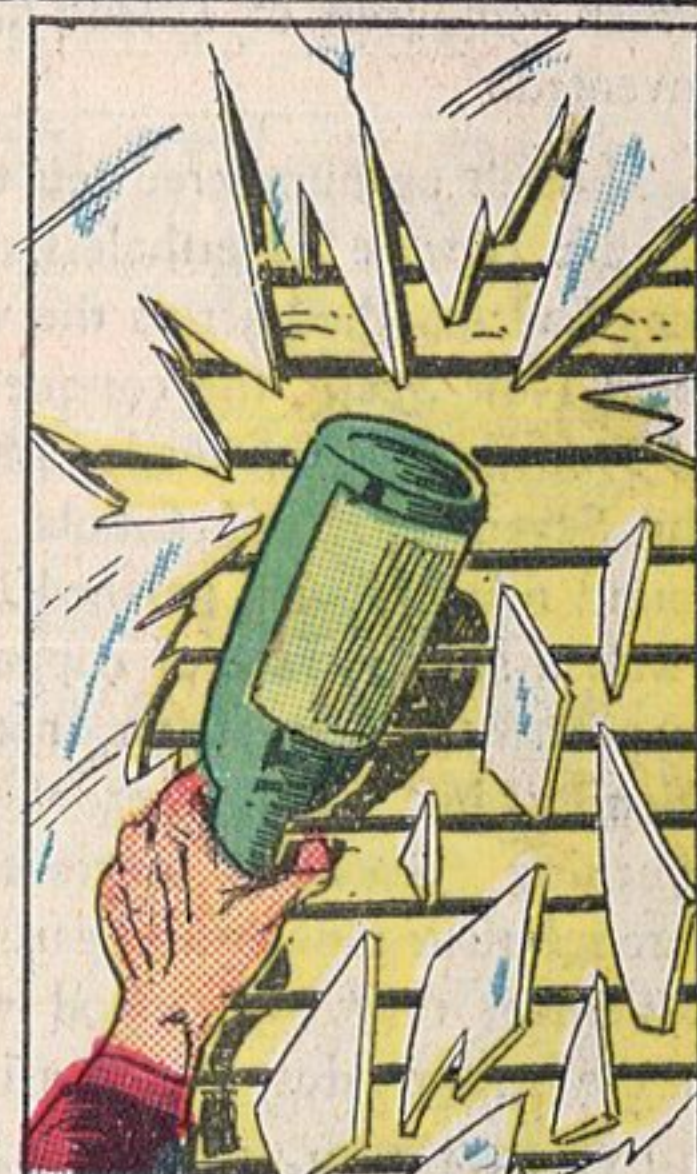
TSK? TSK? SECH A FINE BEARD TOO, MISTA?

ROOKIE LUNGES AT THE CHAIR.



SPIN HIM, ROOKIE? THAT'S THE STUFF?

STARTLED BY ROOKIE'S FACE IN THE MIRROR, IGOR ATTACKS THE REFLECTION WITH A HAIR TONIC BOTTLE . . .



S'LONG, TONY, I GOTTA THROW YOUR CUSTOMER IN A CELL?



HEY, MISTA RANKIN.. WHAT'S A MAT??



AFTER THE SABOTEUR IS LOCKED UP, ROOKIE TELLS THE STORY TO SERGEANT BURNS.

SURE, M'LAD.. YOU SAVED HUNDREDS OF LIVES BY NABBIN' THAT PAIR.

YEAH, BUT I DARN NEAR LOST MY OWN.

Follow Rookie Rankin in the November issue of SMASH COMICS.



# The SECRET of The MOUNTAIN

Stretched out on the hot rock ledge, Don Ricardo Quintero took careful aim. Then his huge harquebuss roared, vomiting a handful of shot. The charge caught the Indian fair in the chest, blasting him out of the saddle. His mustang reared, snorting in terror, and plunged into the close-packed mass of savages that awaited Coronado's legions.

Then the two forces met in mortal combat. War club and tomahawk clanged on the steel armour of the Spaniards. Bell-mouthed guns bellowed. From high on the rock ledge a few snipers took their toll with arbalest, the steel crossbow which armoureders of Toledo had recently invented.

Though outnumbered ten to one, the Spaniards were nevertheless the victors; they had marched across the wild plains from New Spain, the conquering horde of Francisco de Coronado, searching for the Seven Cities of Cibola. They had found naught but a parched land where dwelt a strange race of coppery-skinned savages. At first, these natives were friendly, but the hot-headed Coronado, spurning peaceful overtures, stalked through their ranks with heartless cruelty. Wherever they met, blood was spilled in the burning dust of that grim country.

"The red devils'll learn to respect us," Coronado growled, "or we'll leave every last one of them to dry on the plains!"

And so the thousand Conquistadores marched on, westward, always westward. Dawn of another day found them in a mighty canon whose walls rose in towering spires of burnt red stone and obsidian.

"Colorado!" cried Coronado in a burst of unusual exuberance. "Red—all red, like the roof tiles of Cordoba! Here, my soldiers, we may find one of the cities..."

Nearly four hundred years later, a party of engineers made their way up a stupendous canon, red-walled, through which ran a tributary of the mighty Colorado.

"This is it, all right!" said Jimmy Christian as the party lunched in the

shade of a giant mimosa. "Uncle Jed found his mine somewhere in this canon, just as the old map directed him. He came out twice during the ten years he worked it, and both times he brought pack trains loaded with gold."

Ran Jeffers, metallurgist, said, "And he never returned after that second visit?"

Jimmy shook his head. "No. He hasn't been heard of in over twenty years."

The story of Jimmy Christian's "lost uncle," and the lost mine of the Spaniards, was well known to every member of the party. They knew that for years airplanes and land parties had searched the mountains for some clue of the old mine, all of them unsuccessful.

But Jimmy knew that he was on the right track. In some of his uncle's belongings he had come across a brown parchment map. He drew it out of his pocket and handed it to Jeffers. It was dated "Mayo 14, 1558," and bore the scrawled signature "F. de Coronado." It gave a brief account of the Spaniards finding the fabulous gold mine, concluding with the statement that a horde of Indians had attacked them.

"Looks like the McCoy," said Jeffers.

Jimmy said, "According to this map, the mine is located somewhere at the head of the canon. It can't be more than five miles away." He knew that the map was accurate; he had checked and re-checked it against all existing data.

That evening the party camped near the end of the canon, and as they were eating dinner a tanned, uniformed stranger strolled down to their fire.

"Howdy!" he said genially. "Saw your fire from the station. Just wanted to warn you to be sure and put your fire out when you leave here; weather awful dry now."

Jimmy invited the forest ranger to join them in a pot of tea. "I didn't know there was a ranger lookout station within miles of here," he said.

"Oh, yes. Less than a mile up on the

ridge; it's been here for twenty-four years."

Further conversation revealed that the chap was new to the territory, having been transferred from Utah only a week before.

All the next day they searched the end of the big canon, but found no indication of there ever having been a mine anywhere. The terrain, generally, stacked up with the description given in Coronado's map, but the "cave of many winds," referred to in the ancient parchment, was not to be found.

"Well," said Jeffers with a long face, "guess we've pulled a fluke, huh?"

Jimmy didn't answer. He felt a little baffled. The canon walls were almost exactly as depicted by the fourteenth century cartographer, even to the "church spires of red rock" that formed its walls. But where was the gold mine?

The ensuing night was passed in glumness by all. They were meeting with no success. Early the next morning Jimmy, with a sudden bright idea, climbed the steep rise to the lookout station and asked if he might see the old graphs and charts in the files. The ranger readily gave his permission. There were plenty of yellowed papers in the files, but Jimmy picked out all those dated more than twenty years ago.

"Mind if I use your alidade?" he asked.

"Go ahead. Hope you don't spot a fire!"

Jimmy aimed the instrument toward Mt. Holcomb, ten miles to the north. He got a reading, then compared it with the old graph he held. He sighted the alidade again, then glanced at the graph. On the latter, Spire Rock was indicated almost in a direct line with Mt. Holcomb. But where—

Once more he aimed the device, this time five degrees to the west. Then he whistled softly. "Thanks, old man," he told the ranger. "Be seeing you!"

When Jimmy told the others about his amazing discovery, he got a laugh; but when he showed them the old graph, and the new one he had made, Jeffers said, "Holy cow! Why—but it's impossible!"

Hanson yawned. "Wouldn't say impossible, Ran. Just improbable."

"But true," Jimmy insisted. "Well, this job will take heavy machinery, powder, men. Let's get 'em!"

Two weeks later, a huge freight plane landed on the flat floor of the canon, and some mining machinery was removed from the cargo hold and quickly set up. A second ship brought a dozen miners, along with Dick and his companions. Work started immediately.

At the end of three days, by blasting and digging, they had penetrated thirty feet into the north end of the canon. "What do you expect to find?" was the question fired at Jimmy constantly by the men. And Jimmy would reply, grinning, "A gold mine—and my uncle!"

They made five bores in all. Then one day a miner's pick sunk with a dull thud into a wooden beam.

"Hurray!" cried Jimmy. "I think we've found it!"

It required the removal of more than fifty tons of earth and rocks ere the wrecked mine entrance was uncovered. But after the debris had been cleared away, they found something else—a skeleton! The skull had been crushed by a falling beam. On the bony right hand there was a heavy gold signet ring, engraved with the initials "JDC."

"It's Uncle Jed, all right," Jimmy said quietly. "Poor old chap, the structure

must've crashed upon him while he slept. Of course, the movement would have been too slow for him to notice it—"

"Movement?" said O'Malley, foreman of the miners. "What movement? What is all this? How the heck did you know there was a gold mine in there?"

Jimmy smiled. "Well, it's like this, fellows. Years ago the end of this canon looked a lot different. In the past two decades Mother Nature has been playing a trick on us—"

A miner ran up to them then. "Hey! I think I've found the ledge!"

They all followed him back into the bore where, with the aid of miner's lamps, they could see the huge ledge of virgin gold from which old Jed Christian had mined his fortune.

"Whew!" Jimmy blinked his eyes. "I never saw such a ledge. There must be a ton of gold in there!"

Jeffers pretended to be dizzy. "Why, the 'Flying Dutchman' couldn't've had a bigger pay streak!"

"Well," said Jimmy, "might as well start a crew working, it right now."

O'Malley wasn't to be put off. "You started to tell us—"

"Oh, yes," laughed Jimmy. "During the wet season it probably moved somewhat faster than during the summer months, but in all it traveled more than sixty feet—enough to hide the mine entrance."

O'Malley looked dumbfounded. "Do you mean... Look, Christian, what the heck moved?"

"Spire Rock. Here is a clipping out of the *Denver Post*. Jeffers flew it in last week, after I had sent my figures and report to the School of Mines." Jimmy handed the foreman the piece of paper. It read:

COLORADO HAS A MOVING MOUNTAIN! IN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, SPIRE ROCK HAS MOVED OVER SIXTY FEET, COVERING THE FABULOUS SPANIARD MINE. JAMES CHRISTIAN MADE THE DISCOVERY WITH A FOREST RANGER'S ALIDADE.

READ THE CITY OF DEATH  
ANOTHER JIMMY CHRISTIAN THRILLER  
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF  
**SMASH COMICS**  
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 19TH



Be sure your new bike has this famous brake!

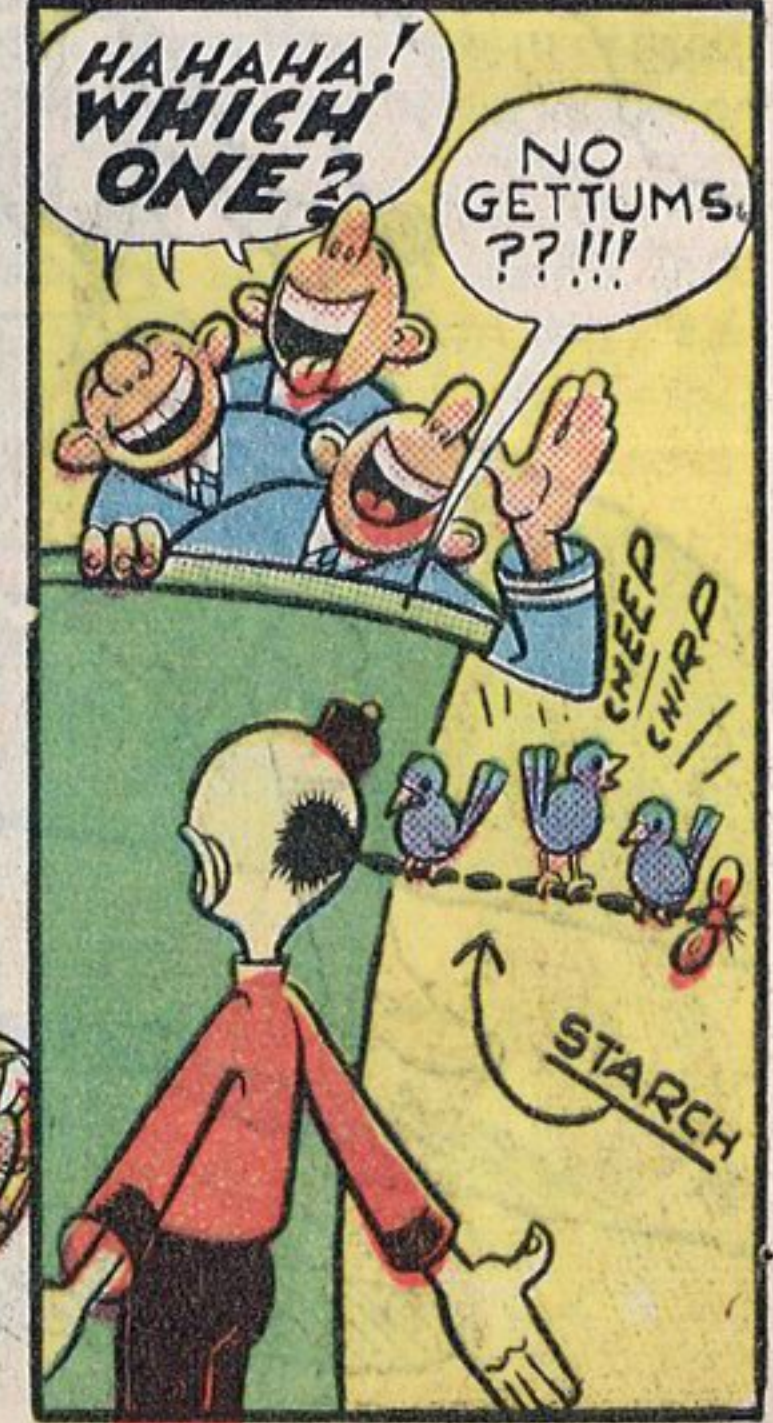
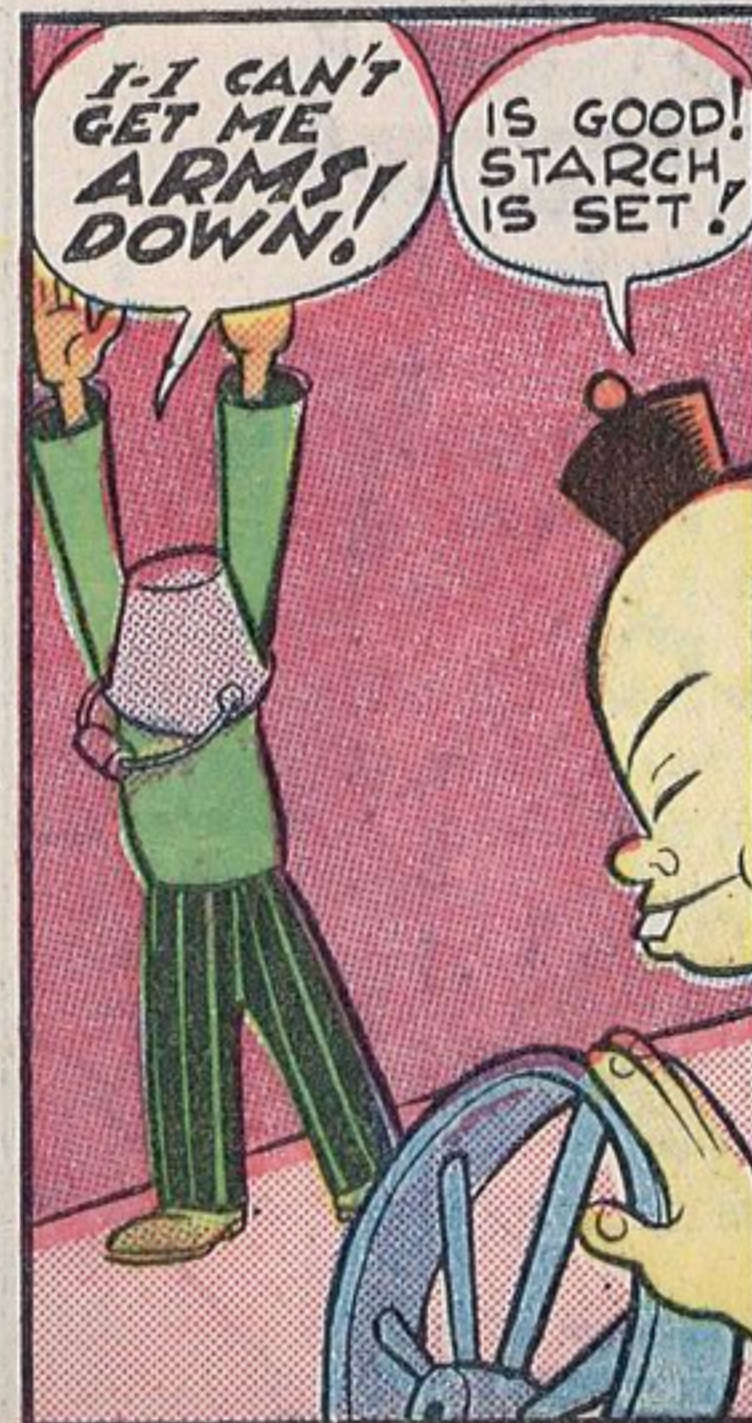
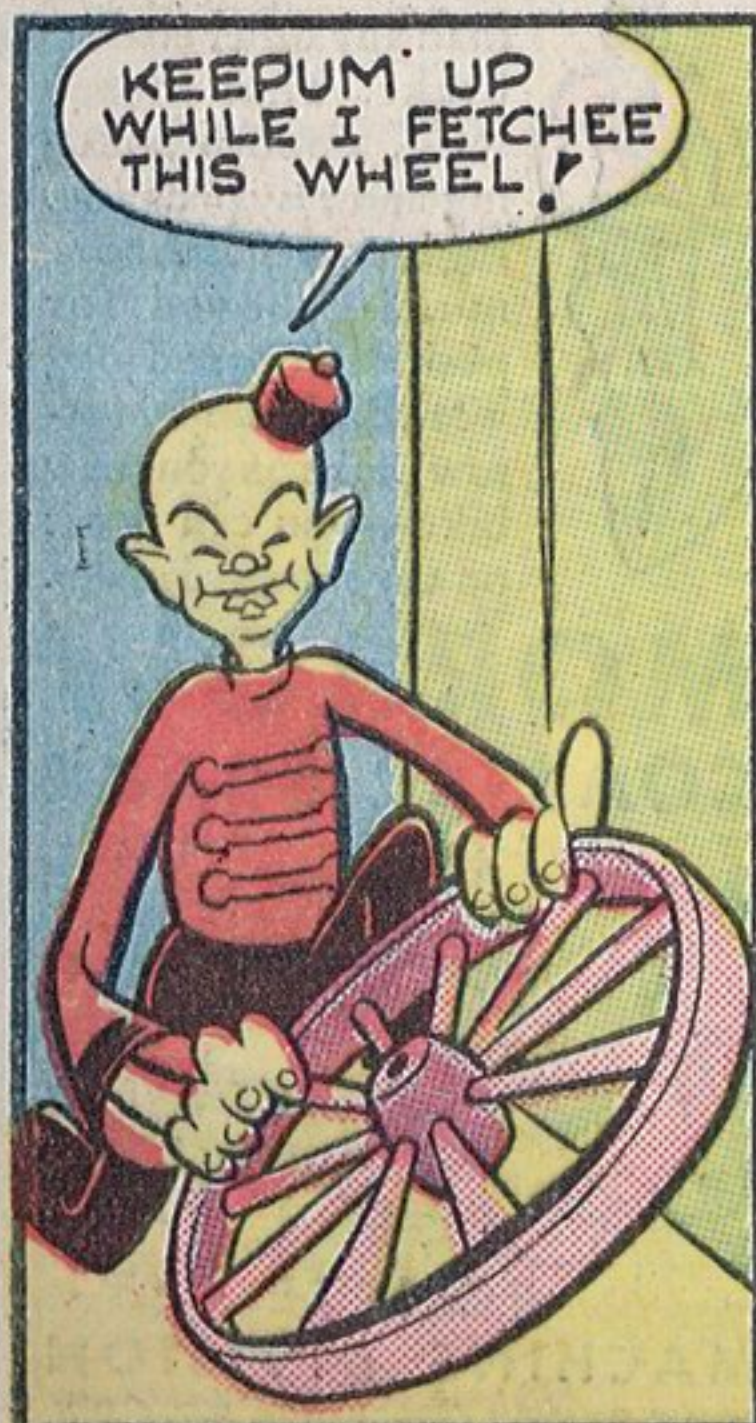
BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

**MORROW COASTER BRAKE**



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Elmira, N. Y.







# INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON



IT IS LATE AT NIGHT AS A FRIGHTENED CITIZEN RUSHES TO A POLICEMAN ON HIS BEAT.



SUDDENLY BEHIND HIM...



BEFORE HE CAN SPEAK ANOTHER WORD A BLINDING FLASH KNOCKS HIM DOWN...





UP THE STREET KENT THURSTON AND A SCIENTIST FRIEND DOCTOR BOND, RETURN FROM A LECTURE...



KENT: 'LOOK! THOSE TWO MEN! THEY'RE COMING TOWARD US -

GREAT SCOTT!



WHO ARE.... UGH-

WHY YOU -

THURSTON LASHES OUT...



BUT A BLINDING FLASH PARALYZES HIM.....



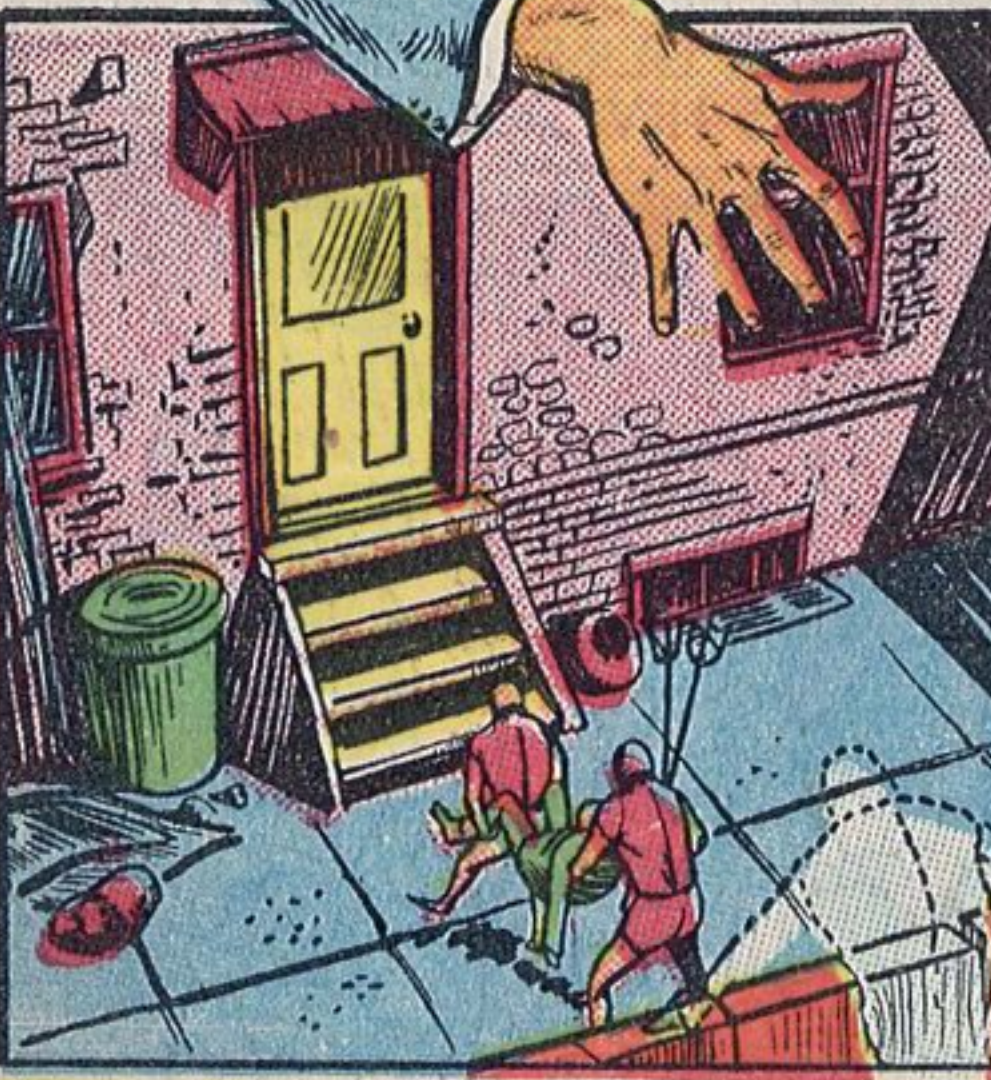
LATER

WHERE AM I? OH - MY HEAD! THEY'RE GONE - AND TAKEN THE DOC WITH THEM... WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?



THIS IS A DEAD END STREET... THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR... YES THERE THEY GO!

IT'S TIME FOR THE INVISIBLE HOOD TO TAKE A HAND AND FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS!



AS THE TWO CAPTORS CARRY THEIR BURDEN INTO AN OLD TENEMENT HOUSE, A STRANGE FIGURE FOLLOWS - IT IS THE INVISIBLE HOOD....

AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL THEY ENTER A SMALL ELEVATOR



AND THIS PLACE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABANDONED... I'LL WAIT FOR IT TO COME UP AGAIN!

MINUTES LATER TWO THUGS STEP OUT...



WE'LL HAVE TO PULL THAT BANK JOB TONIGHT... THE BOSS NEEDS THE DOUGH TO CARRY ON HIS GREAT WORK!

YEAH!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!

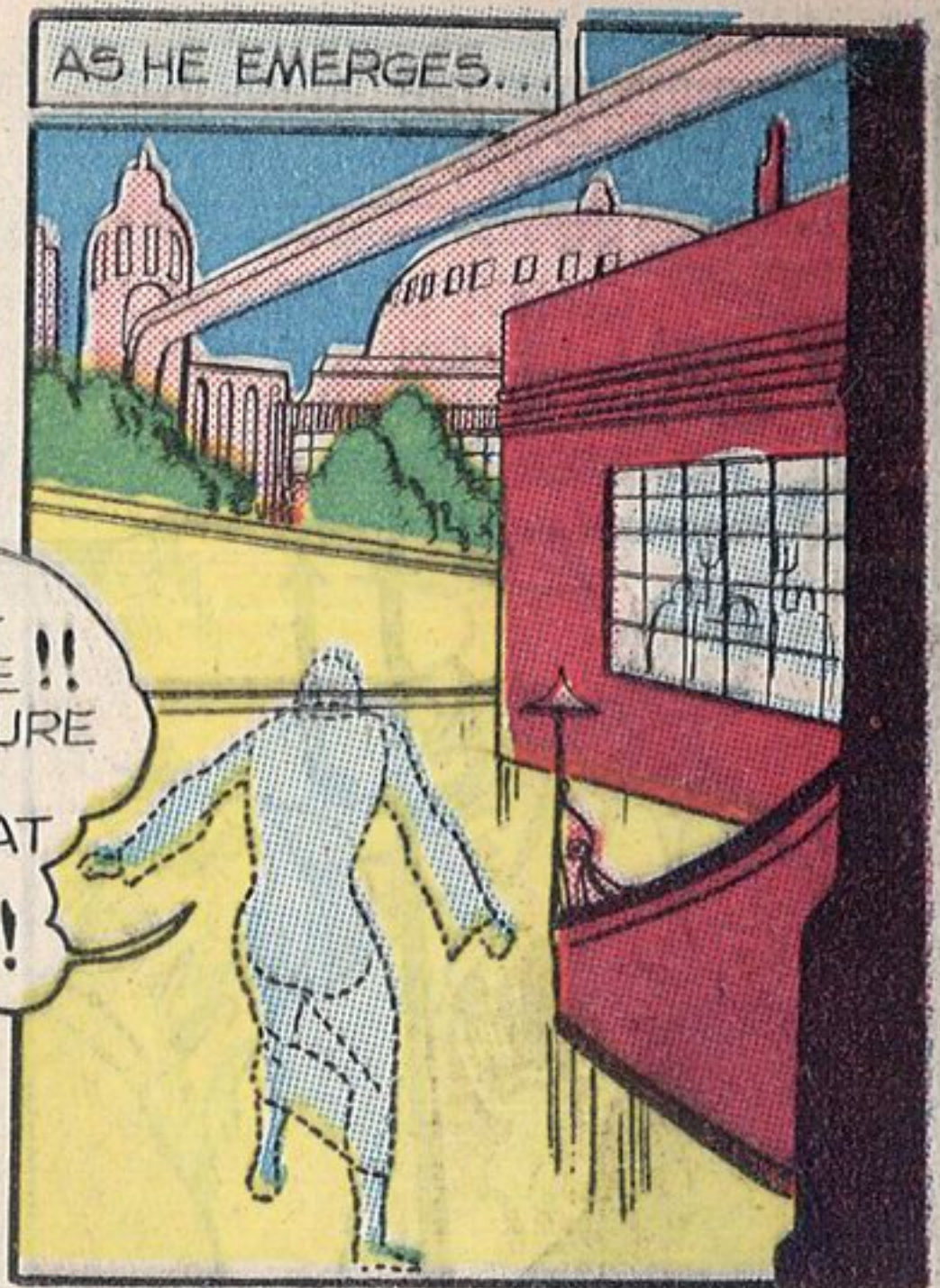




THE ELEVATOR CARRIES THE INVISIBLE HOOD DEEP INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH...

YOU'LL DO NO ROBBING TONIGHT, MY TALKATIVE FRIENDS!!

WELL- I'LL BE!! A MINIATURE CITY- WHO'S THAT OVER THERE!



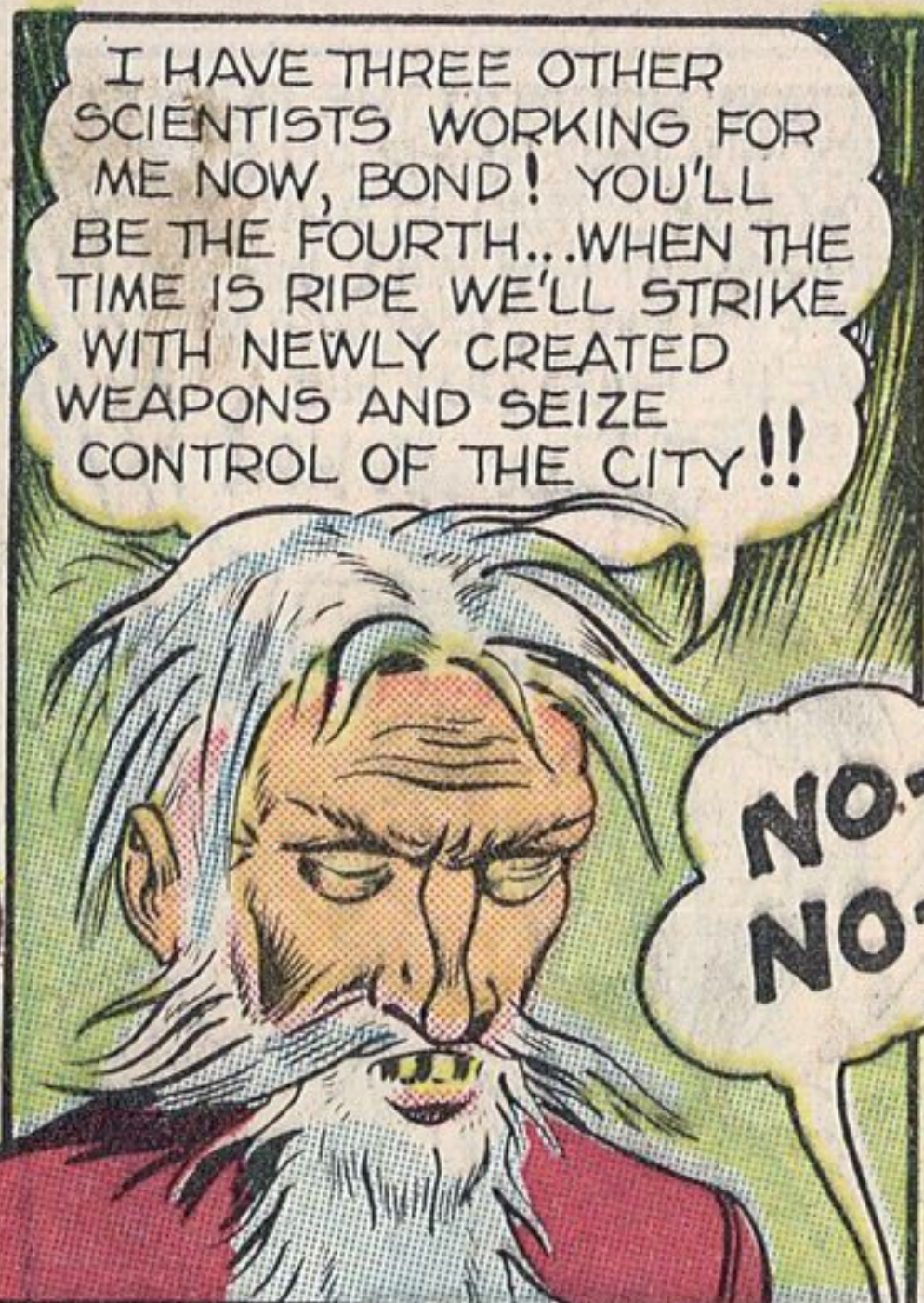
AS HE EMERGES...



AS THE HOOD LOOKS ON....

I SENT MY SHOCK GUARDS TO BRING YOU HERE, DOCTOR BOND... YOU WILL HELP ME IN MY GREAT WORK!

KNEEL BEFORE THE WHITE WIZARD, KNAVE!



I HAVE THREE OTHER SCIENTISTS WORKING FOR ME NOW, BOND! YOU'LL BE THE FOURTH... WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE WE'LL STRIKE WITH NEWLY CREATED WEAPONS AND SEIZE CONTROL OF THE CITY!!

NO- NO-!



THAT WILL BE ONLY THE BEGINNING, DOCTOR! HA-HA- PUT HIM TO WORK WITH THE OTHERS!



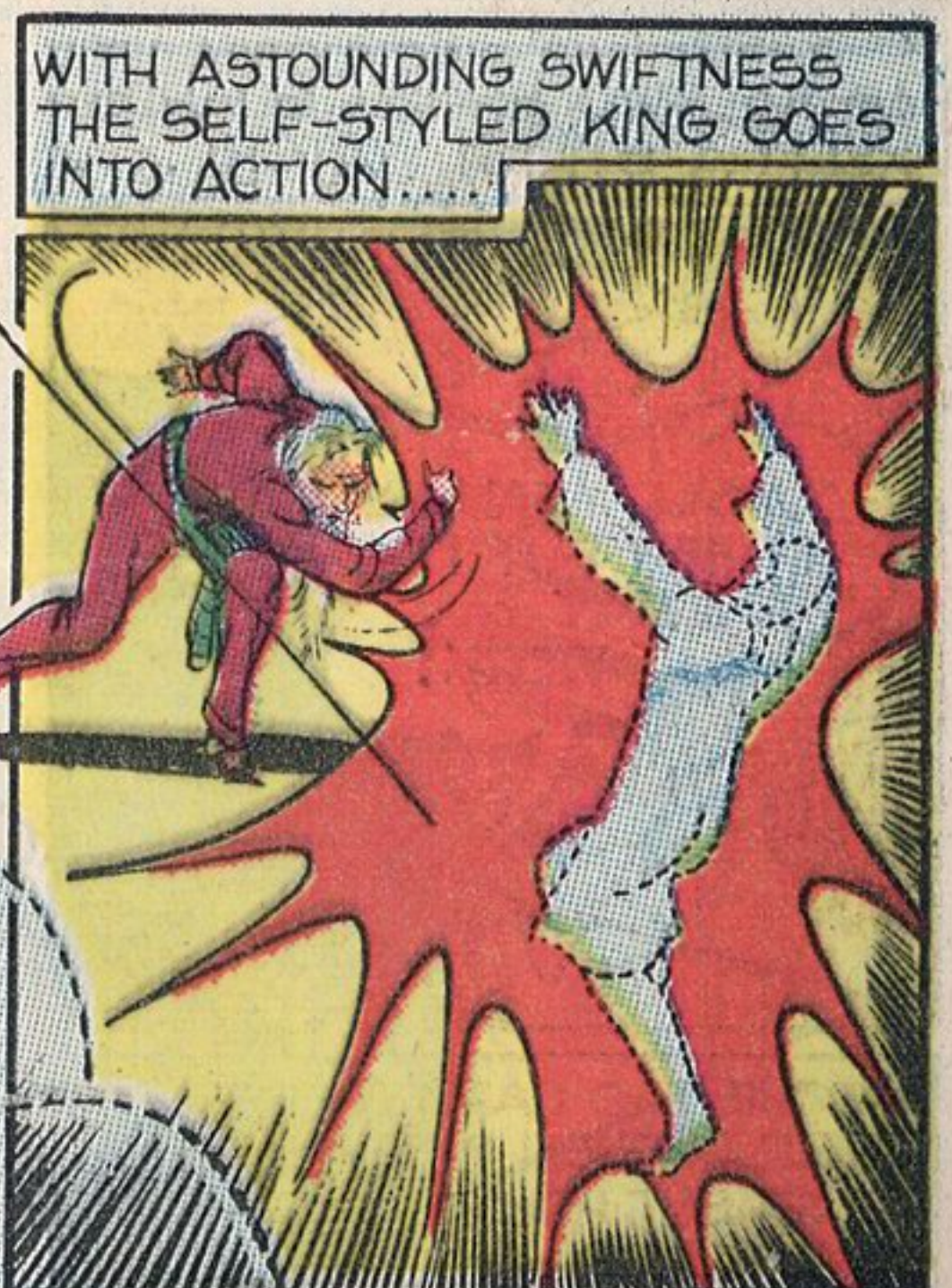
SUDDENLY THE GUARDS ARE HIT BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE...

WHO SAID THAT?

I DON'T THINK THE DOC FEELS LIKE WORKING RIGHT NOW!



YOU HAVE MET YOUR MATCH, WIZARD! I, THE INVISIBLE HOOD WILL STOP YOU DEAD IN YOUR TRACKS- YOUR DREAM IS OVER!!



WITH ASTOUNDING SWIFTNESS THE SELF-STYLED KING GOES INTO ACTION....



IN THE MIDST OF THE BLINDING FLASH THE HOOD'S FACE BECOMES VISIBLE...

LIKE A FLASH THE INVISIBLE HOOD GOES INTO ACTION.....

OH HO! SEIZE HIM, MEN - WE'LL LEARN THE SECRET OF HIS INVISIBILITY-IT'LL BE ONE OF OUR NEW WEAPONS!



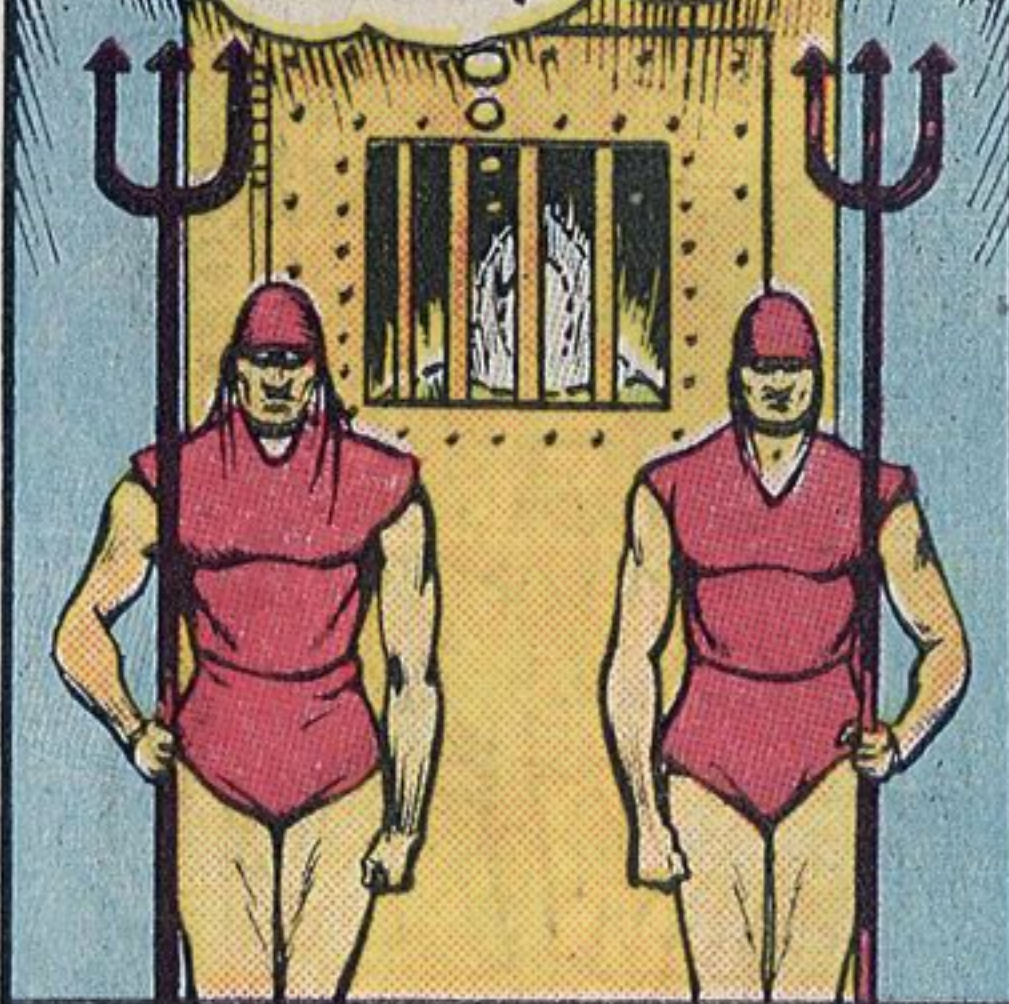
BUT A SHOCK FROM BEHIND FELLOWS THE HOOD...



THROW HIM INTO THE PRISON ROOM! AND KEEP AN EYE ON HIM... THAT FLARE I THREW AT HIM WILL WEAR OFF SOON... TOMORROW WE'LL FIND OUT HIS SECRET - HA-HA-HA-HA!



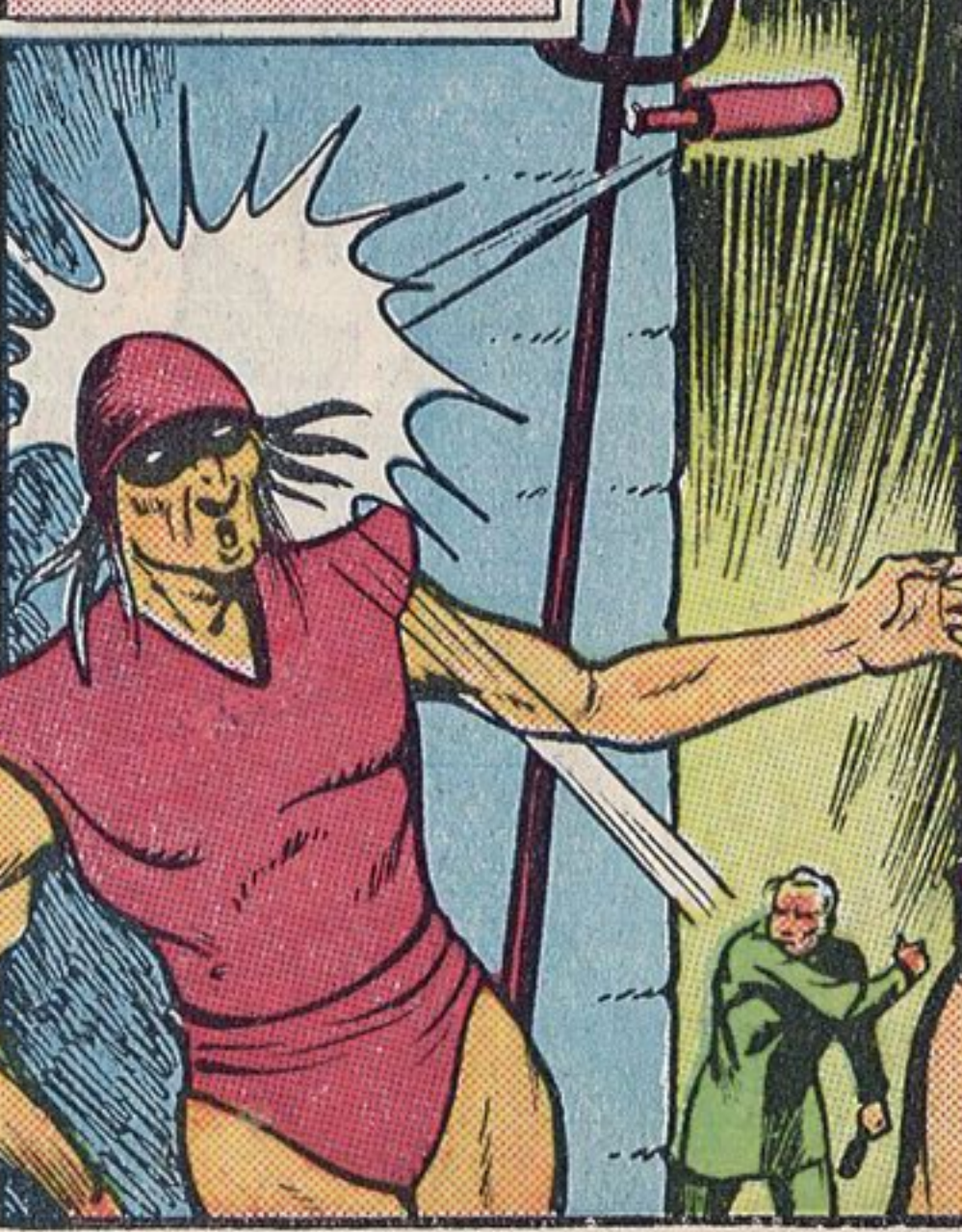
LATER  
WHAT A MESS! IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE, TOMORROW WILL BE THE END OF THE INVISIBLE HOOD... HMM - TWO GUARDS!



AS THE TWO SHOCK GUARDS KEEP A STRICT WATCH.....



A CRUSHING BLOW FINISHES THE FIRST MAN...



AS THE SECOND GUARD TURNS TO HELP.....









# BOZO THE ROBOT

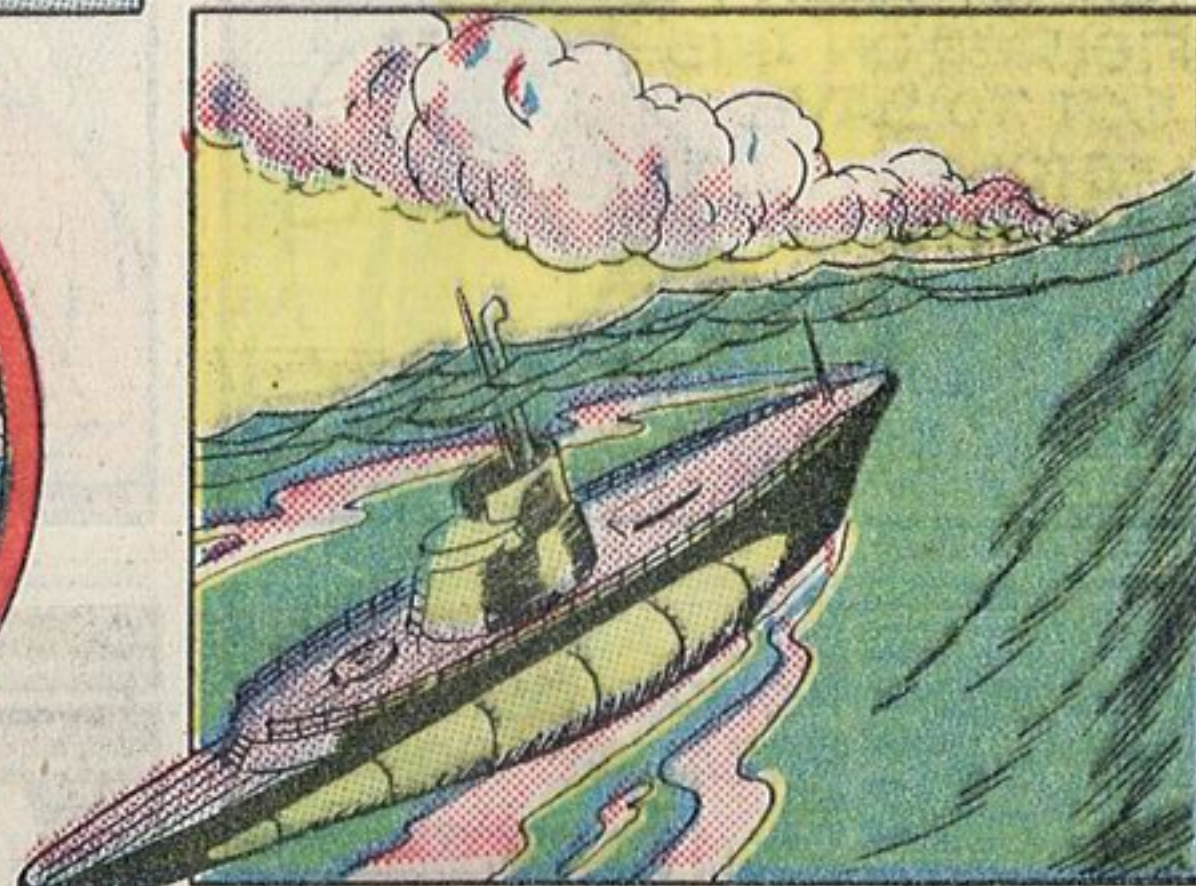
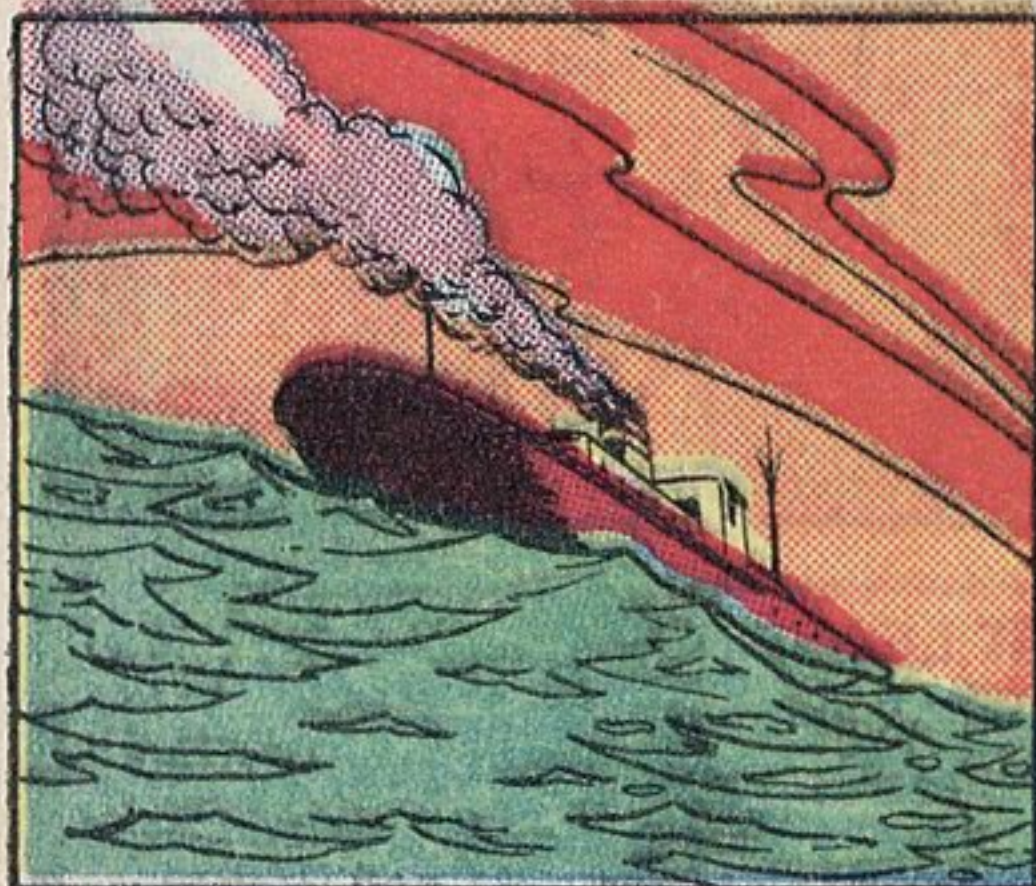
by  
WAYNE  
REID.

BOZO THE ROBOT GRINDS DOWN THE GUILTY WHEN HIS MASTER, HUGH HAZZARD COMMANDS.. CARRYING HIS OWNER OR CONTROLLED BY RADIO, THE IRON MAN HAS YET TO KNOW DEFEAT!

AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT PLOWS ITS WAY TOWARD WARTORN EUROPE--

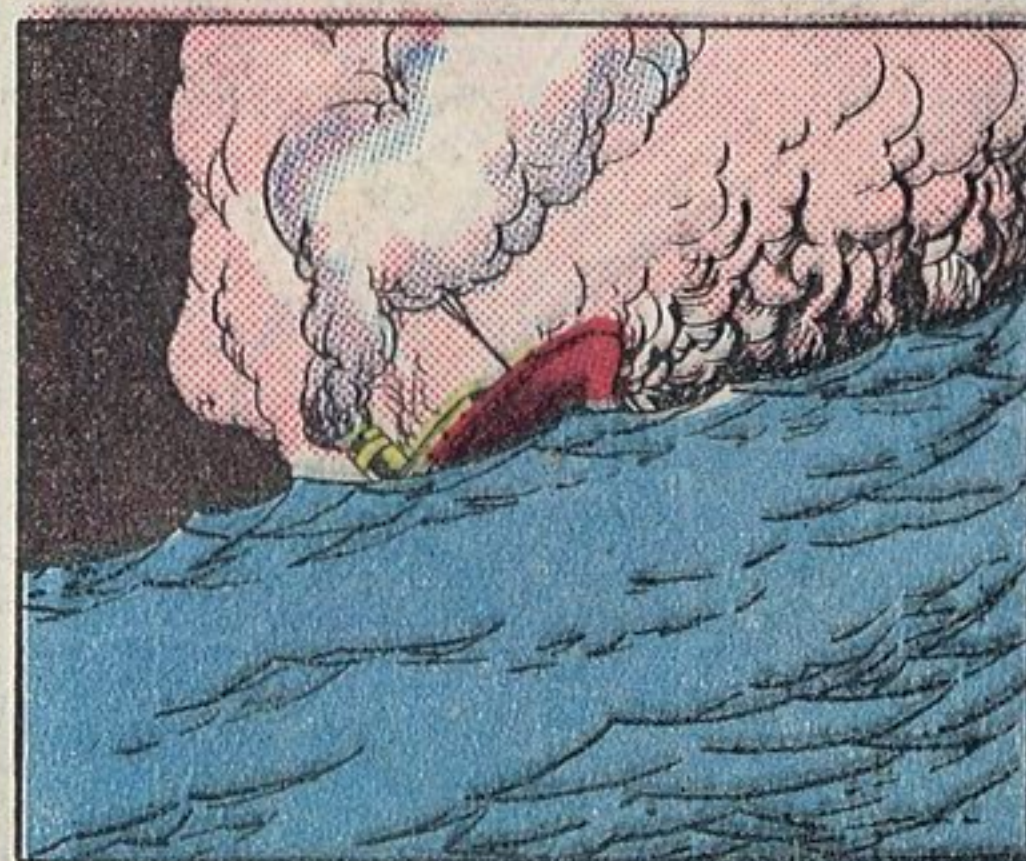
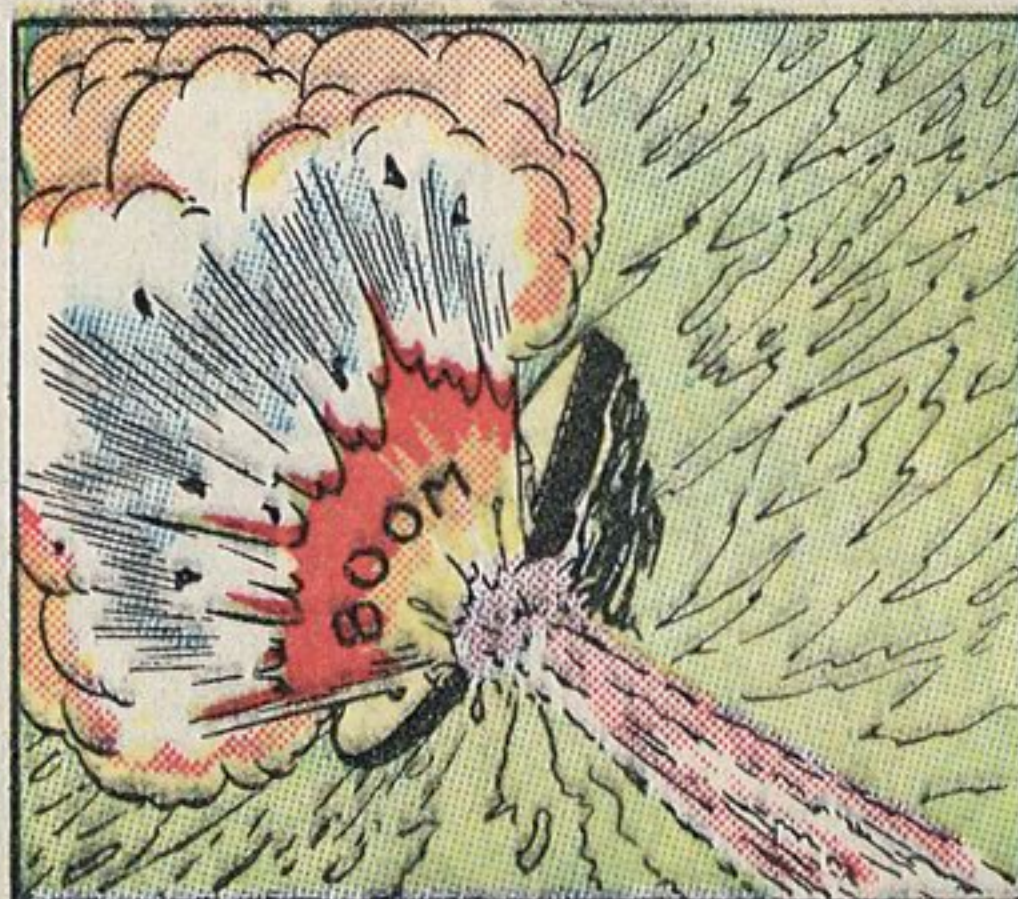
ONE OF THE MANY SHIPS THAT HAS BEEN RESCUING AMERICAN CITIZENS!

IN ITS WAKE, A GRAY SHADOW POINTS ITS NOSE AT THE LINER---



WITHOUT MERCY OR WARNING, THE BOAT IS STRUCK AMIDSHIPS.

..AND CRIES OF AGONY DIE AS THE SHIP IS SWALLOWED BY THE ANGRY SEA---





IN HIS HOME, HUGH HAZZARD, OWNER OF THE MIGHTY IRON MAN, BOZO, SCANS THE EVENING PAPER---

HMM-THIS IS INTERESTING-

SUPER-POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE INVENTED

AFTER YEARS OF EXPERIMENTING, DR. EZRA CADE HAS INVENTED AN EXPLOSIVE 1000 TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY KNOWN TO MAN. IT IS SAID A FEW GRAMS WILL BLOW THE LARGEST BATTLESHIP TO BITS.

SUDDENLY THE RADIO DRAWS HUGH'S ATTENTION--

FLASH- ANOTHER AMERICAN STEAMER HAS BEEN SUNK BY A PROWLING U-BOAT WITHIN 300 MILES OF AMERICA'S SHORE- THIS IS THE FOURTH VICTIM OF THIS PHANTOM SUBMARINE-

THAT NEW EXPLOSIVE- IF I COULD GET SOME OF THAT I COULD BLOW THAT SUB RIGHT OUT OF THE SEA---

MEANWHILE IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. CADE--

SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE AND IT LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR BOZO AND ME-- SAY--

ZORK- WITHOUT YOUR HELP, I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE COMPLETED THIS EXPLOSIVE-

THANK YOU-

NOW, NO NATION WILL DARE ATTACK THESE UNITED STATES!

YES, AND THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD PAY YOU WELL FOR IT, DOCTOR!

PAY ME? NO-- IT IS MY GIFT TO THE NATION I LOVE!

YOU MEAN WE'LL GET NO MONEY?

RIGHT-NOW GO ON HOME AND REST... YOU'RE TIRED!!





THE FOOL—GIVING  
IT TO THE GOVERNMENT—  
I WON'T LET HIM—  
I WON'T!

DR.  
CADE'S  
ASSISTANT  
GLOWS AS  
HE LEAVES..



IF HE DOES NOT  
WANT RICHES, I DO—  
AND THIS IS MY  
CHANCE—



YES, I'LL SELL IT  
TO THE NATION THAT  
BIDS HIGHEST—  
I'LL BE RICH—  
RICH-- RICH!

THAT NIGHT, HUGH, INSIDE  
THE ROBOT, HEADS FOR DR.  
CADE'S PLACE---

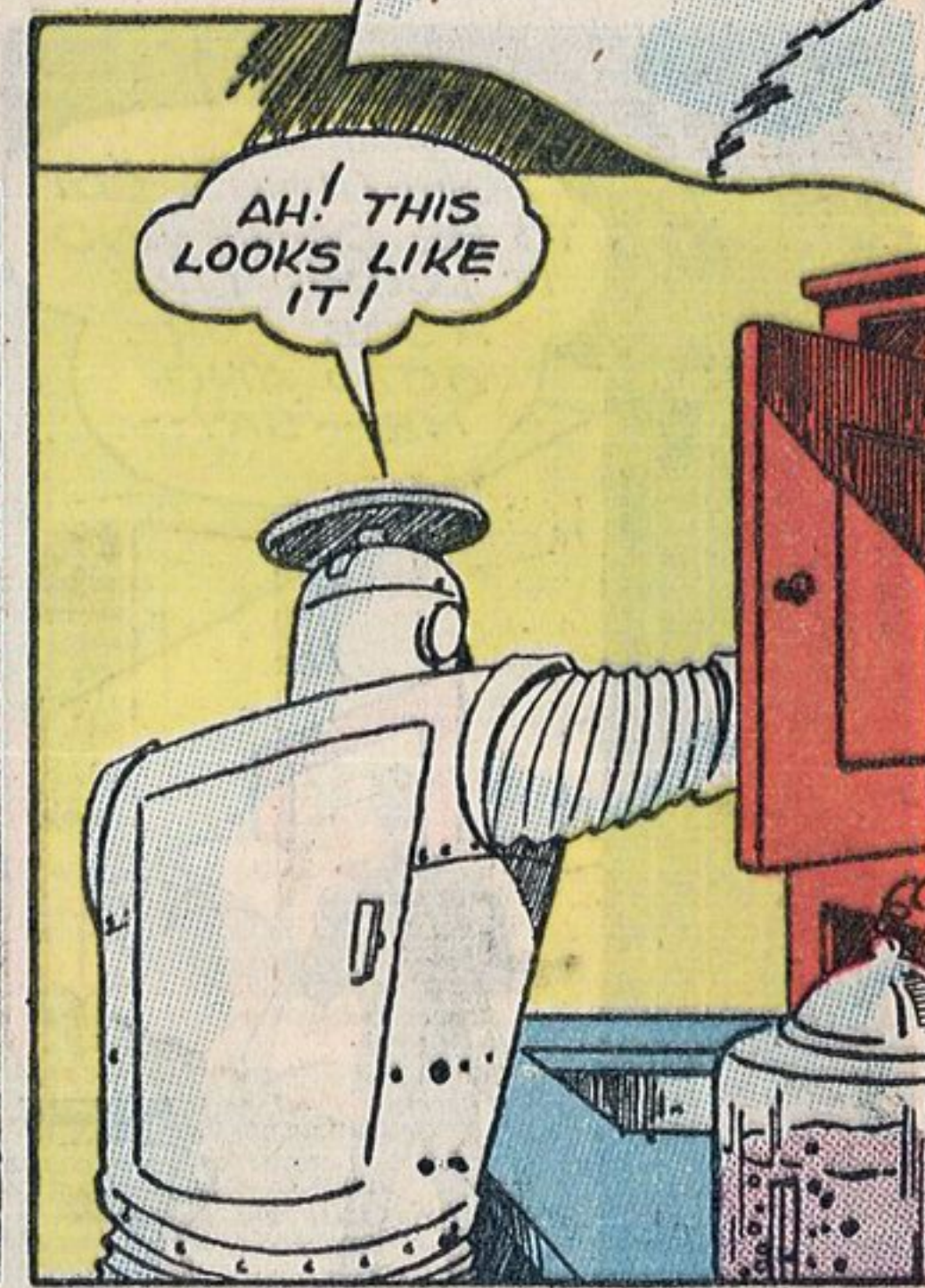
A MOMENT LATER HE IS  
INSIDE---



THERE  
IT IS!



I DON'T THINK  
THE DOCTOR  
WOULD MISS  
A FEW GRAMS  
OF THAT  
POWDER—



AH! THIS  
LOOKS LIKE  
IT!

THE IRON MAN MEASURES  
OUT A SMALL PORTION—

AND DR. CADE ENTERS —



THIS SHOULD  
DO THE TRICK—  
ON—



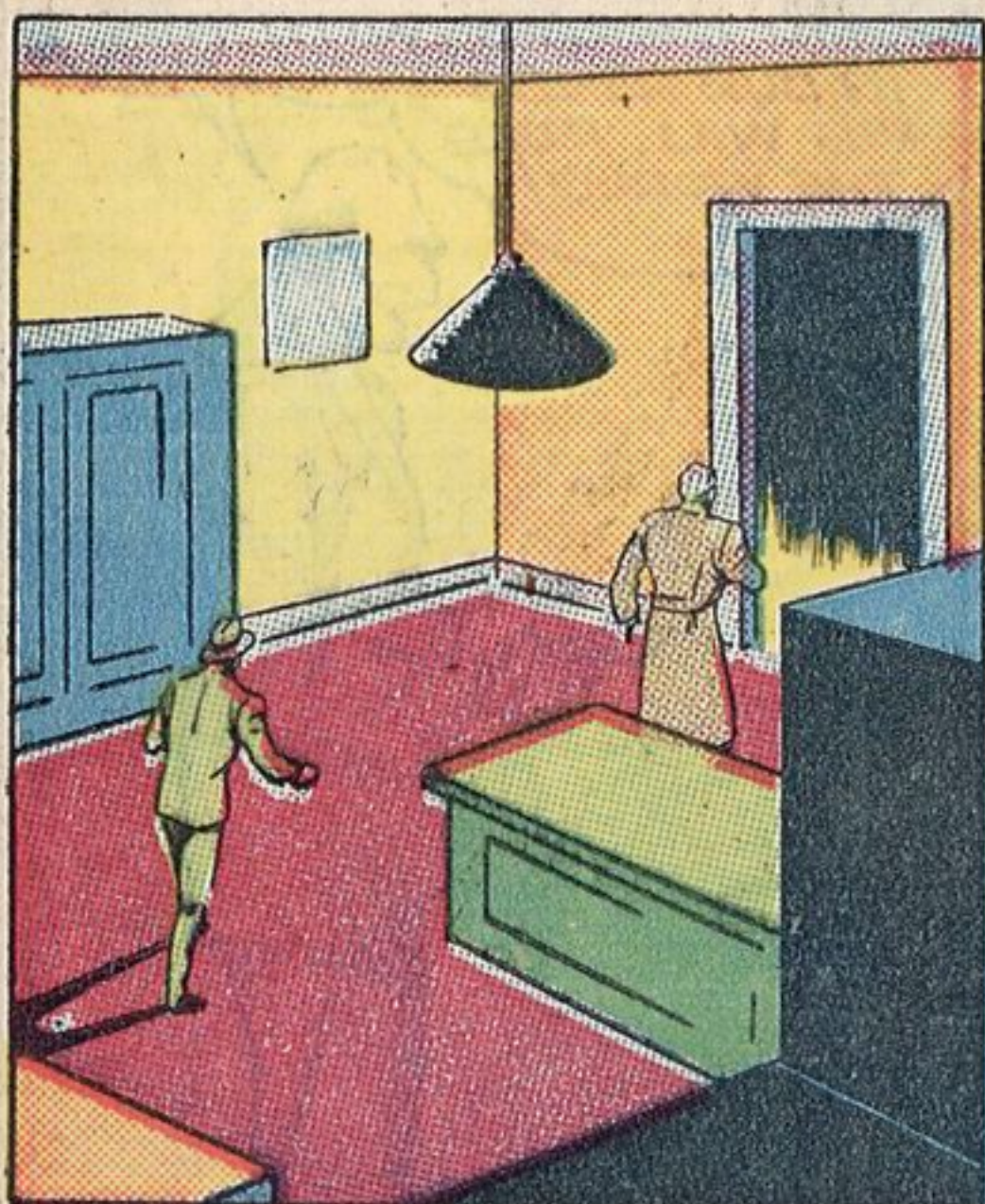
SOMEONE'S COMING—  
I'LL HIDE!



I THOUGHT I  
HEARD SOMEONE—  
I GUESS I'M  
MISTAKEN—

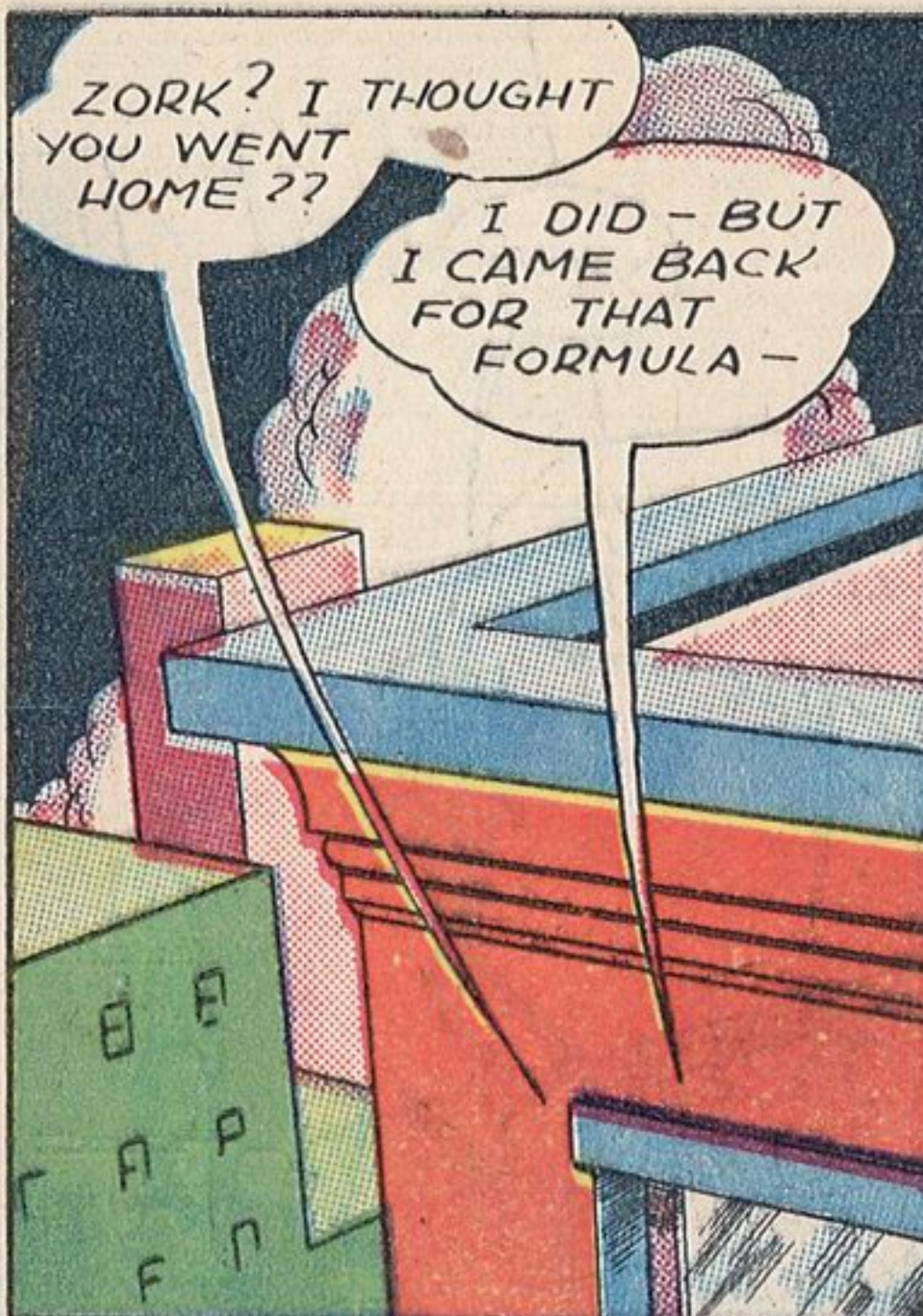


QUIETLY ANOTHER FIGURE  
ENTERS BEHIND DR. CADE



ZORK? I THOUGHT  
YOU WENT  
HOME??

I DID - BUT  
I CAME BACK  
FOR THAT  
FORMULA -



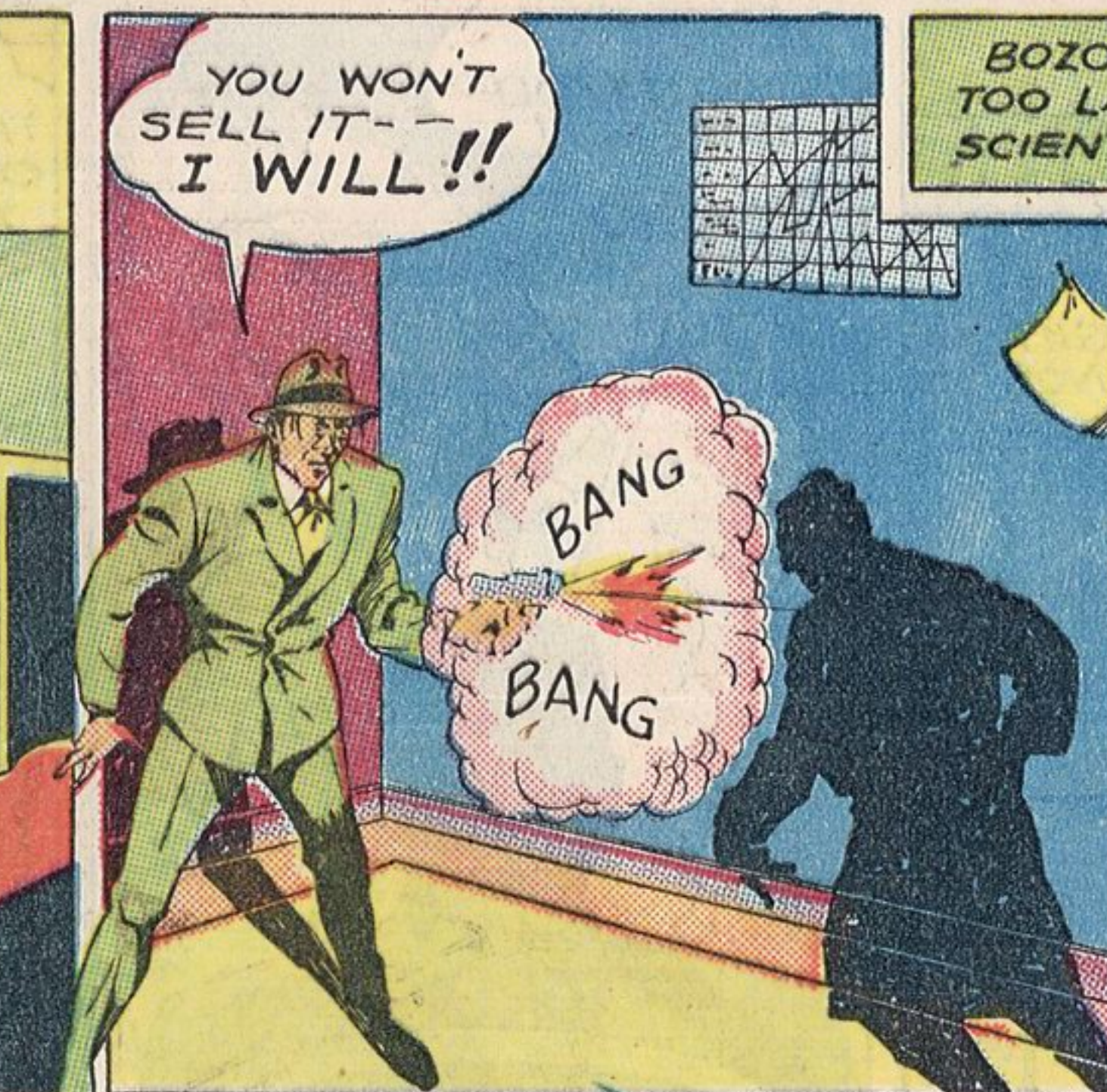
I'VE ALREADY MADE  
A DEAL WITH ONE OF  
HERR GITLER'S AGENTS  
TO SELL IT FOR A  
MILLION DOLLARS!



GET OUT, YOU DEVIL!  
I SAID I'M NOT  
SELLING IT -  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!!

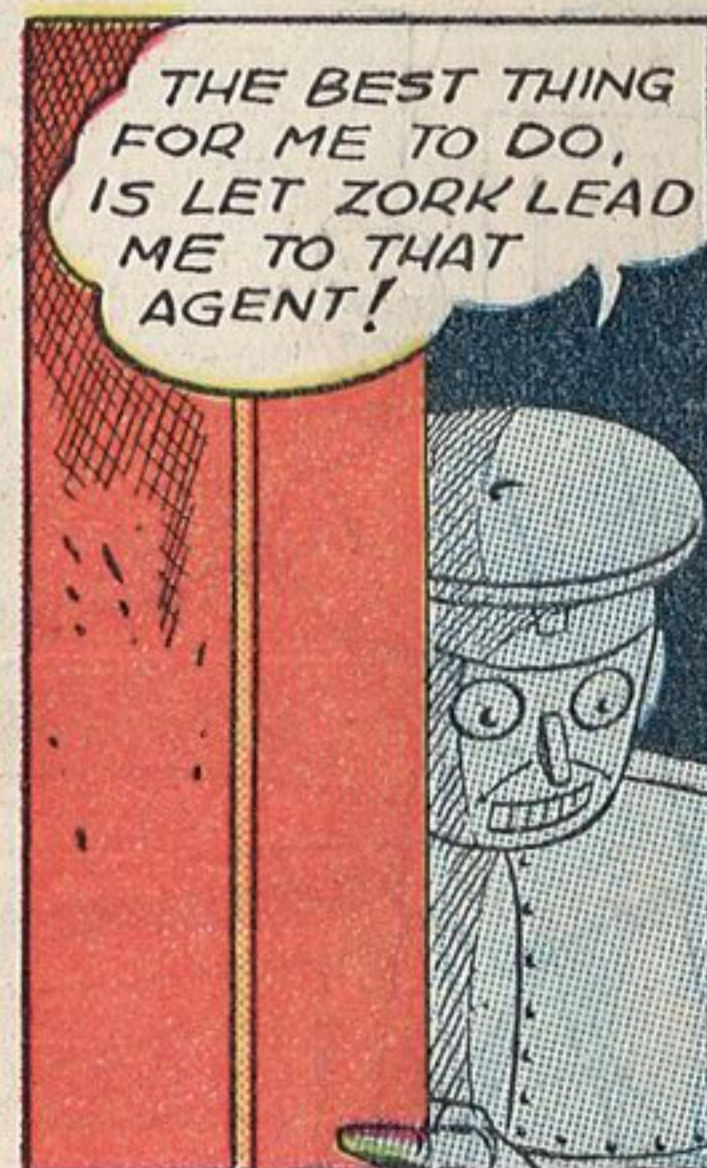


YOU WON'T  
SELL IT - -  
I WILL!!



BOZO, OFF HIS GUARD, IS  
TOO LATE TO SAVE THE  
SCIENTIST---

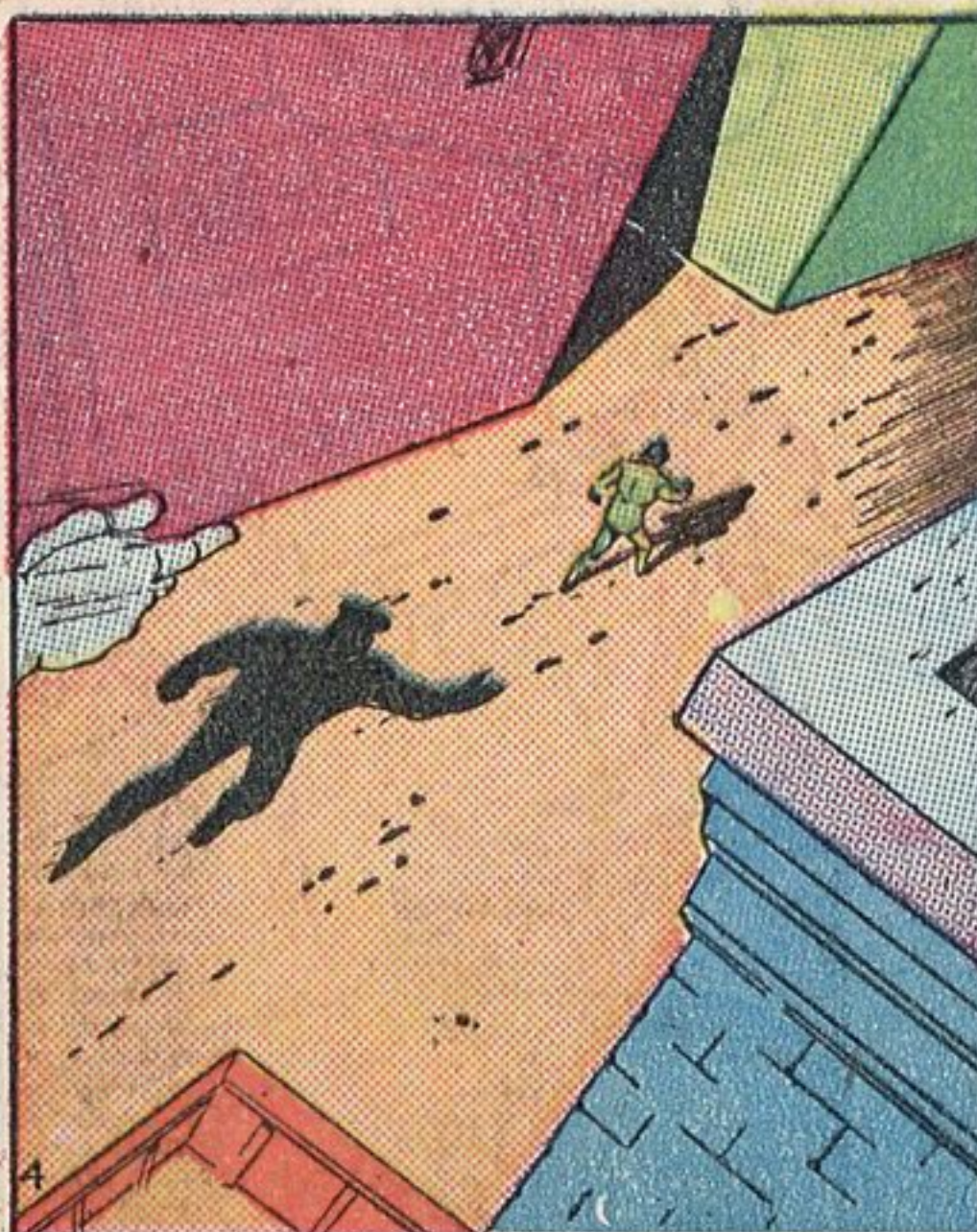
THE BEST THING  
FOR ME TO DO,  
IS LET ZORK LEAD  
ME TO THAT  
AGENT!



THE FORMULA - NOW  
TO COLLECT THE  
MONEY!

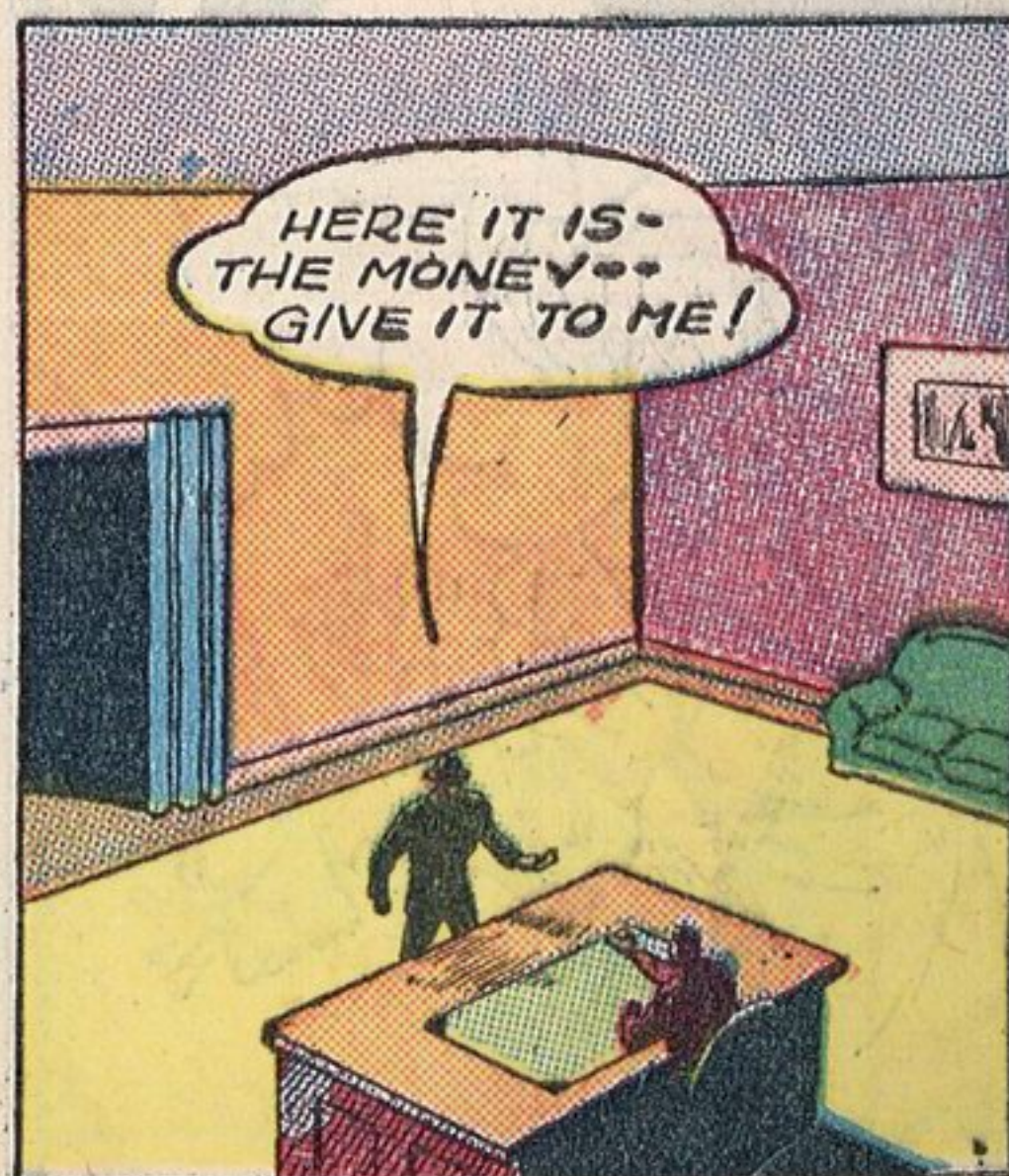


THE IRON MAN FOLLOWS  
THE MONEY-MAD ZORK--

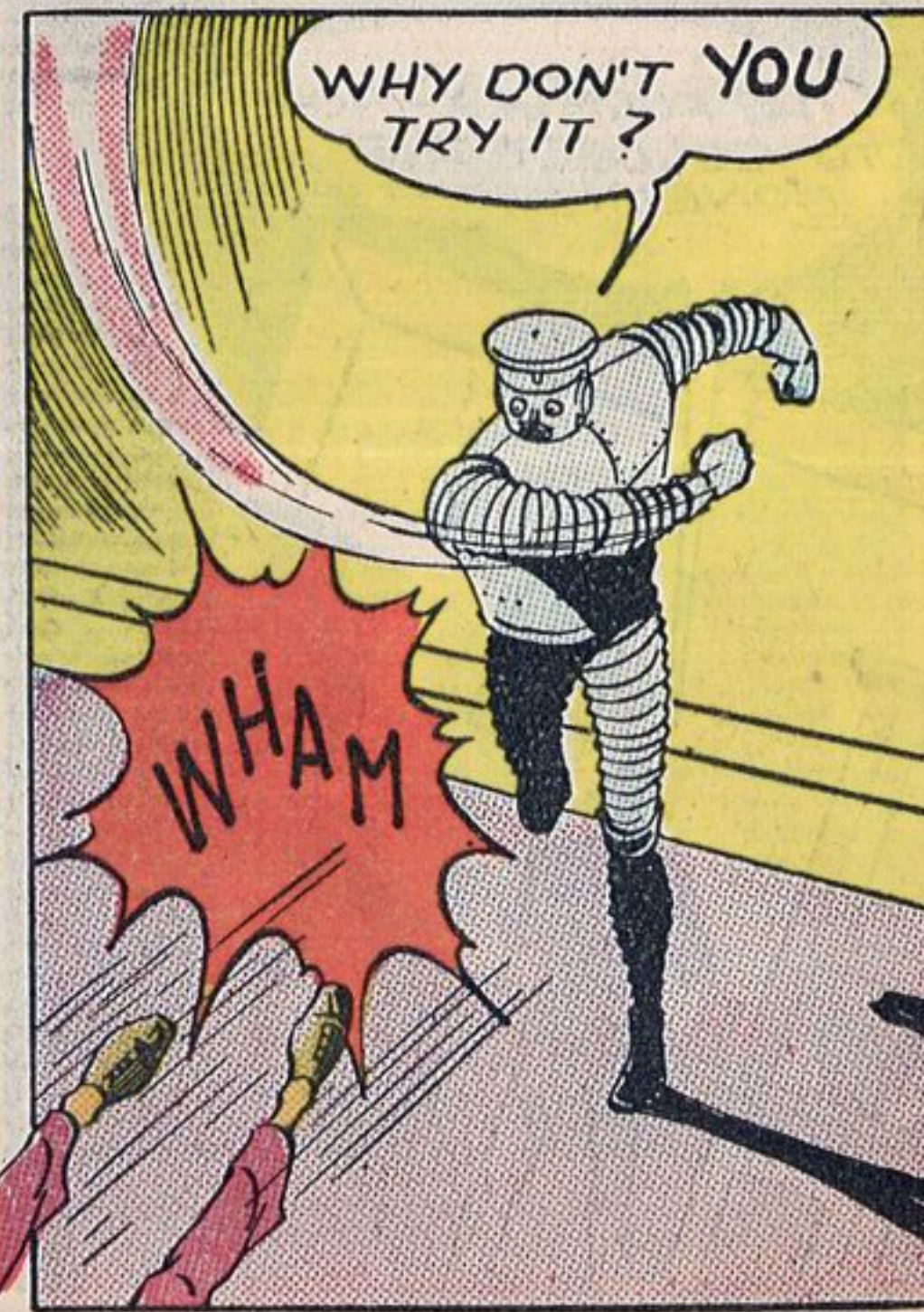
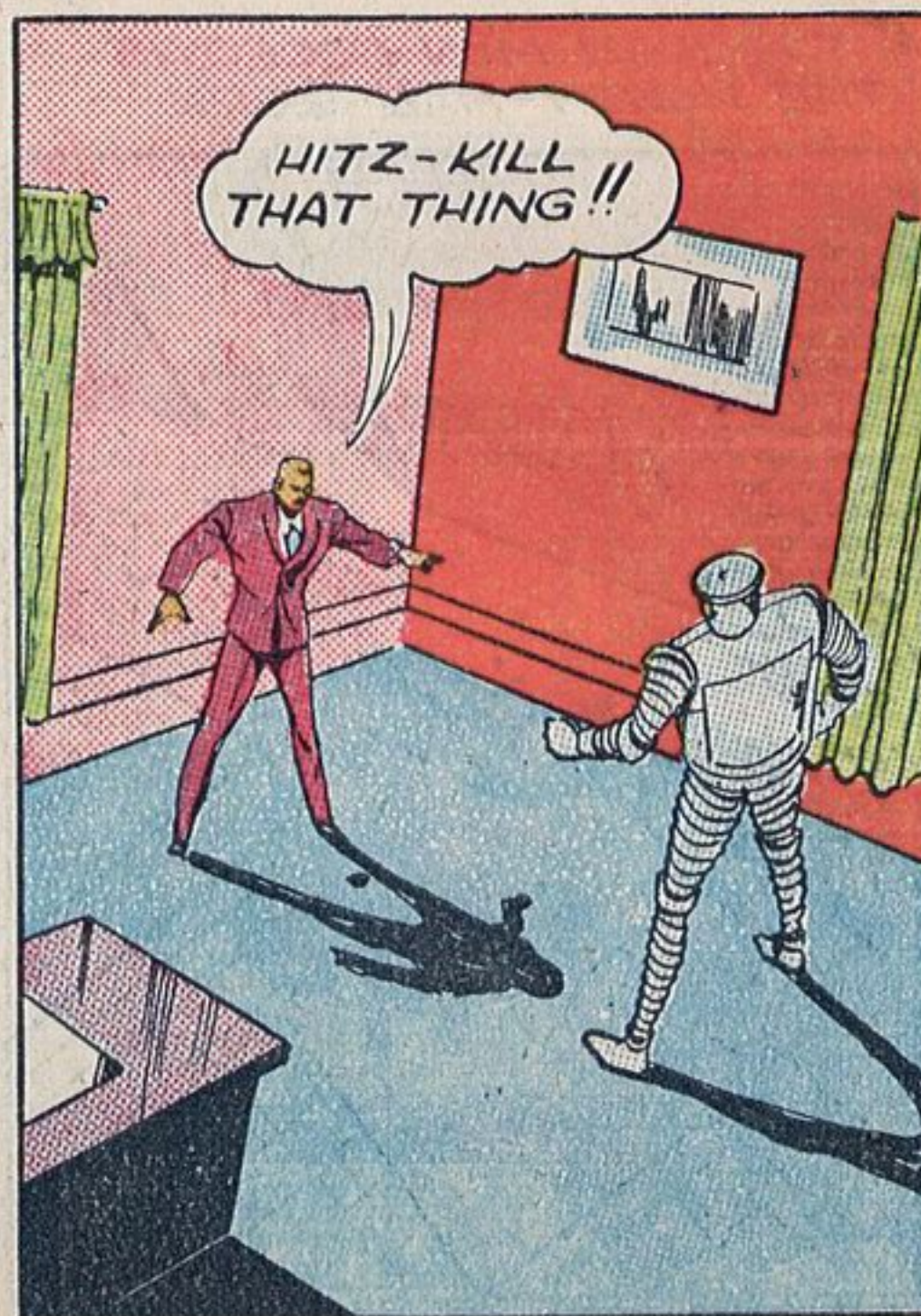


A FEW MINUTES LATER  
HE STANDS BEFORE GITLER'S  
AGENT--

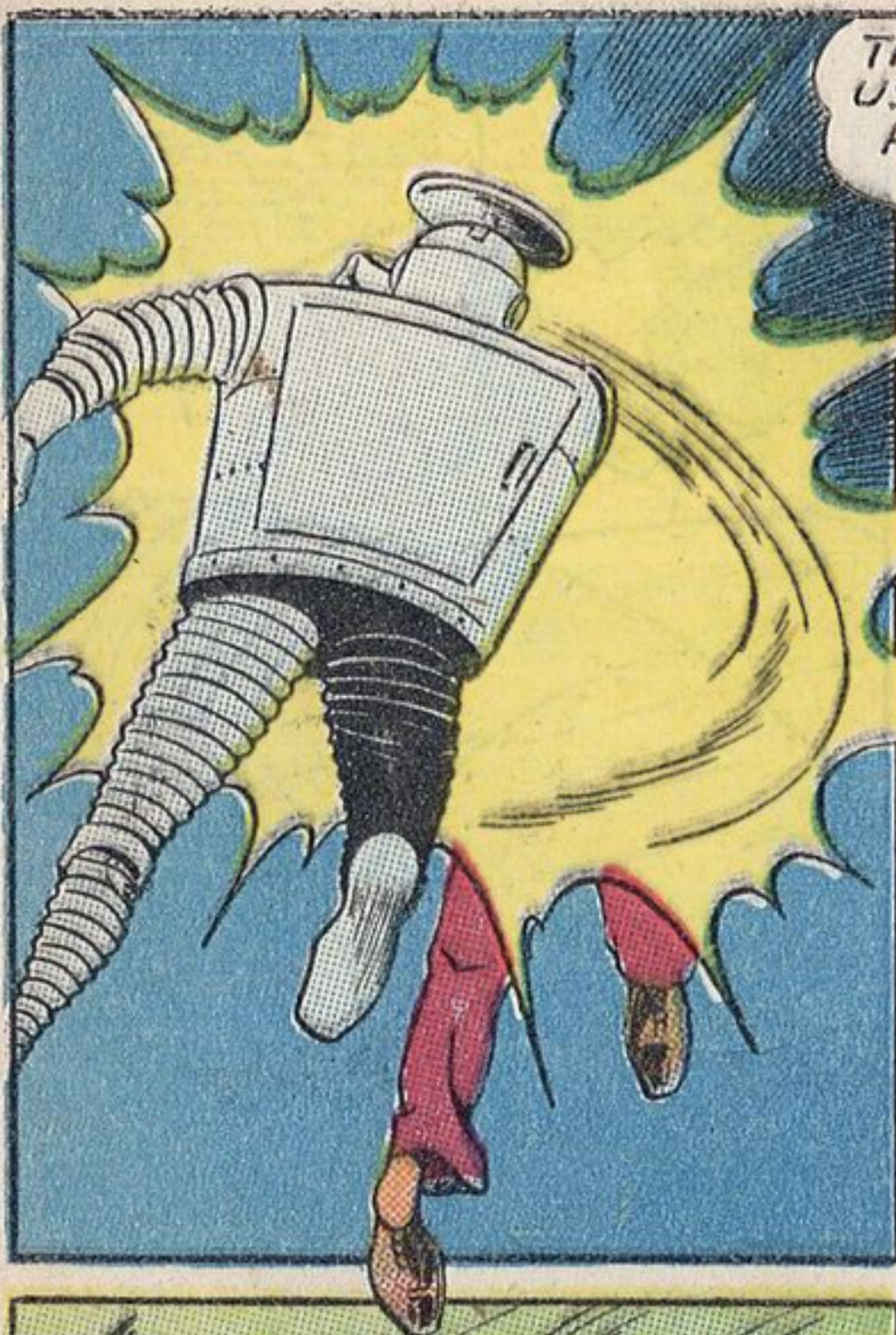
HERE IT IS -  
THE MONEY--  
GIVE IT TO ME!



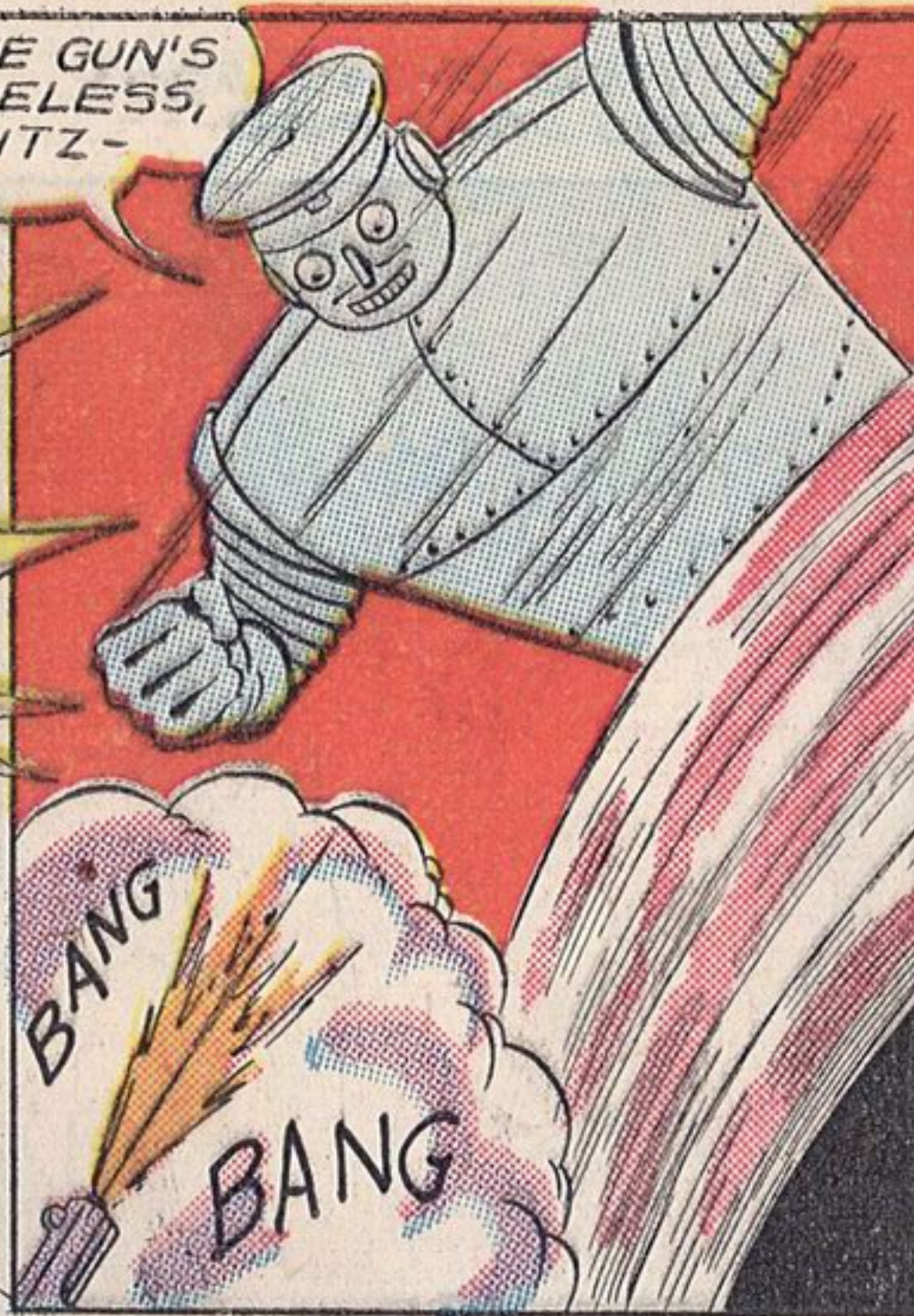








THE GUN'S  
USELESS,  
HITZ-



BANG

BANG



SLOWLY GITLER'S AGENT  
GETS TO HIS FEET--



I MUST NOT  
FAIL THE  
HOMELAND--



EVEN IF IT MEANS  
MY DEATH, THAT  
THING MUST  
BE DESTROYED!



YOU'RE  
UP AGAIN,  
EH?

YES--TO GLADLY  
GIVE MY LIFE TO  
TAKE YOURS--  
BY BLOWING  
US TO  
BITS--



AND MY WORK WILL  
CONTINUE--I'VE GIVEN ORDERS  
TO THE PHANTOM SUBMARINE  
TO SINK ANYTHING  
THAT LEAVES AN  
AMERICAN PORT!



YES, THOUGH I'M  
NOT HERE--MY WILL  
CARRIES ON--FROM 75 DEGREES  
EAST LATITUDE BY 54  
DEGREES NORTH LONGITUDE--  
NOW WE  
DIE !!



AND A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION  
SPLITS THE AIR—

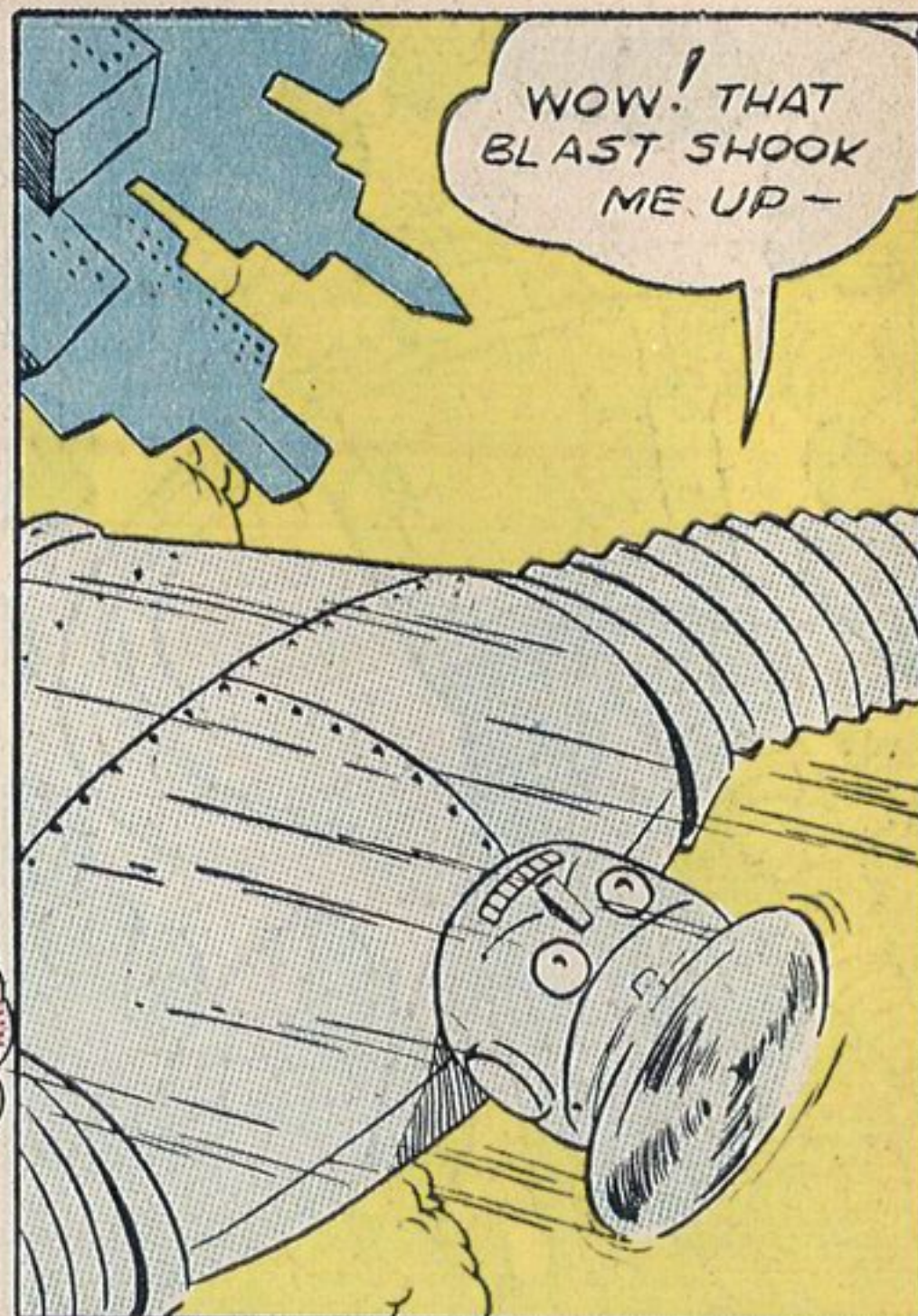


NOW TO  
HEAD FOR 75 DEGREES  
EAST LATITUDE BY  
54 DEGREES EAST  
LONGITUDE—

FROM THE SMOKE, BOZO  
EMERGES UNHARMED---

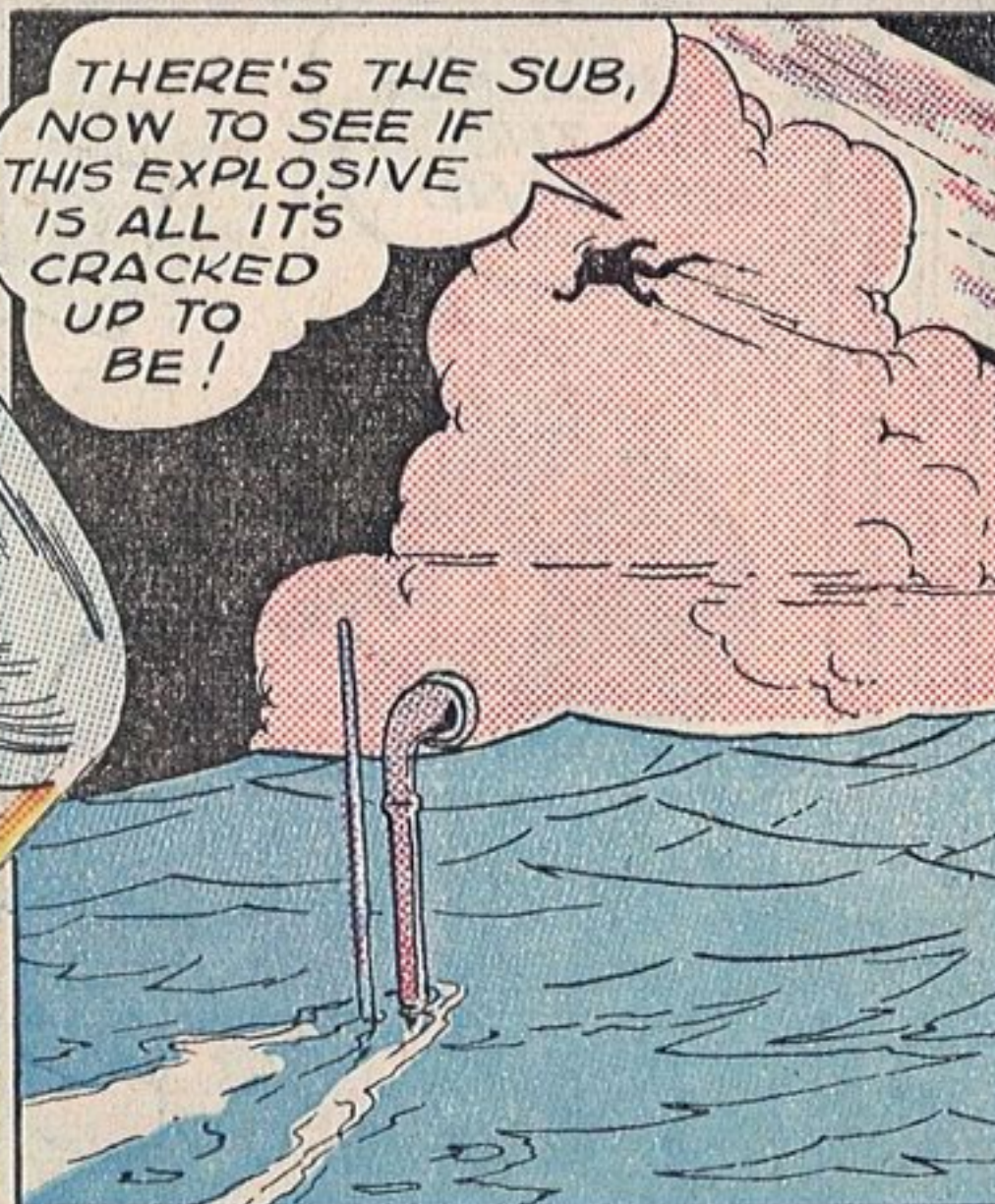


WOW! THAT  
BLAST SHOOK  
ME UP—

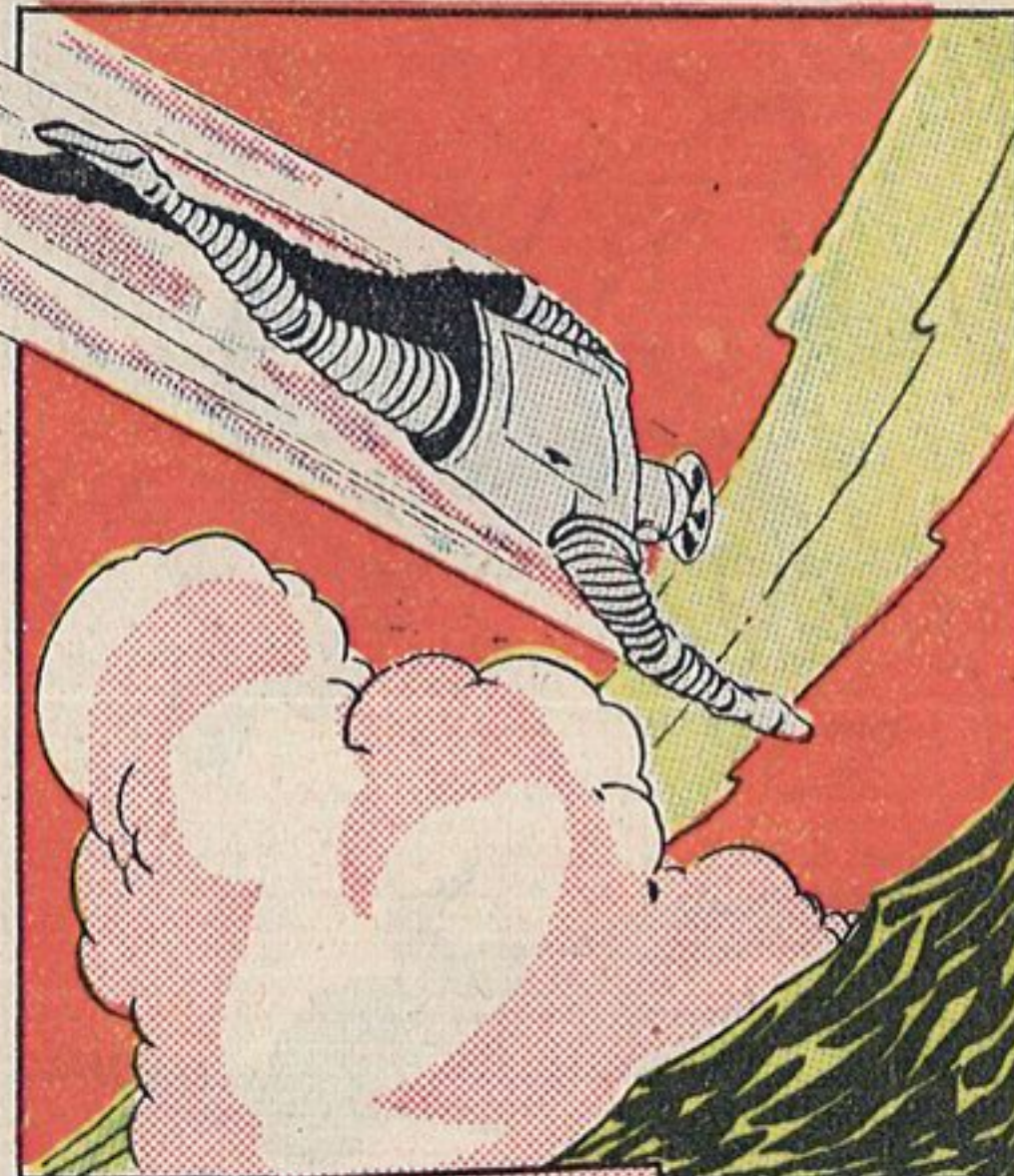


SCANNING THE WATERS OF  
THAT VICINITY, BOZO SOON  
SPOTS HIS PREY—

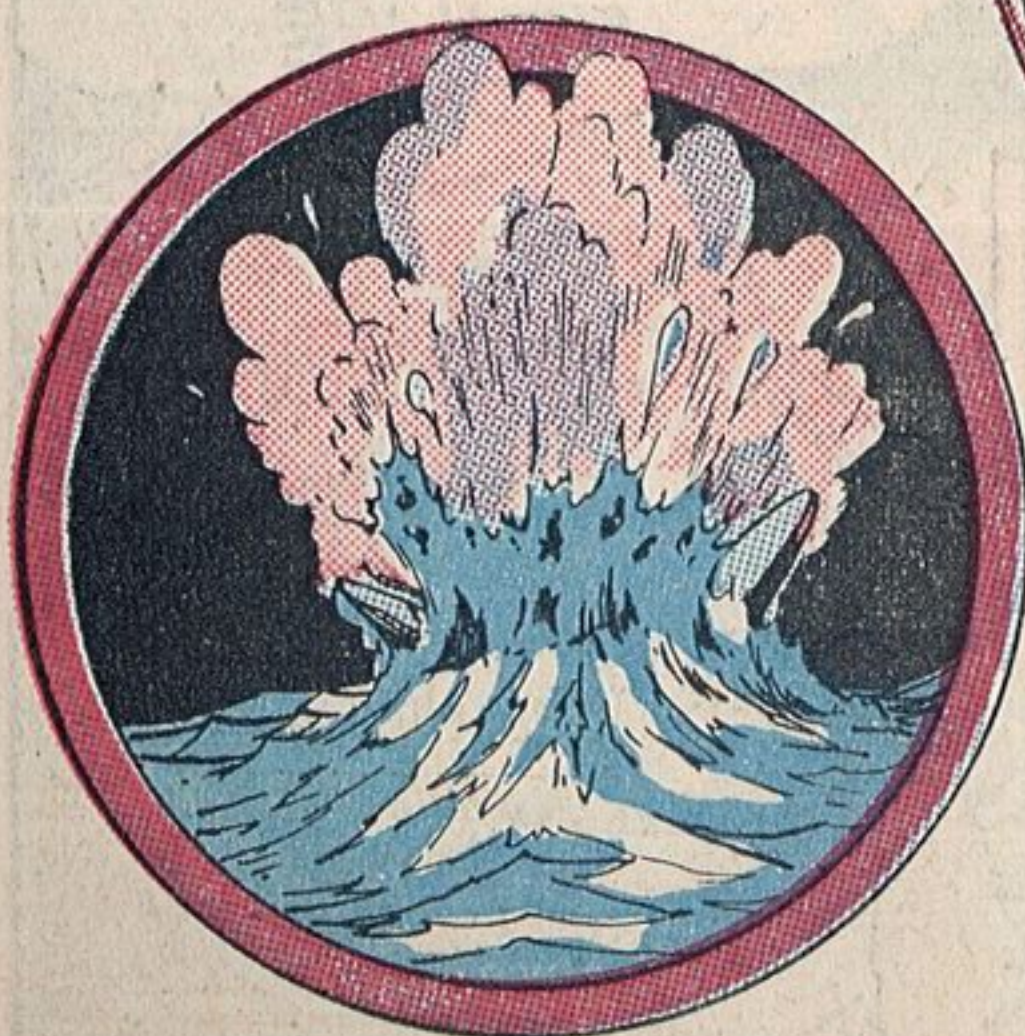
THERE'S THE SUB,  
NOW TO SEE IF  
THIS EXPLOSIVE  
IS ALL ITS  
CRACKED  
UP TO  
BE!



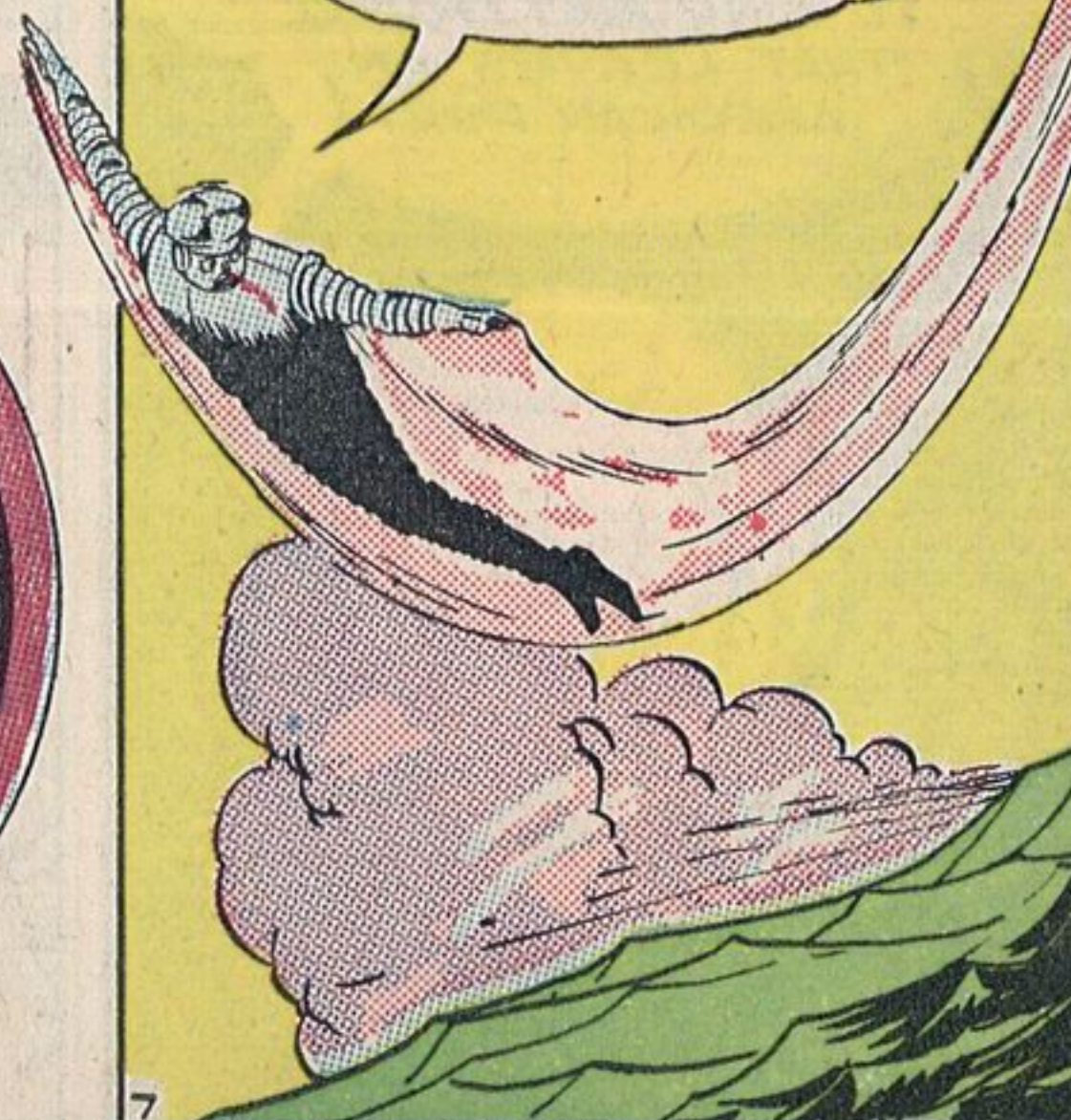
BOZO DIVES DIRECTLY AT  
THE UNDERSEA MONSTER AND  
DROPS THE DEADLY CHARGE—



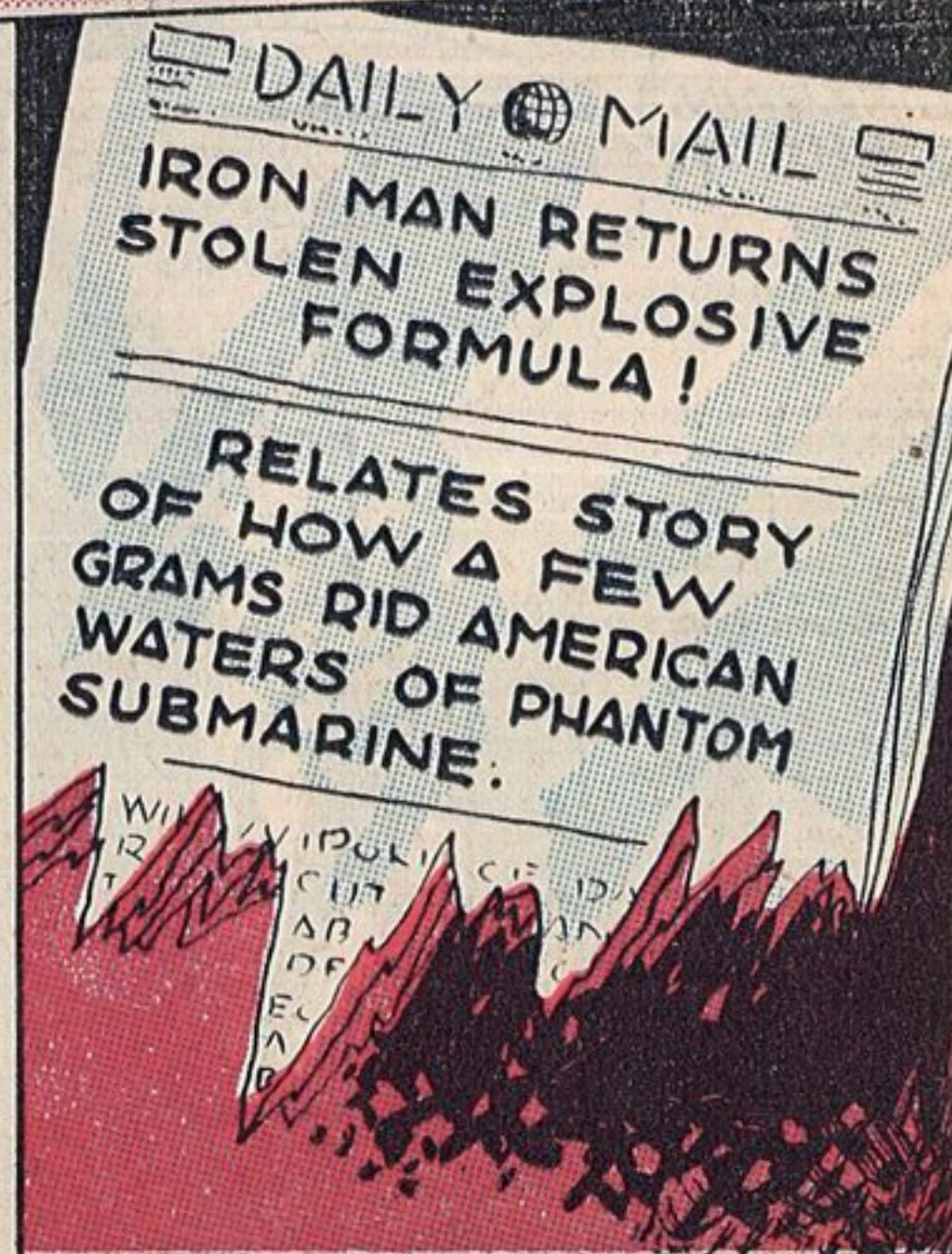
HE SCORES A DIRECT HIT AND  
THE SUBMARINE IS BLOWN  
TO BITS--



WELL I'M SURE  
GLAD TO BE ON THE  
SIDE THAT OWNS  
THAT FORMULA!



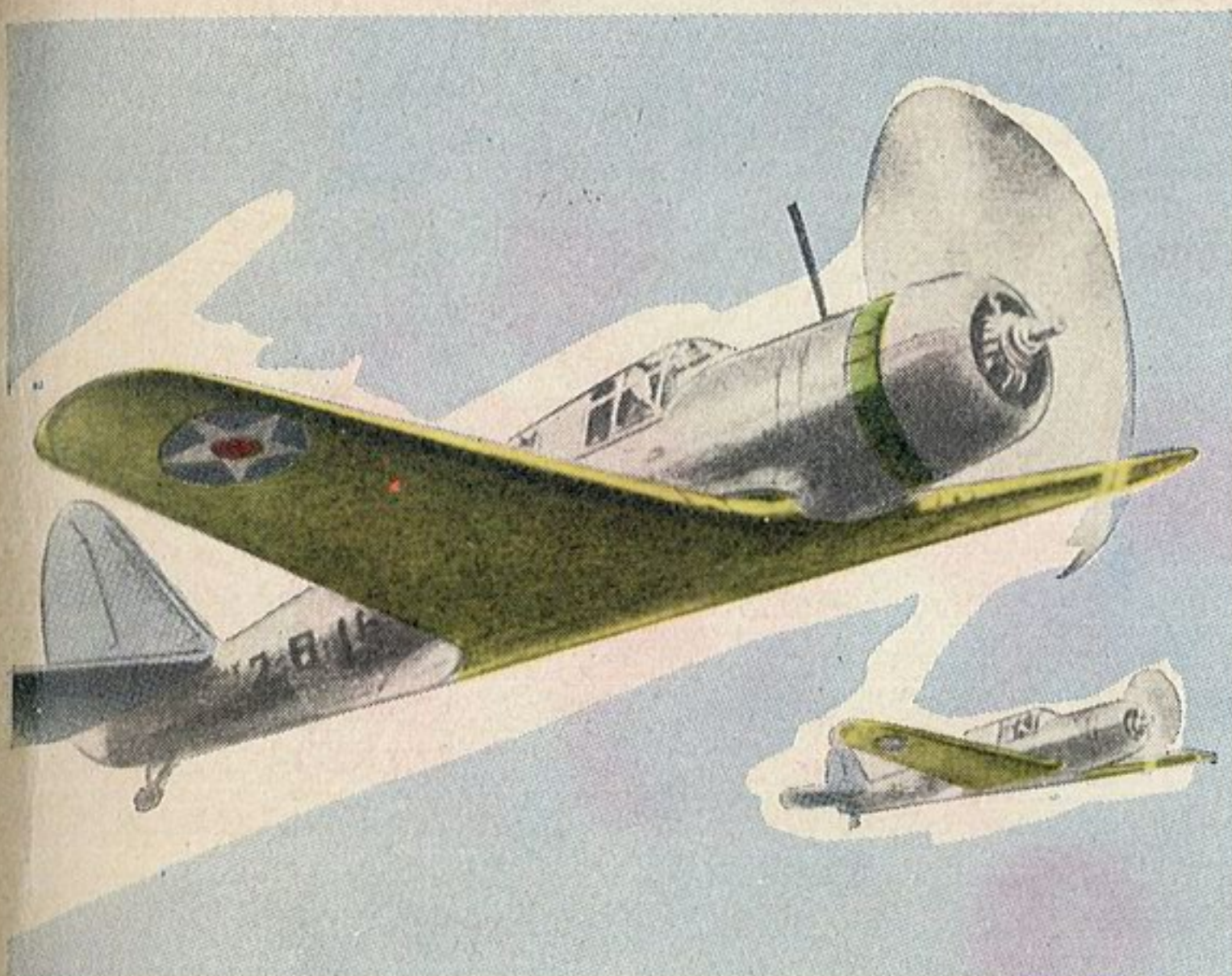
THE NEXT DAY—





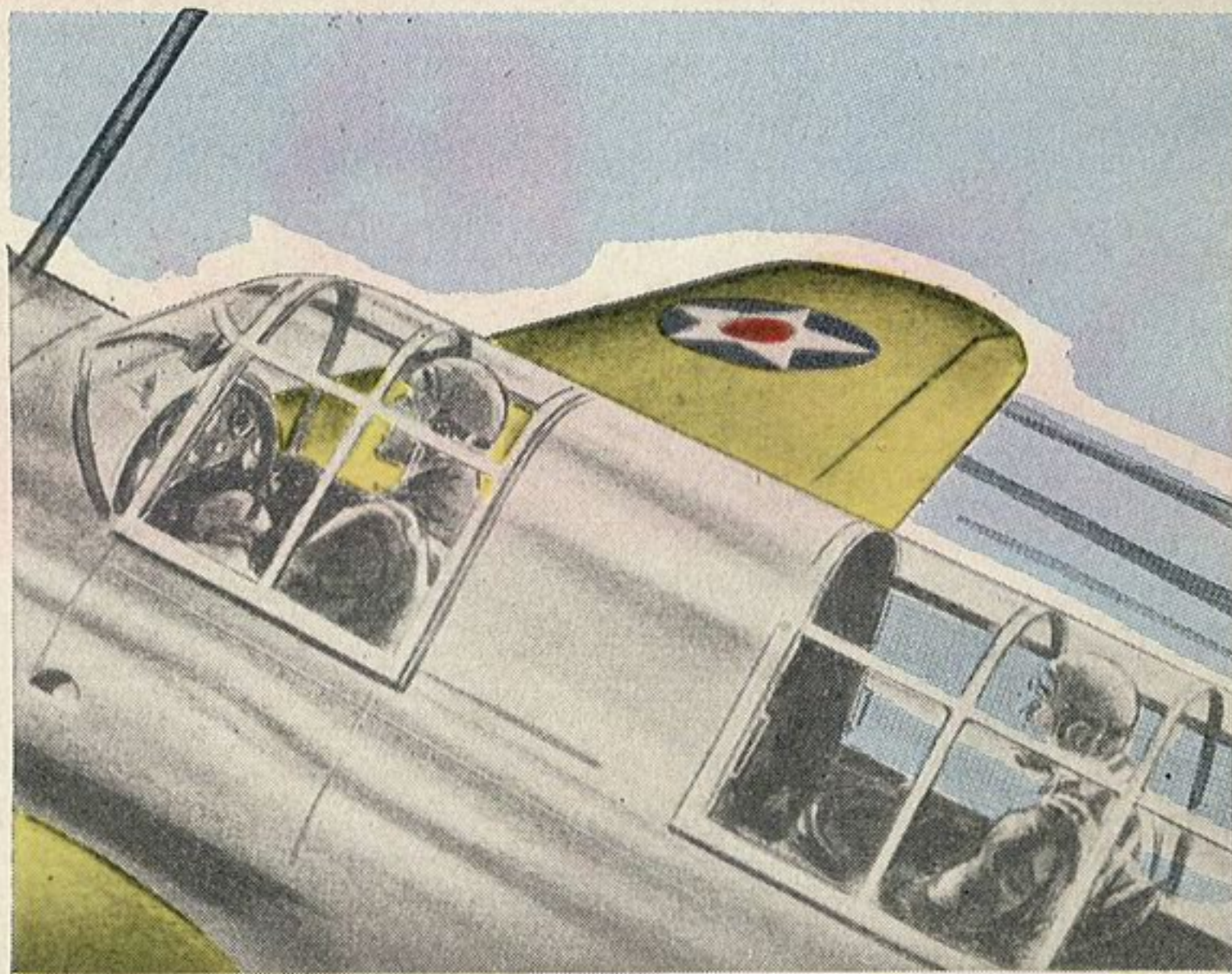


# A TIRE STORY IN THE SKY



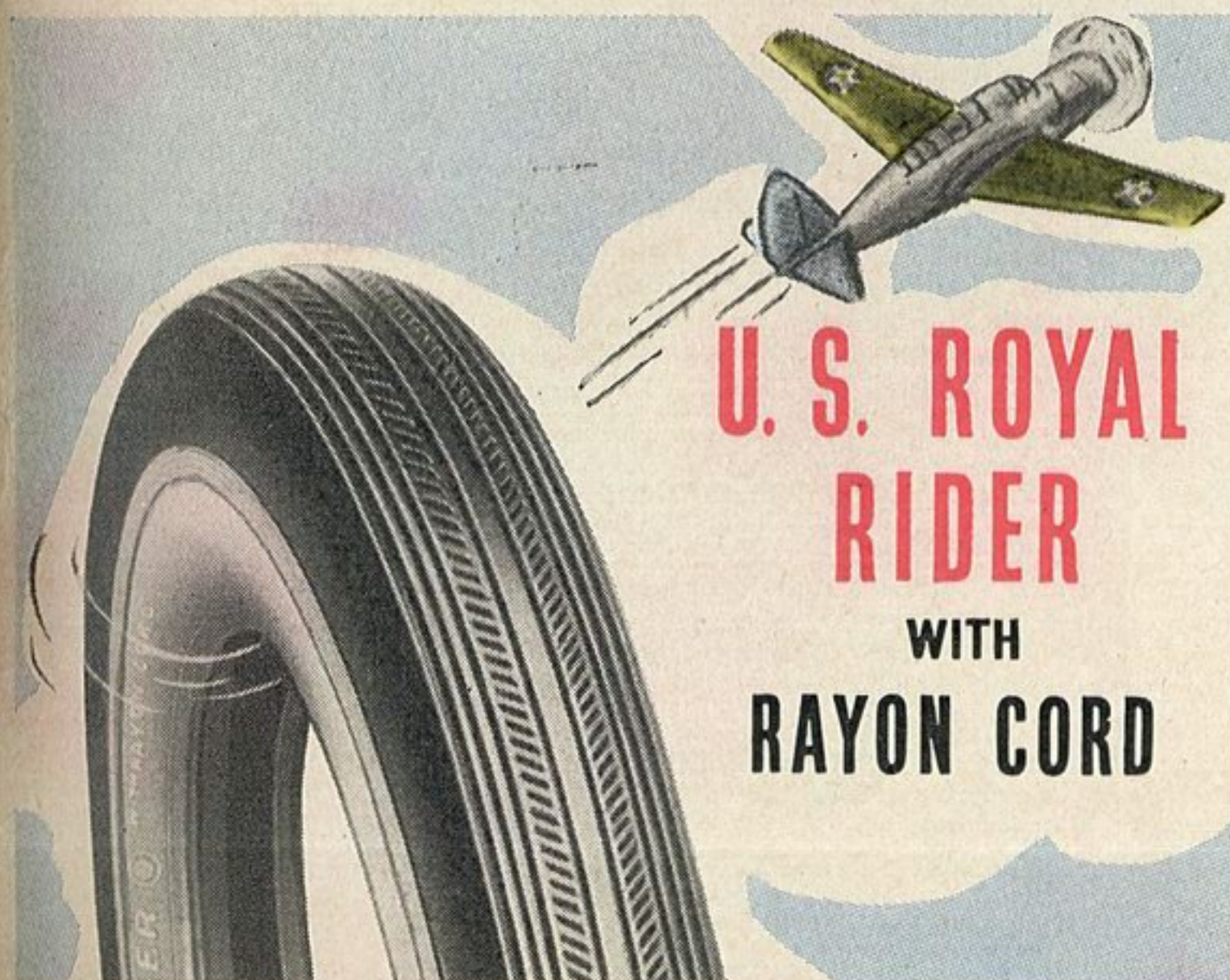
## SPEED

Lighter metals and nth degree streamlining helped this U. S. Navy fighter to hang up new records for speed. Set new speed records of your own with the U.S. Royal Rider Bike Tire. Lighter yet stronger Rayon Cords and streamlined design make it the fastest-rolling bicycle tire you can buy.



## CONTROL

Stalls, dives, twists and spins call for instantaneous response to controls. Special rudder and ailerons do the trick on this fast Navy plane. In Royal Riders, 7 ribs of tough tread compound and 2 slotted center ribs give you complete control on wet roads or dry.



**U. S. ROYAL  
RIDER**  
WITH  
**RAYON CORD**

## STRENGTH

To withstand the gruelling punishment of lightning-like maneuvers, only lightweight metals of proven stamina are used in fighter planes. Rayon Cord gives Royal Rider this combination of strength and light weight in bike tires.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

UNITED STATES

549 East Georgia Street



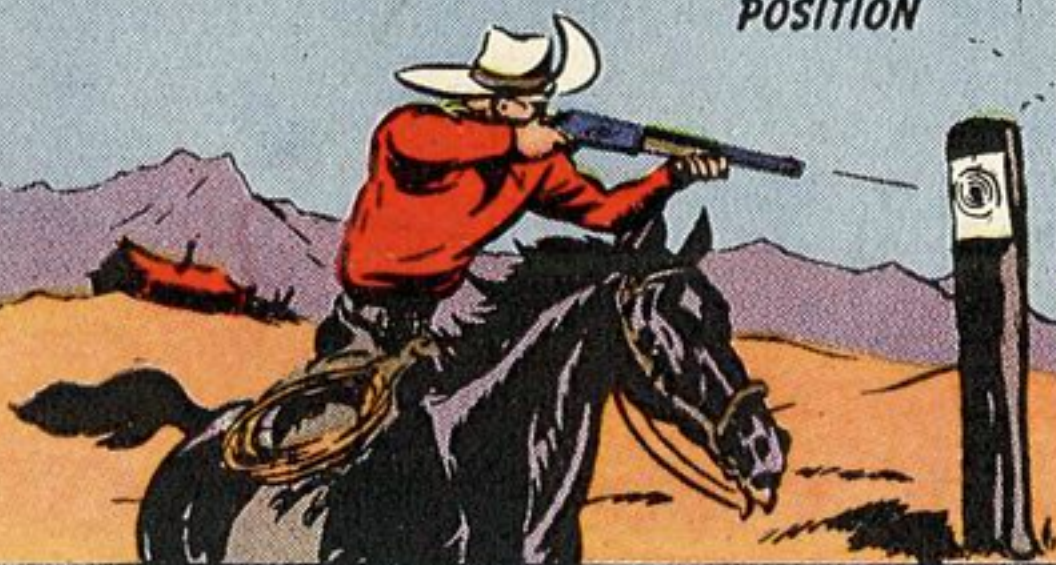
RUBBER COMPANY

Indianapolis, Indiana

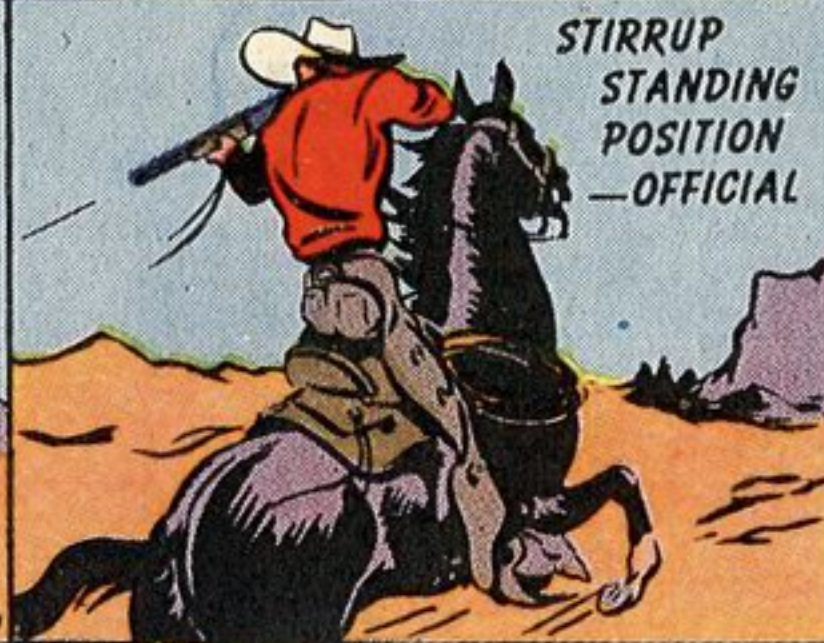


# RED RYDER Shows You HOW TO SHOOT

THE OFFICIAL RED RYDER SADDLE SHOOTING POSITION



STIRRUP STANDING POSITION — OFFICIAL



RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION ... SIT ON RIGHT HEEL ... LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION ... BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET. SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY — CHEST OFF GROUND

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



## RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON

These pictures showing cowboy shooting positions were specially drawn for Daisy and you by Fred Harman who used to punch cattle on the Colorado Range before hittin' the trail to New York. Now Fred creates and draws the popular NEA newspaper cartoon "RED RYDER" (and Little Beaver) COMIC STRIP. Fred Harman helped Daisy design this western-style cowboy saddle carbine—so you know it's authentic.

# SHOOT The Famous 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.

Learn to shoot cowboy style with a cowboy carbine! Start now. Buy a 1000-shot, golden-banded RED RYDER CARBINE. Set the Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight to suit your eye—load 1000 shot in 20 seconds with that Lightning-Loader Invention—pull down that western carbine style Cocking Lever—grasp the semi-curved, full-length carbine style Fore-Piece—cuddle the butt of that walnut-finish Pistol Grip Stock snug against your cheek—take careful aim—s-q-u-e-e-z-e the trigger and hit the bull's-eye! Use that handy 16-inch leather thong—knotted to genuine Western Carbine Ring ... to lash Carbine to saddle or bicycle and to hang it on wall of your room! RED RYDER CARBINE costs only \$2.95 at any hardware, sport goods or department store. Get yours now! If Dealer hasn't it or no Dealer is near you, send us \$2.95—we'll rush yours to you post-paid. (Duty added in Canada on all rifles.)

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Write quick for new Daisy Catalog, and Red Ryder's Official Shooting Manual, "SHOOTING STRAIGHT"! Both are FREE. The 16-page, handy pocket-size, 2-Color Catalog shows all Daisys from \$1 to \$4.50, Targeteer Pistol, Telescope Sight, Accessories. Write today!

\$4.50

## DAISY PUMP GUN—KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES

50-shot force-feed repeater. Adjustable rear sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip, American Walnut stock. All metal parts gun-blue with beautiful, "gold"-engraved jacket. Extremely accurate. Only \$4.50.

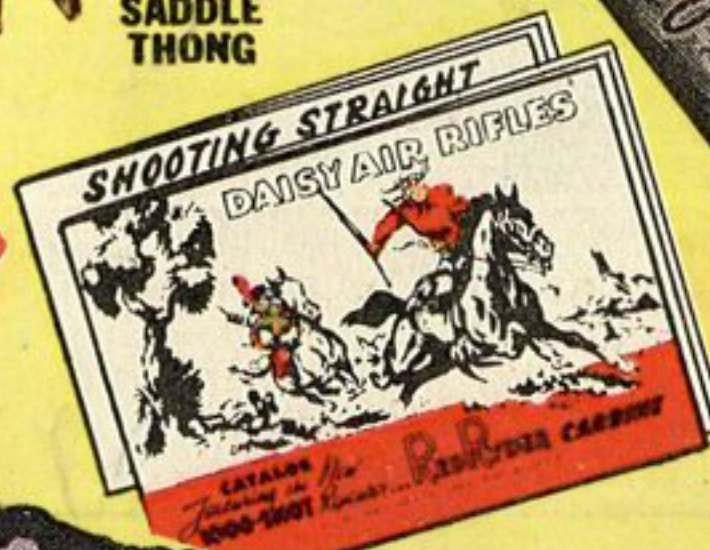
**BUCK JONES SPECIAL** — 60-shot Outdoor model. Compass inlaid in stock beside Sun Dial brand. \$3.50

**LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE** — Daisy's original, popular 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader Invention, Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight. \$2.50

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT  
BIG JUMBO TUBE  
For accurate shooting in Daisy and King Air Rifles use Daisy Bull's-Eye Shot. At Your Dealer's! 5¢

RED RYDER CARBINE  
ONLY \$2.95  
DUTY ADDED IN CANADA

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG



# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.